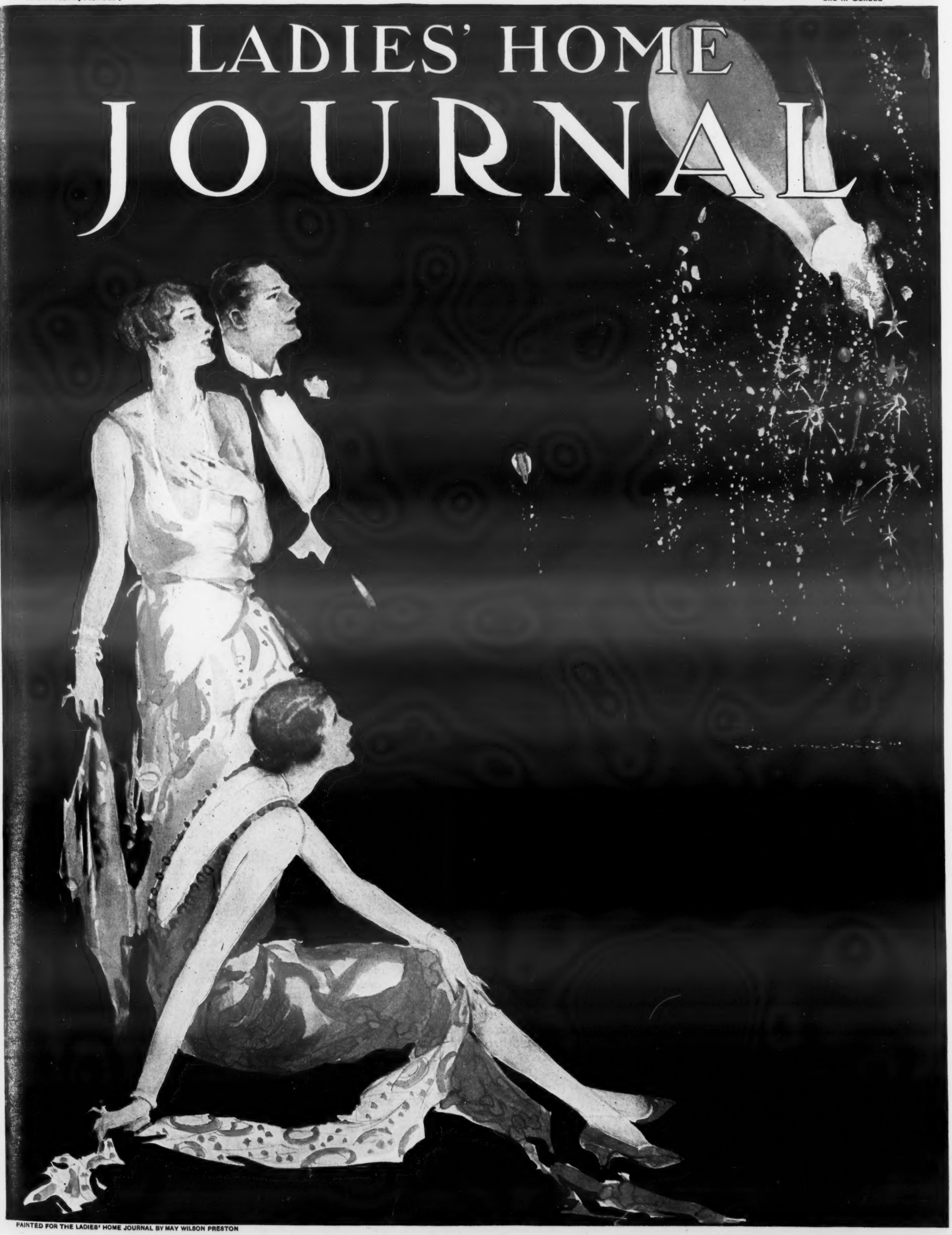
JULY, 1930
Volume XLVII, Number 7

JUL 28 1930

10 Cents

By subscription $1.00.
In the United States
and in Canada

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



PAINTED FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Beginning **BLOWING CLEAR**—By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

CONSTANCE Tyndale McCormick

She's only three but *she can do a lot of things!*

Her health is guarded by this special care

PLUMP legs that hardly straddle her pony . . . thick dark curls . . . big violet eyes that are very fetching when she's not athletically inclined but is just a fluffy little girl.

Constance Tyndale McCormick is the three year old daughter of the Alister McCormicks of Chicago.

Life is a joyous round to this young person. She hops out of bed in the morning with a thousand tempting things before her. Riding (she has a firm small hand on the bridle) . . . swimming (short legs can kick effectively) . . . a Springer Spaniel . . . a playhouse in the garden.

But, first of all, she stows away a morning bowl of that cereal the baby specialist advised when she was a tiny little thing. Cream of Wheat, an ideal food for infants.

Constance started eating Cream of Wheat when she was six months old, and she's been at it—gleefully—ever since! As a breakfast it exactly suits her. And it exactly suits her mother to have her eat it so regularly.

"Constance is *never* ill," says Mrs. McCormick of her little daughter. "She leads a healthy outdoor life and we are careful about her food. I think Cream of Wheat should be in every child's diet from six months on."

Naturally, Mrs. McCormick speaks with such conviction. Cream of Wheat has so long headed the list of all foods for babies and children.

When we asked 221 leading baby specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto about cereals, *every one* of them voiced approval of Cream of Wheat. They know that it is exceptionally rich in energy, and that—especially important when it comes to babies—it is digested without tax on inexperienced little stomachs. Cream of Wheat is very inexpensive too. *It costs less than one cent for a serving.*

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Constance started eating Cream of Wheat when she was six months old. "I think it should be in every child's diet," says her mother

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ITALY

THE GENIUS OF THREE NATIONS COMBINED IN THIS GREAT SPAGHETTI

FRANCE

AMERICA

Here is spaghetti blended with an art at once the delight and admiration of housewives — Franco-American Spaghetti. So exquisite to the eye with its delicate amber tints, the ruddy glow of its bright tomato sauce. So tempting to the taste with its rich, nutty flavor, its piquant herbs, its tangy cheese. Truly those who know Italian spaghetti at its best exclaim with satisfaction when first they taste Franco-American Spaghetti.

For it is prepared by world-famous French chefs from a famous old Milanese recipe in spotless American kitchens, ready for your convenience. Serve it today, as a main dish, as a side dish. You'll want to enjoy it again and again. Your grocer has it.

Franco-American Ready-cooked Spaghetti

With tomato sauce and cheese (à la Milanaise)

Extra-quick! ready-prepared for dishes

Chipso Granules ··· a new form of Chipso ··· wash dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way

I always thought I was pretty quick at getting my dishes washed up and put away—it isn't a job I like to linger over.

But I had a surprise the first time I tried those new Chipso Granules. Without hurrying (and chipping my thin French china, which I am very "choice of", as one of my neighbors says), I got those dishes washed with a speed that almost took my breath away.

I can't tell you all the scientific facts that make these new Chipso Granules the quickest dishwashing soap I ever used. I don't understand scientific processes very well anyway. But the secret seems to be—Chipso Granules are "ready-prepared" (like bouillon cubes or instant coffee).

These tiny little soap particles which look almost like a powder, aren't a powder. They're compact, ready-to-work Chipso suds *in steam-dried form*. You just add hot water and put in your dishes. Actually, there isn't much more to it than that. Here is my new method in 3 brief steps:

1. Add hot water to a tablespoonful of Granules and put dishes into the richest, foamiest suds you ever saw.
2. After a moment's soaking, these rich suds have cleared away grease and stickiness. A swish or two with a mop and dishes are clean.
3. A hot rinse and you're through! No wiping needed unless you wish. No dishtowels to wash. Dishes dry themselves with an extra sparkle.

When you try these new Chipso Granules, I think you'll find that you can save about ten minutes from each dishwashing. And you'll find too that you don't pay for this extra time-saving. Chipso Granules are economical to use. There's no waste in these compact steam-dried suds. The big 25¢ package will do all your dishes for a month. And anything as thrifty as that always sounds like good news to me.

Ruth Turner

And for easier washdays ... the famous Chipso Flakes

These suds won't fall down ··· they're rich and lasting

After having experimented with every soap on the market (or so it seems to me) I have discovered why Chipso's famous thin flakes give so much more practical help than any soap I've ever tried on washday. It's the *Chipso suds*.

There are other soaps you know which give a nice-looking fluffy suds. But these don't "stand up". When you put in your clothes—down come the suds. Such soaps, I've always found, aren't rich enough to do real work.

But Chipso suds last and *last*. There doesn't seem to be any way of wearing out their rich, dirt-loosening energy. They work quickly and safely, removing soil with much less help from me or my washing machine.

Even before I had my electric washer, I never really did hard rubbing on a Chipso washday. A short Chipso soaking loosened the dirt. Chipso goes farther too. Personally I can always get four or five fairly large washes out of a 25¢ box of Chipso Flakes.

R. T.

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Important! Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*

THE PRICE *of the* HOME JOURNAL

PUBLISHED once a month. 10c the copy. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), $1.00 the year; $1.50 for 2 years; $2.00 for 3 years. Remit by Post Office or Express Money Order, Check or by Draft payable in United States or Canadian Funds.

To Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.00 the year. To other countries, $2.50 the year. No reduction for longer periods. Remittance to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft payable in United States Funds. Single copies a shilling *anywhere in England.*

Ladies' HOME JOURNAL
(THE HOME JOURNAL)
THE FAMILY MAGAZINE OF AMERICA
Registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

PUBLISHED ON THE THIRD TUESDAY OF THE MONTH PRECEDING ITS DATE BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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ANOTHER MINUTE AND IN THE DIMNESS AHEAD A GRAY BLOTCH SHOWED, GREW DARKER, TOOK SHAPE, BECAME A BOAT AT ANCHOR

Blowing Clear

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Illustrated by Harold Brett

MR. SAMUEL HAZEN was a trifle worried: If this statement should appear in print today, as applicable to Mr. Hazen's mental condition at the present moment, a great many other people would begin to worry. The faith of shareholders in certain large corporations would waver ever so little; officials in banking houses would whisper apprehensively to one another; men looking over the ticker in stockbrokers' offices in many cities would suddenly become conscious of the state of their margins; reporters from great dailies would be ordered to obtain interviews. For Samuel Hazen to worry now is almost a national calamity. Then—in August, of a year early in the century—it was important only to Samuel Hazen, or to his family, for he, although already a wealthy and influential man of affairs, was not the personage he has since become.

And his worry on this occasion had nothing whatever to do with finance or business; it was wholly concerned with his exact whereabouts. He was seated at the wheel of the small motorboat he had bought that summer and that boat was, according to his rather vague guess, at least fifteen miles from the nearest dry land. Below the boat's keel was he did not know how many feet, or fathoms, of salt water, water rising and falling in long, slow, greasy swells. Ahead, astern, and to port and starboard, those swells were visible but a short distance before melting into a curtain of gray fog. Hazen was alone in the boat, to all appearances he was alone in the world. And he did not like it.

He, with his wife and six-year-old daughter—accompanied, of course, by Mrs. Hazen's personal maid and the nurse—had been sojourning for the past four weeks at the Nauticook Inn in the village of Nauticook on the Massachusetts coast. It was the family's first visit to that locality and Mrs. Hazen had been pretty thoroughly bored, although she did admit that the month by the sea had perhaps been pleasant and beneficial for Ruth, the small daughter. Ruth had had a good time and that was something, she supposed. The fact that her husband, Ruth's father, had also enjoyed himself did not materially count one way or the other.

Nevertheless, he, too, had had a good time. He loved the water and to be in or on or about it was his conception of real sport. Before leaving New York he had ordered the motor launch delivered in Nauticook harbor and it was there, awaiting him, upon his arrival at the Inn. The name Ruth, was, as per his direction, lettered upon the stern of the smart little craft.

The present trip was to have been his last of the season. The family were leaving the Inn the following day. Mrs. Hazen, Ruth and the maids, were going to the mountains for the month of September and Samuel was returning to his Broad Street offices and hard work. The morning had been clear and fine, bright sunshine and a light breeze from the southwest.

Hazen had ordered a hearty luncheon put up for him at the Inn and had gone early to the pier where the Ruth was

moored. He had no destination in mind; he was just going somewhere to chug aimlessly back and forth.

Characteristically he did not ask Cap'n Ben Hopkins, the tarry ancient in charge of the Inn pier and boats, for a weather forecast. If he had done so Ben, after a puckered stare at the horizon, would undoubtedly have called his attention to the low-lying cloud bank in the east.

"Fog out yonder," Ben would have said, pointing a crooked finger. "Um-hm—yaas—and smurrin' up some over to the west'ard too. Bound to drift in, that fog is, afore the afternoon's over, and smur up more and rain by tomorrow. Shouldn't wonder if the wind hauled around and she come on to blow afore night. Um-hm. . . . Yup. . . ."

As, however, Mr. Hazen asked for no information, Cap'n Ben volunteered no prophecies, that being his custom.

"Huh!" muttered Ben, in disgust, adjusting the gnawed remnant of a plug between his teeth and tugging free a liberal mouthful. "Huh! them that knows everything can't be told nawthin'. . . . Needn't blame me, that's all. *I* ain't paid to be no dry nurse, as I know of. . . . Eh? Well, what's eatin' you, Irve? Anything special?"

THE question was addressed to Irving Blount, his helper in the busy season. Irving, who had sauntered down the pier, his hands in his pockets, seemed suddenly to have remembered something. He was gazing after the Ruth with a doubtful expression on his freckled face.

"Say, Ben," he demanded, "did you fill up that fellow's gasoline tank this mornin'?"

"Eh? . . . No, why should I fill it? Never asked me to, he never. Did he ask you?"

Blount pulled reflectively at his long nose. "Seems to me he said somethin' about how somebody might better take a look and see how much gas there was aboard," he admitted. "That was yesterday afternoon; I was kind of busy then and I never thought of it again till just now."

And Samuel Hazen himself had almost forgotten it, or, on the one occasion when the thought crossed his mind, he remembered the order he had given Blount and assumed, of course, that it had been obeyed. Taking advantage of the smooth sea and fair weather he headed the boat out to the edge of the ship channel, and chugged lazily along. It was not until nearly one o'clock, when he was at least fifteen miles from home, that he suddenly became conscious of the coming change in the weather.

A puff of wind from the east, and a sudden dimming of the brilliant sunshine in which he had basked all the forenoon awakened him to the imminence of the change. He spun the wheel quickly, headed the Ruth back in the direction from which she had come and increased her speed to its utmost, which, in those days, was not a high rate. He was a long way, altogether too long, from Nauticook harbor.

The fog caught him before he had made four of the fifteen miles. It swept down upon him, passed over him, wrapped him in a damp, opaque smother, which shut out the rest of creation, and left him the center of a little circle bordered on all sides by nothing whatever.

A compass was a part of the boat's equipment—he was enough of a sailor to provide that safeguard against contingency—and it was in one of the lockers. He left his seat by the wheel and went forward in search of it. While there it occurred to him to inspect the state of the fuel tank. Then he made the unpleasant discovery that that tank had not been filled; there was perhaps an inch of gasoline remaining, but not more than that.

He swore, and expressed his opinion of Irving Blount aloud. Then, compass in hand, he returned to the wheel, filled and lighted his pipe, and cogitated as to what to do next. The obvious thing was, of course, to get as near home as he could before the gasoline was exhausted. Nauticook lay, he figured, a trifle east of north, and he headed in that direction, steering by compass and, mindful of the fuel supply, moving at low speed. The sense of being utterly alone, which had come upon him with the arrival of the fog, was now changing to an apprehension that there was too much company for safety. There were other bewildered seafarers afloat and in his vicinity and they, although invisible, were audible enough in all conscience.

Somewhere off the starboard bow and drawing steadily nearer, a tramp steamer coughed hoarsely. Nearer, and broad abeam, a tug whistled. Further astern, but still to starboard, thank goodness, a bell—an old-fashioned dinner bell it sounded like—was jingling. From away ahead drifted the tinny clatter of a pan beaten with a stick.

Hazen made another excursion to the locker, found his own hand-powered foghorn, and added its feeble toot to the lugubrious concert.

The Ruth still moved onward; there must have been more gasoline in the tank than he had figured. How many miles she had traveled, or of her whereabouts, her skipper had not the least idea. Then, from almost directly ahead, but this time a trifle to port, a new and absolutely unexpected sound became audible—the barking of a dog.

At first, when Hazen identified the barks as barks, the thought flashed upon him that his blind course must have been laid too far to the north; he must be closer to shore than he had calculated and this dog in the yard of a home by the beach above or near Nauticook village. Yet he could hear no surf.

The dog continued to bark and the barking was plainer than when he first heard it. He increased speed ever so little and, except that he now steered a bit nearer east, kept to his course. His right hand held the wheel; his left industriously tooted the little foghorn.

THE barking was very near now; the dog, apparently, was throwing his soul into the performance. Hazen slowed down again.

"Hello!" he shouted. And again, "Hello!"

His hail was answered. A "hello!" like an echo answered it.

"Hello!" yelled Hazen for the third time. "Hello, there. Where are you?"

There was excitement in his yell, excitement and apprehension, but the voice which replied was singularly calm and matter of fact.

"Right here," it said.

The Ruth was barely moving now. Hazen rose and, his hand on the wheel, leaned forward, peering into the fog. Another minute and in the dimness ahead a gray blotch showed, grew darker, took shape, became a boat at anchor. A man in oilskins and a sou'wester, was standing amidships of this boat, a line leading from each of his hands to the water on either side. Perched on the bow a fuzzy little dog was barking himself into convulsions. Hazen drew a long breath.

"By George, I'm glad to see you!" he exclaimed.

The man, who was swaying easily back and forth alternately raising and lowering first one line and then the other, continued to sway and pull.

"A fellow's glad to see 'most anything a day like this," he agreed calmly.

"Say," Hazen asked, earnestly, "do you know where we are?"

"What? . . . Yes, where or thereabouts."

"You're lucky. I haven't the least idea. You see ——"

He gave a hurried résumé of his troubles, ending with his discovery of the shortage of fuel. The man in the other boat listened, without interrupting, till the recital ended. Then, after he had pulled in another fish, a haddock this time, and both lines were again over the side, he spoke.

"Want me to let you have some gas?" he inquired. "I can do that, if you don't want too much."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't help a great deal."

"Well, it is generally understood round here that gas is supposed to help that kind of boat to keep goin'."

"Yes, but that's just it; I don't know that I want to keep going. I don't know where to go. Where is Nauticook, anyway?"

The man motioned with his head.

"About a dozen mile over yonder. That is, unless it's gone adrift since mornin'."

Hazen looked in the direction indicated. He could see perhaps fifty feet.

"Did you come from Nauticook this morning?"

"Yes."

"And you're going back there?"

"Cal'late to—later on."

"You mean when the fog lifts?"

"If it lifts when I'm ready to go."

"If it doesn't you'll go anyway?"

"Um-hm."

There was a crisp, everyday finality in the tone of that "Um-hm" which shut off argument. Hazen shook his head.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Well, I —— Say, my friend, do you mind if I stick around here and—and wait for you?"

"No. . . . Stick away."

HAZEN turned up the collar of his jacket, for the dampness was penetrating. His neighbor drew in and landed another cod. Then, leaving the lines atrail in the water, he went forward, stooped over a partially opened hatch, drew out an oilskin "slicker" similar to the one he was wearing and tossed it aboard the Ruth.

"Put that on," he ordered.

Hazen gratefully donned the garment. It was covered with cod scales, ancient, stained and decidedly fragrant.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Much obliged, Captain—er——"

"My name's Heath."

"Mine is Hazen. Thank you, Captain Heath."

"You're welcome, Cap'n Hazen."

"You flatter me. I'm no captain."

"Neither am I."

"You're not? Why, it seemed to me that every third man I've met since I came to Nauticook was a captain."

"He is. I'm the fourth."

From the fog abeam came a heavy thuttering roar. It was near enough to cause Hazen to start and look over his shoulder.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed nervously.

"Another calf loose," was Heath's comment. "All right, Jack; turn her on."

The fuzzy dog, who during this conversation had been curled up in the bow of the fishboat, was now on his feet and quivering with eagerness. At the word from his master he burst into a splutter of shrill barks. The heavy roar sounded again—and yet again. The third blast, however, was a trifle more distant. Heath grunted. "He's headin' for deep water," he observed. "Probably figures he was abreast of somebody's back gate."

"I don't wonder. One doesn't expect a dog off here." Then, with a laugh: "I see; the dog is your foghorn, eh? Ha-ha! That's a new one on me."

"New one on that fellow, too, I guess likely. He's half a mile further offshore already. . . . That'll do, Jack. Shut down."

The dog curled up again. Hazen was much amused.

"Smart dog," he observed. "His name's Jack, eh?"

"No, his name's Nuisance."

"But you called him Jack, didn't you?"

"Yes."

A cod on the starboard line occupied the Heath attention. Hazen, who had, naturally, expected an explanation, waited. After a wait of several minutes he asked for it.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Why what?"

"Why do you call him Jack if that isn't his name?"

"It tagged onto him natural. He's part of the game."

"What do you mean? What game?"

Heath was rebaiting a hook. When the question was repeated he answered without looking up.

"Oh, the game at our house. I live at Seven-up. Jack, he lives there too."

"Seven-up? For heaven's sake, what is that?"

The hook, having been baited, was thrown over. Heath took a pipe from one pocket and a paper package of tobacco from another.

"Hold on a minute," suggested Hazen. "Here! Have one of my cigars, won't you?"

He was about to toss the cigar into the other boat, but its occupant shook his head.

"Not now," he said. "Thanks, just the same. . . . Let's see, you was askin' me somethin', wasn't you?"

"Yes, about Seven-up. I asked you what that was."

"Eh? . . . Oh, Seven-up is what most folks call the shack I live in. My first name is John, but there's a couple of dozen Johns in Nauticook, so, as my middle name is Huyler, they call me 'Hi.' Lorenzo Weeks lives along with me and he's 'Lo.' When the dog joined the pack, he naturally got into the game."

Hazen thought it over; then he burst out laughing.

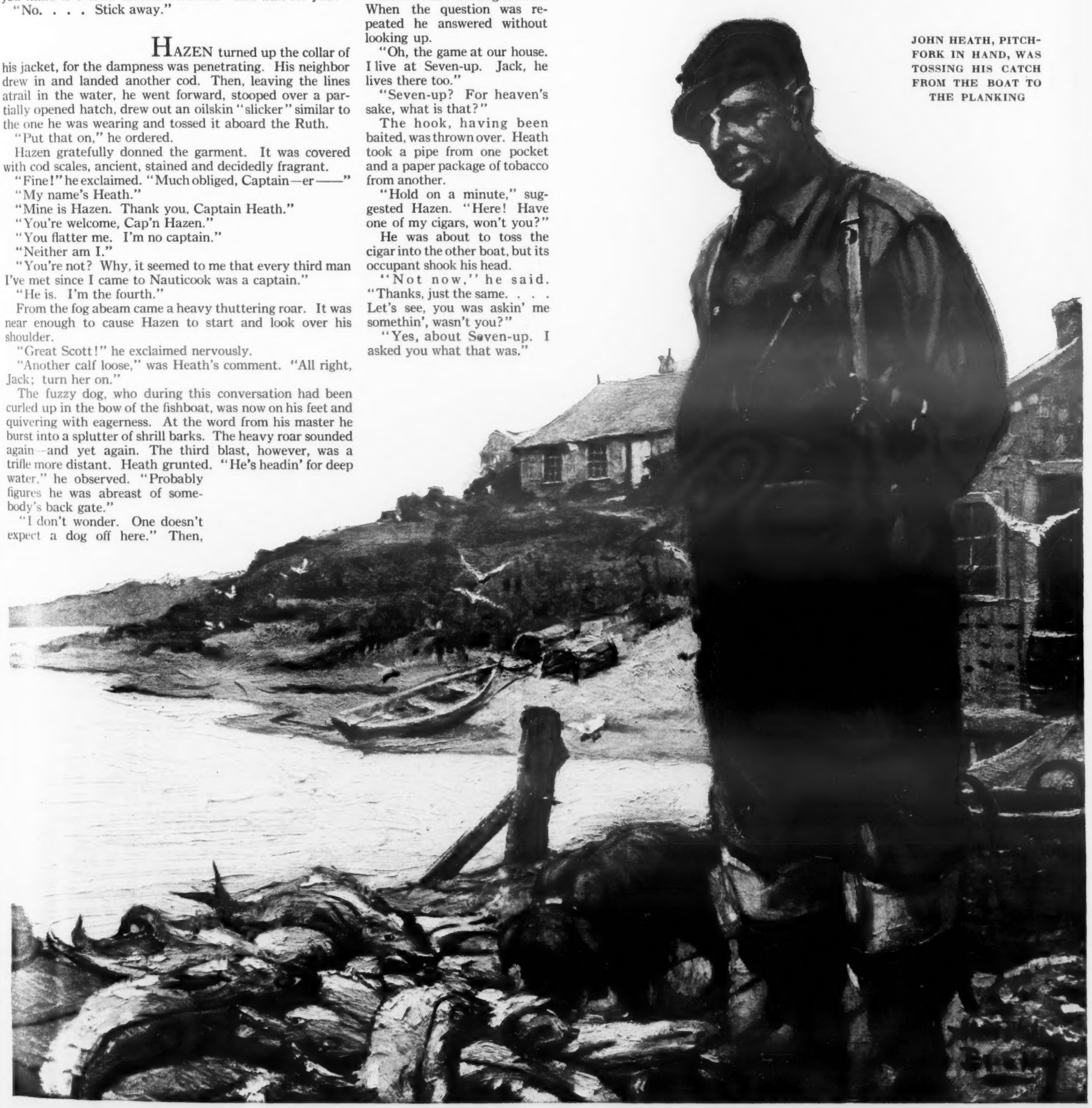
"I get you," he said. "Hi, Lo and Jack. Seven-up. Good enough!"

"Um-hm. . . . Say, Mr.—er—Hazen, there's extra lines aboard here. If you'd rather fish than just look on—and talk—you can, you know."

Hazen, who was fond of fishing, accepted the hint. Apparently John Huyler Heath considered that he had conversed enough for one afternoon.

The fishing lasted for another hour. Then Heath pulled up his lines.

(Continued on Page 65)



JOHN HEATH, PITCHFORK IN HAND, WAS TOSSING HIS CATCH FROM THE BOAT TO THE PLANKING

The Cinema of Tomorrow

By WILL H. HAYS

President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Incorporated

LET'S imagine ourselves projected into 1940. We are comfortably seated in an auditorium acoustically perfect and artistically beautiful. It is a theater that surpasses the finest architectural achievements of the past, built solely for sound-motion-picture entertainment. The program opens with a screened musical prelude splendidly staged, relying for its effect on coördination of magnificent orchestration, gorgeous lighting and natural backgrounds of surpassing beauty.

The prelude curtain retreats noiselessly, unveiling a screen as large as the theater's proscenium arch permits. This wide visual surface is already animated with a stereoscopic background expressing the tonal quality and locale of the drama soon to unfold. On this background, in artistic relief, appear successively the title, necessary credit lines and the list of the actors.

Music, skillfully composed for the film so as to develop and emphasize the mood of the orchestral prelude, diminishes in volume and tempo, permitting the natural voices of the opening scene to reach every seat in the great auditorium. Music and voices are unimpaired by any of the old acoustical limitations of the stage, and without any trace of the inflections usually associated with mechanical reproduction.

The magic of modern science is at work, producing effects far beyond the fabled fancies of Aladdin, and without the trifling mechanical devices, whether rubbed lamp or magic carpet, which Aladdin had to use. From the moment you were seated in the great auditorium, everyday life has been laid aside and you have been transported into a world of illusion, created for your mental and spiritual refreshment.

The photographic effects are no longer those of the flat screen, for they have a marvelous illusion of third dimension, resembling, but far surpassing, the stereoscope of childhood memories, and the sound effects make Nature's portrayal as real as Nature's self.

Sound and Color

THE picture opens on a sunlit shore against a background of green jungle. The sunlight is real light; the jungle is alive with the varied greens of tropic foliage. The sunlight brings silver and gold to the dancing waves; the green of the jungle is warm against the somber tints of purple-shadowed depths.

Unless you have followed closely the progress of the films, you will gasp in admiration of the natural colors of the scenes before you in this film of 1940. On your left, the velvet-green palm fronds stir gently in the breeze, and beyond them you catch a glimpse of shallow blue lagoons paved with glistening coral. Westward the seascape's horizon, miles away, reveals a riot of madly coloring sky as the sun sinks into ocean's depths.

Sound lends its magic to the stereoscopic color photography. All the minor sounds of the scene are there—the gentle lapping of the waves, the caress of the breeze on the bending foliage of the jungle, the rustle of the palms, even a dim note of insects' wings or birds in flight. These sounds constitute a pleasant undertone of accompaniment to the dialogue of the girl and the boy on the beach, starting on the great adventure which is the story of the drama.

Sketches Made in Hollywood By Charles H. Owens

As the drama unfolds, if you are of my generation, your mind may go back twenty years to the motion-picture films of 1920. You will recall the dead flat play of lights and shadows on a small screen, the flicker that often tired your eyes, the silence of a great auditorium relieved only by the brave efforts of orchestra or pianist, scenes continually interrupted by captions and titles, action marred by photographic distortions due to the limitations of the screen, and great spectacles reproduced in sections. Then the screen indeed was a "colorless" affair. And yet so great was the vitality of the new art that it daily enthralled its millions.

As you sit in the theater of 1940, not once does the mechanism of the presentation betray its presence. There are many improvements which strike you forcibly. You note new values in the cultural and artistic side of screen entertainment. You note the reflection of a marked dramatic, literary and musical progress evidenced in plot, sound and spectacle.

All this, of course, is an effort to project the mind to a situation ten years hence. And yet this is no mere adventure in the realms of imagination. Here and now, in 1930, the stereoscopic camera, the wide film, the use of color, the production of talking films in many foreign languages are subjects of constant and intensive study. Dramatists, composers, writers and producers are bending every effort to develop the new art of the talking screen.

Less than three years ago, there were many to predict that the motion-picture art had reached a stalemate. The screen, they said, had come to an industrial impasse. Its possibilities were behind it.

Then overnight, almost, a great new development swept across the film industry. The screen, silent from birth, discovered a voice. It could talk, it could sing, it could make its voice heard throughout the largest auditorium.

Immediately the industry was faced with the necessity of raising hundreds of millions of dollars in extra capital to meet the urgent requirements of that lusty youngster, the talking screen. And yet this proved to be only a stepping-stone to other and more complex problems with which the industry found itself. Sound shook the movie world, but so noiselessly and efficiently was conducted the work of reconstruction and adaptation that little of this revolution was apparent on the surface.

The cataclysmic change, nevertheless, affected every department of motion-picture production and exhibition, from the largest studio to the smallest theater exhibiting audible films.

Producers scrapped millions of dollars' worth of studio equipment and other material, equipped themselves with the instrumentalities of sound-picture production and proceeded to create a new art of the screen. Scenario writers became dramatists. Famous motion-picture stars, heretofore artists of the pantomime, added their voices to the screen. Dramatists of the legitimate stage took pen in hand and began to write for the movies; famous operatic stars came to the talking-motion-picture screen; artists of the dramatic and variety stages began a migration to Hollywood.

Today the talking picture reigns supreme. The experimental stage of sound recording and reproduction has passed and continuous mechanical perfection is in sight. The public has responded tremendously to the appeal of the new art. More than 115,000,000 people now comprise the weekly motion-picture audience of the United States. At this writing approximately 10,000 theaters, representing 70 per cent of the seating capacity of the more than 22,000 theaters in this country, are wired for sound. Oddly enough, color came to the motion-picture industry before sound made its entry on the motion-picture screen. The impetus that scientific development has given the motion-picture industry now promises the development of true natural color on the screen. Laboratory progress already indicates the practicable combination of the three primary colors—red, yellow and blue—which, it is believed, will completely solve the problem. Meanwhile we have color so closely approximating true natural color that many of the great features of the screen are greatly enhanced by this development.

Perhaps the ultimate advance in the reproduction of scenes and spectacles in their natural colors will come with the perfection of the so-called wide film, combined with the large screen. Experiment thus far indicates that the wide expanse of visual surface afforded by the larger screens offers an ideal medium of color treatment.

The extent to which the wide film, and the wide screen that must accompany it, will be of immediate practicability is not yet clear. But the ultimate goal beckons to every producer and studio director. The new picture system—for that is what it largely involves—would go far beyond the limitations of the ordinary thirty-five millimeter film. It would bring to the screen scenes and figures with life-like perspective, by increasing the size of the picture and creating at least the illusion of a third dimension through stereoscopic effect. Great spectacles in all their magnitude and grandeur, vast outdoor scenes in their true perspective would be projected on the screen. The assumed advantage of the wide film and screen is that such a system of motion-picture photography would offer a proportion of vision more clearly in accord with that of the naked eye.

Achieving Perfection

THAT the motion-picture industry is on its toes, ready to utilize this great development, is indicated by the fact that the wide-film pictures already have been shown commercially in two great theaters of the country. This represents the world première of the wide-film system. At this writing only four pictures have been produced by this process. With the perfection of this system, there would emerge into view a motion-picture screen that would rival the visual area of the stage itself.

Coupled with this development is the progress being made in stereoscopic photography, still in its infant laboratory stage. An interesting illusion of this effect has been obtained by adding color to the wide film. Through this union a marked effect of relief is obtained—relief in the sense that images appear to stand away from the large screen, presenting to a singular degree the illusion of a third dimension.

Nor are these the only contributions which scientific and technical development is adding to the instrumentalities of the motion-picture art. Remarkable progress has been made in the motion-picture industry in the direction of high-speed film, high-speed lenses and intensified lighting. Gradually the speed of the film has been increased and a broader range of photographic register acquired. It is

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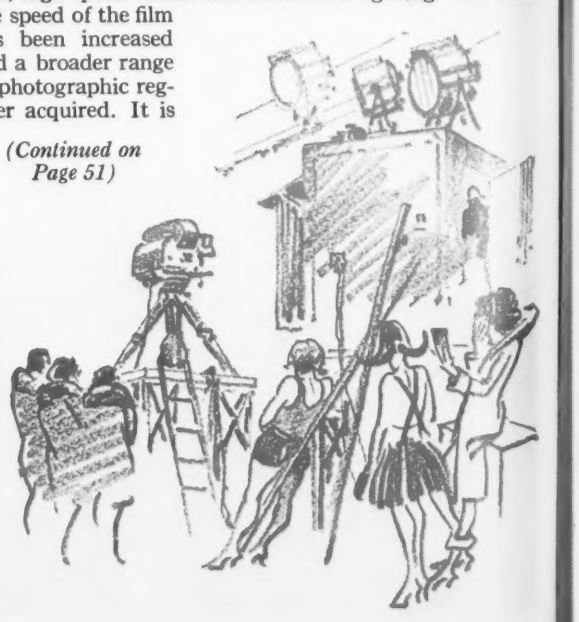


PAINTED IN HOLLYWOOD FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Hollywood Dreams: By Norman Rockwell

Monte Carlo for a Night

By MARY GARDEN

Decoration by Earl Horter

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS GARDEN IN HER FAVORITE CAR AND SPEED BOAT AND OF HER VILLA AT BEAULIEU WERE TAKEN IN 1929 BY RAOUL BARBA J. OF MONTE CARLO

MONTE CARLO! Monte Carlo! What an extra beat in the pulse comes just to see its name! Wherever there is a civilized tongue the glamour of it is known. What a monument of lawlessness and corruption it arouses in people's minds, and how much else it holds that they are ignorant of!

About ten years ago, Henry Russell, the impresario, wished to dispose of his lease on an apartment there; he offered it to me, and very soon after, I entered into possession.

All old cities have faces like themselves—mauled and battered—marked with grim wrinkles that speak of a violent past. Eze, in back of my villa at Beaulieu, has never changed her scarred old countenance—but not so Monte Carlo. There isn't a trace of her perilous and tragic history; and when one sees the wild and savage ravine that slashes her right side, that separates Monaco from Monte Carlo, it only succeeds in looking reckless and theatric.

It is a world, now, of its own, with an atmosphere of its own—rapturous and repellent. Repelling only for the men and women that stand with naked souls in the gambling rooms. But Monte Carlo itself is everything you will ever ask of life—beauty and wonder. She sits there in the possession of some triumphant personal secret of her own and it is not long before you share it. She is ageless. She is new. She is the immediate, white-hot enunciation of herself—Youth. All about her is its accent. The streets, swarming with the husky *schwärmerei*, chant, like thousands of ecstatic bees, with the youth and loveliness of the world. The gardens that know no decay, that are constantly replaced with flowers in full bloom, shout the extravagance of youth. Those enormous crags that hug her on all sides are the very spirit of youth, eager for adventure—and the sun, whose blaze knows no beaten flame, is the fierce symbol of the passion of youth. Even the Casino I look down on from my apartment, which I have never given up, realizes the fantasy of youth. Unreal, daring, immense, it conforms to no type of architecture in the world, because it is not a world of real things. It is exactly what it is meant to be wherever money is concerned—arrogant, exultant and proud. It was from the *étage* of this same apartment that Camille Blanc used to sit and tell me the history of Monte Carlo and of his father. It might have been a page out of one of Dumas' books of adventure and romance, for it was the romance of gold.

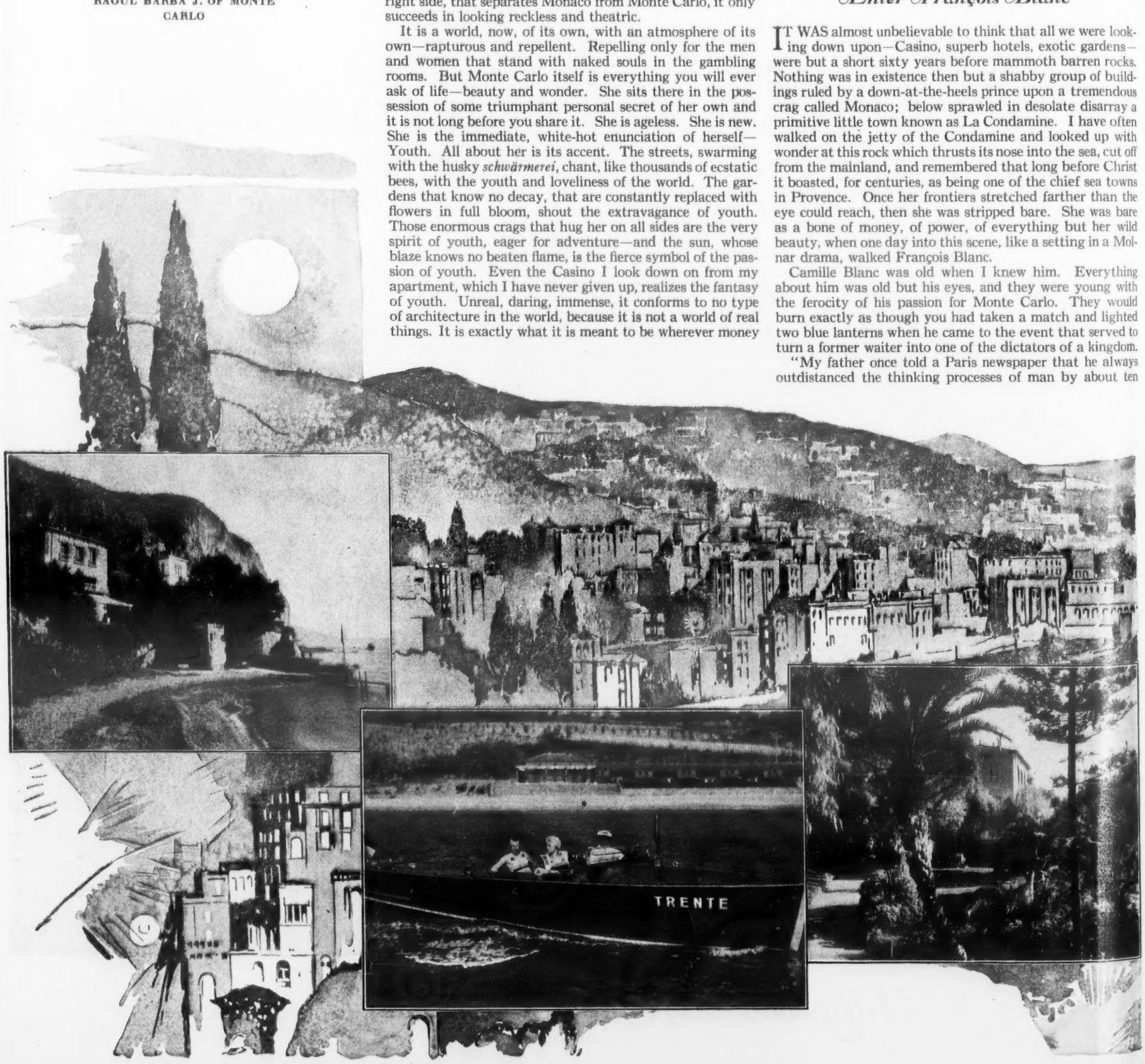
Camille Blanc was an astounding and veracious part of the atmosphere in which he lived. His pride, his faith in Monte Carlo, were grounded in the roots of his being. I have never seen so old a man give so vital a sense of steely, gloved power. Camille Blanc *was* Monte Carlo, just as Cecil Rhodes was Rhodesia and Mussolini is Italy. To control the destiny of the Casino, as he did then, meant to rule with an iron hand the Principality of Monaco just as it does today—for the Casino and the principality are one.

Enter François Blanc

IT WAS almost unbelievable to think that all we were looking down upon—Casino, superb hotels, exotic gardens—were but a short sixty years before mammoth barren rocks. Nothing was in existence then but a shabby group of buildings ruled by a down-at-the-heels prince upon a tremendous crag called Monaco; below sprawled in desolate disarray a primitive little town known as La Condamine. I have often walked on the jetty of the Condamine and looked up with wonder at this rock which thrusts its nose into the sea, cut off from the mainland, and remembered that long before Christ it boasted, for centuries, as being one of the chief sea towns in Provence. Once her frontiers stretched farther than the eye could reach, then she was stripped bare. She was bare as a bone of money, of power, of everything but her wild beauty, when one day into this scene, like a setting in a Molnar drama, walked François Blanc.

Camille Blanc was old when I knew him. Everything about him was old but his eyes, and they were young with the ferocity of his passion for Monte Carlo. They would burn exactly as though you had taken a match and lighted two blue lanterns when he came to the event that served to turn a former waiter into one of the dictators of a kingdom.

"My father once told a Paris newspaper that he always outdistanced the thinking processes of man by about ten



A principality hers for a night--just to give a party--a vivid, sparkling, brilliant Mary Garden gesture.

years. He was a born gambler and a lover of gold. He was operating a concession at Homburg, but he foresaw, years before, the Franco-Prussian war and the doom of gambling there. He heard of a shabby, cheap little gambling concession a man by the name of Lefebre was controlling in a rickety building opposite the Prince of Monaco's palace up there."

He would point to the rock of Monaco, which from our *étage* looked like a lovely set on a moving-picture lot, with its tiny, flawless harbor flanked by blue and red sentinel lights, its machicolated tower and medieval fortifications.

"See—the palace was in a state of decay. Upholstery, furniture, audience chamber—the throne itself—all going into a dry rot. Everything his eyes rested on spoke of poverty and decay. The prince himself was in a state of decay. My father had the mind of an empire builder. He drew from his bank, at Homburg, all the money he had and taking it one day to Lefebre, this is what he said to him:

"'I am going to remain here one hour, only.' He produced all his banknotes for the former's eyes. 'Here are 1,700,000 francs ($340,000) for your concession and your rights. If you haggle with me I will withdraw my offer. I am going across to that little eating house. If by the time I have finished my breakfast you have not decided, I will return to Homburg with my money and I will not return.'

"That little eating house, Mademoiselle Garden, was the original of the now famous Hôtel de Paris. Just as my father was leaving its door he was met by Lefebre, who said to him eagerly, 'Give me the money.'"

Beauty, Romance, Adventure

WHENEVER he came to this pitch of the story you always thrilled because you knew that Fate, the most dramatic of all producers, had entered the theater of action and in that moment the real Monte Carlo was born.

One could but marvel at the strange insight of this man, because all that lay before him, all that met the eye was desolate and gigantic rocks. Awe-inspiring from the very grandeur of their superb isolation, but most unlikely to attract the type of mind that has an urge for gambling.

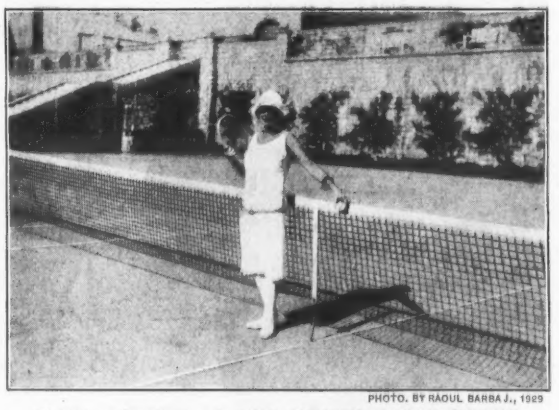


PHOTO. BY RAOUL BARBA J., 1929

MARY GARDEN ON THE MONTE CARLO BEACH CLUB SET

To reach there one had to travel from Nice by coach up the Corniche road to La Turbie on top of the mountain, then make the descent to Monaco by a precipitous path. Later, François Blanc chartered a small steamer to bring the gamblers from Nice, where breaks met them at the tiny harbor and drove them to the Casino on the heights.

Gold—gold—the power of it! It bit and smashed into those invulnerable fighting old rocks with their feet sunk for centuries into the Mediterranean, leveled them and François Blanc removed from the Monaco crag his palace of play, building a new Casino on them and naming it Prince Carlos or Monte Carlo.

With the hand of an extreme fabulist it changed bleakness, starkness, isolation into a possession so breath-taking that it has made its very name stand for everything the world offers of sheer beauty, romance and adventure. Never in the history of a race have they so prospered in so short a time. From a slum, a discarded backwater, François Blanc's efforts lifted it to the dignity of one of the most celebrated cities on earth. The chief factor in this elevation began and has continued by protecting man against himself. No Monegasque is allowed inside the Casino for play.

This building was added to and embellished by Camille Blanc in 1878. On the façade facing the sea is one of the figures of the Muses, sculptured by Sarah Bernhardt for him. The most celebrated artists in Europe have been used to do the decorations. Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opéra in Paris, designed the exquisite little opera house attached to the Casino and with this last adornment, Monte Carlo, the half-caste, has become a very great lady.

The honesty of the Casino guarantees the respectability of Monte Carlo. In the rooms there is no silly chatter, no laughing, no antics. The atmosphere is one of solemnity and grim concentration. It is no idle matter to see $75,000 spin out of a man's pockets in a night—or spin in.

Camille Blanc had made this little kingdom of gold so safe that one could walk the streets at night decorated with the Kohinoor and Cullinan diamonds and no one would molest him. On the safeguarding, the protecting, of it depended his power. Almost every waiter in the principality was in his employ, sending him daily bulletins if there was anything unusual to report. He had, by this means, his hands on the *chevaliers d'industrie* and the vultures who hoped to live on their own kind.

Once on making a particularly large winning, I was followed to my door by two men. The next day when I accused him of keeping me under police surveillance his sardonic old face grinned with amusement. "*Certainement,*" he said.

But to his marvelous system of espionage the visitors of the principality owed their freedom from thieves. Some years ago the papers were full of my having broken the bank at Monte Carlo. No one can break this bank—there are twenty million francs in the vaults to meet any urgency. All I did was to exhaust, for the time being, the whole reserve of one of the tables, which was closed to the players only long enough to allow the chiefs of the money department to go to the vaults to procure more.

A Memorable Fête

DYNASTIES — races — principalities — men — women — there comes a time when all must abdicate. One day Camille Blanc—ruler, dictator, czar in his own realm—went down to his office at the Casino, as I have seen him do for years every morning, promptly at nine o'clock; and when he returned a short time after they had broken his scepter and his crown in half—his rule was over. When he knew the government was no longer in his hands everything within him collapsed, because his world had collapsed. After that I often saw him in his great yellow-and-turquoise villa on its high crag, in Monte Carlo, his ferocious, passionate eyes undimmed by his illness, gazing down silently, hour after hour, his binoculars in his hand, on the place which was still his religion and his life.

Now one last word for Monte Carlo: There is no wild abandonment here. It is the same inextricable mixture of mystery and ugliness and glamour and beauty one finds wherever there are men and women and—men and women are everywhere.

For a long time there was no great dominating personality that ruled Monte Carlo until René Leon was made directeur-générale of the Casino. A Frenchman, a Cambridge scholar with a distinguished mind, an iron hand hidden in his very able fingers and whose word is absolute law.

It was through the kindness of René Leon that the fête was made possible which I gave a year ago. It was only in a place like Monte Carlo its success could be assured. For nowhere on earth is there a moon at its perfect fullness as in June in Monte Carlo—nowhere are the waters so warm for night bathing—nowhere can there be so much bewilderment and headiness of beauty all at once. Perhaps, but I do not think so.

Monte Carlo, at any moment of her late history, is always a reflection of that peculiarly vivid, vital spirit that runs through Europe. To say that she leads and originates in fashions, which is a commonplace with her writers, is not strictly true. It is more accurate to say she mirrors. The men and women who have distinguished themselves in art—writers, actresses, painters, dancers, diplomats—all are to be found here as well as the latest fashions, and so when René Leon placed at my disposal for one night the new Beach Club which, outside of the Casino, *is* Monte Carlo, one's

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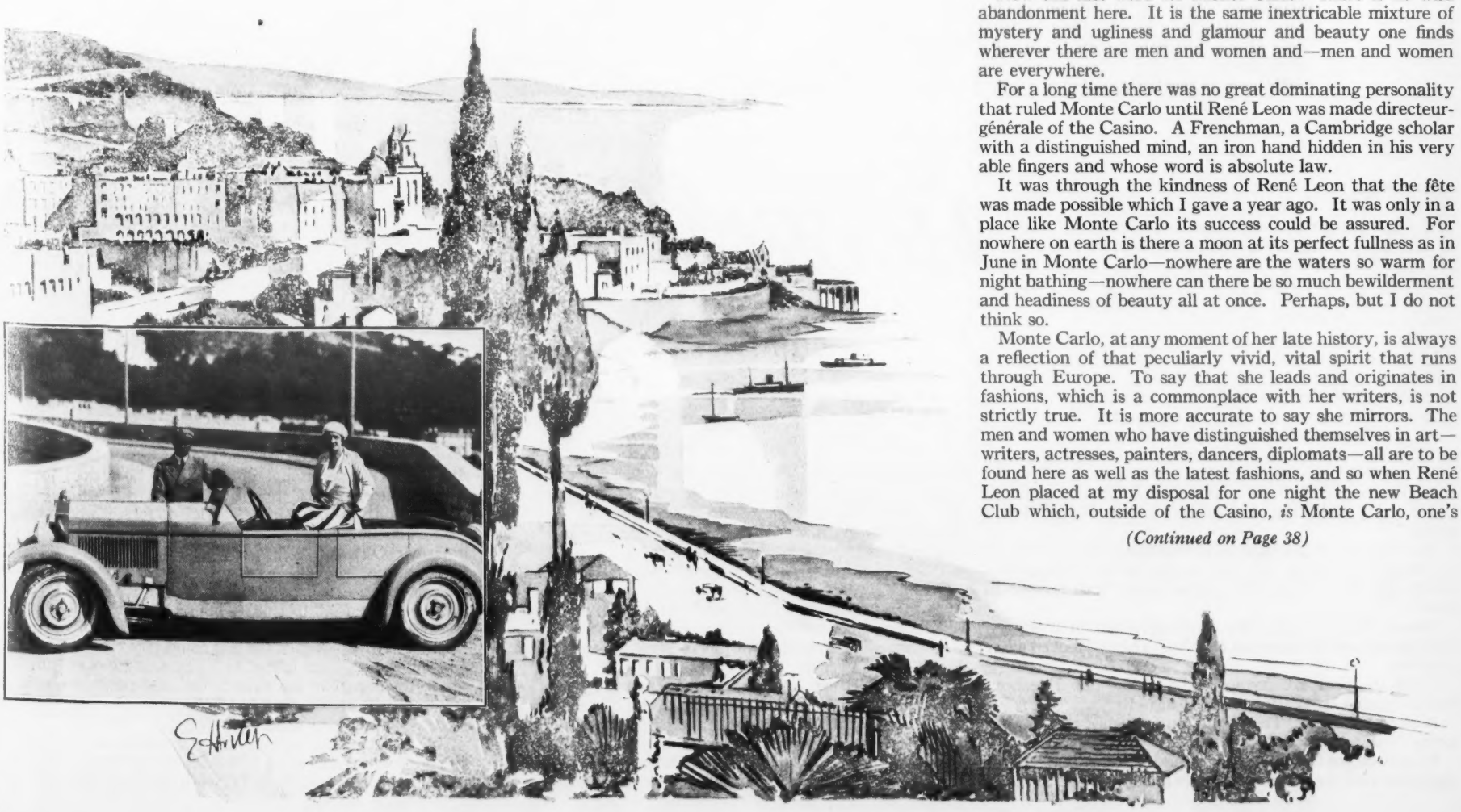


"WHAT HE'S TRYING TO DO IS TO GET YOUR SONG TAKEN OUT ENTIRELY"

His Royal Sigh

By DOROTHY SPEARE

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

"ALL you got to do," said practically the world's greatest tenor, "is get your diaphragm under it and step on it."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Vera La Vee. "Only that and everything else you've told me for the last two hours?"

"It was hardly any trouble at all," said the Idol of the Diamond Horseshoe. "Way I look at it is this: If I was small enough not to give my fellow artists the benefit of my fifteen years' experience in making records that have been best sellers all over the world and in Australia besides, why, I'd be pretty small."

"I wonder," said Egbert, the cameraman, to Gus, the other cameraman, "if we're going to get to rehearse this photo today. Not that I really care. He's killed all that in me."

"I'd tell you, but you wouldn't understand," said Daffy to Johnny Hofstader, who was sitting back of the camera booth with her. "You see, you've never been crossed in love."

Johnny faded a little, like an electric-light bulb when a stronger current is turned on near by. Then he looked away from her.

"Not to speak of, anyway," he said; "but I've been double-crossed on that set in front of us!"

It was a lovely set. The sets Johnny designed were always lovely.

For a week the Larners workmen had hammered wood, and there was now the marble façade of a Long Island mansion with a narrow veranda running the length of the façade and steps from the center of the veranda leading down into the garden where Barry O'Hearn and Vera La Vee were standing on grass with a microphone hanging over their heads and a fountain playing behind them.

"Get a load of those marble steps," Johnny told Daffy. "Coming down center they are, when I drew 'em to spray off at one side which would have made on your entrance such a difference you're too dim to appreciate."

"What difference does it make how I enter?" asked Daffy. "If I ever do. . . ."

"Barry O'Hearn knew what difference it makes," said Johnny. "We had a little argument about it yesterday and he sneaked back after I was gone and made the props change those steps to front center so when he's singing his theme song and the script says you come on and stand listening with business of being entranced you won't be over on the side lifting the scene from him but have to come down center where he'll be blocking you out, if you see what I mean and you probably don't with the little screen experience you've had; but anyway I fixed it so you could steal his spot moment because he's got all the spots in this film but he's fixed it back again. I really don't know what would happen to your career if you didn't have me staying awake nights thinking about it!"

"But what have you done?" Daffy said, confused. "I don't see ——"

"Let's go," said Ed English, the director, from the side of the set where he had been sitting for hours saying nothing while he waited for the famous tenor to finish telling Vera La Vee how to sing the one no and two yeses that he had left in for her when he had finished cutting her part of their duet. "Are you ready to start, Mr. O'Hearn?"

"Any time," said O'Hearn graciously. He had turned his back upon Ed English and the camera booth labeled "This Is Your Audience," to look at himself in the fountain. He was tall and determinedly Nordic and only slightly heavy around the jowls—which the lens could take care of—and he wore blue shirts and talked in a resonant he-man rumble, out of the corner of his mouth, too, and perhaps the lens could not take care of that, but Egbert and Gus had decided not to worry by this time.

The two cameramen were the only people in the studio who were not overawed or nonplused at having a real operatic star among them. Barry O'Hearn had been signed by the

Larners in the face of terrific competitive bidding from four other great film companies and he had only consented to sign for one picture, which was why Ed English dared not peep with a whole morning gone, and why the props had changed the steps yesterday, and why Johnny, ordinarily endowed with supreme authority over his sets, sat brooding and brooding, looking more like a brownie than ever, with the cleft in his chin, which should have given wise women pause but somehow didn't, almost flattened out, and his hair sticking up all over in grim black tufts of despair.

But Egbert and Gus were being just a little hard about it all. You could really do nothing about Egbert and Gus.

"Are we ready?" said Ed again with determined brightness, for the World's Favorite Songster was still looking at himself in the fountain.

Ike Compo, the orchestra leader, stood up in front of Ed and held out his baton. He had supposed that he was there to lead O'Hearn and the Ike Compo Orchestra which was planted back of the marble façade with the concert master peeking through a window, but O'Hearn had explained that Ike was there simply to keep his orchestra posted on O'Hearn's variations in tempo which, as every truly creative singer knew, could never twice be the same.

GUS and Egbert climbed into the camera booth and made faces through the front pane of glass at Vera La Vee, who had been sore enough about having her part drilled down before the new recruit to filmdom had started to drill her in it. The script girl—who was prettier than La Vee, but it had never gotten her any farther than a chair on the set—was flipping back the pages of the dialogue to the marble-façade sequence. "Miss La Vee," she said, "where's your part?"

"A moth ate it!" snapped La Vee, and the orchestra started to play.

Daffy sat very still in the chair that had her name on the back of it. This was one of the fade-outs life handed you. You got all worked up to the climax of your existence and when it finally came something else had happened so you could not care.

Four weeks ago she had been nobody. A little girl who came out and sang, in a night-club revue, songs which she had written herself and which no one troubled to listen to. Today, with one of those incredible leaps which were a part of the magic of the motion-picture world, she was the featured artist in the O'Hearn superfilm. Allbilling, as per contract, would read: "Barry O'Hearn in His Royal Sigh, with Daphne Dunn (the Man-You-Kiss Girl)."

Four weeks ago Ed English had heard her sing at the Shoulderblades Club and offered her a part in a short, or two-reeler, that the Larners were making. It was a night-club sequence and they needed a girl to do one song. She had written a new song and taken her big chance in it and it had made her famous.

Of course Johnny said that he had made her famous. He had treated the night-club set, which was filmed in color, as an enormous valentine into which he backgrounded the star, Damask Holliday, with a miniature-valentine costume while he put Daffy into the center of the picture with a red dress just the shape of her face, which was like a little heart.

Yes, Johnny had helped. But the thing that had made her and tagged her with a name which merely in itself, as Ed English said, clicked for top money, was her song

The man you kiss once is just a leaf in the wind. . . .

Her Man-You-Kiss song that had made her and ruined her all in one moment. Because she had come to her own première with Jarvis McLean, Third, whom she had kissed once, and when the Daffy on the screen had sung her song and the Daffy in the audience sat enthralled at the applause that was sweeping the house, Jarvis' hand had fallen away from hers.

Ever since then she had been waiting for the phone to ring, which was the more awful since the phone rang all the time and it was always something to do with her song, so that her heart jumped up with the telephone tinkle and fell down with offers to publish her song or to sing it over the radio or requests that she allow various film representatives to interview her.

Two weeks of waiting for Jarvis to call while the song that had lost him for her whirled her career ahead in sparkling, mocking, six-eighths time.

It was getting on to that entrance of hers which Johnny, at her side, was still glooming about. Barry O'Hearn had sung his duet with excellent registration, which everyone was a little peeved to have to admit, and La Vee had announced that she was going home to get letter-perfect on her three words and O'Hearn had his solo here during which Daphne was to leak into the sequence. Gus and Egbert crawled into their booth again and Ed English blew his silence whistle and everyone started in to hold breath and Ike Compo waved his wand so that the marble façade blossomed into sound and O'Hearn said:

"There's just a little something here I wanted to speak about, Mr. English."

Everybody unreadied. The orchestra stopped and the supers began hammering again on the next-door set, which was to be a swimming pool, and Gus and Egbert came out of their booth making unsoundproof remarks and Ed English wanted, although not very badly, to know what he could do for Mr. O'Hearn.

"This gag song your local wits wrote in for me here," said O'Hearn. "Of course I've learned it, but if you want to get the benefit of my fifteen years of experience in putting songs across to the biggest concert capacity any tenor's ever had, and you can ask any local manager from Coast to Coast, why, you'll let me change this song to one of my own and which the public always expects of me anyway."

"But it's the theme song right here, Mr. O'Hearn," said Ed. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, but it's been written in to fit the plot an' it's your big love moment, see? Here you are a royal prince traveling in the States an' all the society girls goin' goofigaga about you an' you're tired of it all on a Long Island house party an' all at once here's this little hired entertainer from Broadway steps out an' sings her song in the midst of the drunken whirl of this high-life house party an' all at once you know that great moment that only comes once, in this sequence anyways, to the heart of a man. You stroll out here in the open air of this sumptuous Long Island estate so's you can dream about that little Broadway entertainer an' the patter blender falls you into your theme song with just one line ——"

"YEH, I was getting to that," said the Concert King. "What does it make me look like, for me to be given a line that just sacrifices me to Daphne Dunn's song? Look at this script! Prince Konrad strolls musingly front center ——"

"Musingly hiding your entrance," hissed Johnny in Daffy's ear.

"—— Repeating first two lines of the Man-You-Kiss Girl's song:

"'*The man you kiss once is just a leaf in the wind.*
But the man you kiss twice is worth a sigh. . . .'

'Ah!' quoths Prince Konrad. 'Could I be but worth her sigh!'"

"Which lands you," said Ed, "right square on the button of the theme song, All That I Ask of You is Just One Sigh ——"

"Which feeds me," said Barry O'Hearn, "right back to that song of Miss Dunn's so

(Continued on Page 100)

SHE WAS BROADWAY STRAYED OVER TO FIFTH AVENUE BY ACCIDENT . . . . AND SO EVERYONE PRETENDED THAT SHE WAS INVISIBLE

Oswald and Ambrose

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

AS KATE drew the letter from its envelope a photograph fell to the floor. She picked it up, contemplated the image of a young man, and said "Hmph!" in a tone which might have meant almost anything. Her roommate reached out for the picture, examined it with that passionate interest which is an essential trait of the successful roommate, and murmured "Ha!" in a tone frankly admiring. "Ambrose?" she inquired, as she completed her inspection.

"Oswald," answered Kate, and unfolded the several pages of her sister's letter.

Ambrose was the generic name for all Kate's young men; Oswald was the diverse battalion of Nina's admirers. Andrew Blair, the benevolent despot who was the parent and sole relative of Nina and Kate, had so decreed. He was, he told them, a busy man, and what with one thing and what with another, he had no intention of cluttering his memory with the names of youths who came and went like the waves upon the shore.

"She says," announced Kate rather dubiously, "that she's going to wed the boy!" She recovered the portrait of her possible brother-in-law and looked at it intently. "Well, in my opinion, she might do a whole lot worse!"

Dolly closed her Latin dictionary, leaned forward and became practical. "Are they engaged?"

"Not officially. Here—read it an' weep!" Kate tossed her sister's letter to her roommate. "I hope he has money enough to keep her in writing paper. Seven words to a page, by actual count!"

"And six of 'em illegible!" complained Dolly, deciphering.

"But that artistic," Kate murmured, and continued to examine Oswald. "Eyes—good. Nose—elegant. Mouth—uh-huh. Chin—absolutely!" His name was Bill Garrison, and he was a doctor. "I'm honestly crazy about him, darling," scrawled Nina. Kate's blue eyes were grave. She hoped that if Nina had told him so, she honestly meant it. He looked like the sort of young man who would expect one to mean what one said. And Nina so seldom did.

"Wonder what a handwriting expert would do to Nina's character?" mused Dolly.

"If he was a male expert," Kate answered promptly, "he'd revolutionize his entire system."

SHE stood Oswald's photograph upon her bureau between the picture of the shaggy, keen-eyed man who was Andrew Blair and the Dresden shepherdess who was his elder daughter. There Oswald remained until graduation, and there, perhaps, lay Kate's initial mistake in her relationship to her sister's young man. Oswald's eyes undoubtedly had been looking into Nina's with that half-laughing, half-challenging expression shining in them, but a dozen times a day when Kate Blair faced her mirror, their photographed replicas looked straight at her.

Her father and Nina motored up for her graduation exercises; Nina giggled deliciously at Kate's cap and gown, and Andrew Blair's blue eyes were proud.

"What," Nina demanded, "are you going to do with it, now that you've got it?"

"It" was Kate's diploma—*magna cum laude*.

"I'm going to bury it in the back yard and go out and get me a job," answered Kate promptly. "And now tell me all about Oswald!"

"In father's presence?" asked Nina and turned her laughing violet eyes upon her parent. But Andrew Blair was looking at Kate.

"Don't get your job before fall, Katy," he said. "This may be the last summer I'll have you both."

"May be!" echoed Nina, lifting delicate brows.

"DON'T YOU EVER LOOK AT YOUR PARTNER, KATE?" HE ASKED ABRUPTLY. SHE LOOKED THEN, LOOKED UP INTO GRAY EYES THAT

"May be, you weather vane!" he retorted affectionately.

"What's the boy like, father?" Kate asked, looking at him.

Nina smiled at her in amusement. "Interested, aren't you?"

"'Satiable curiosity," admitted Kate shamelessly.

"Well-ll." Nina paused, and then laughed self-consciously. "At the moment, Bill and I aren't speaking. But that'll pass, of course."

"Of course," agreed Kate, but she remembered Oswald's face, with the straightforward eyes and the sensitive mouth, and she was sorry for him. "Poor Oswald!"

"Poor me!" Nina corrected her. "He's a stubborn brute, Katy."

"Well," said her sister impartially, "that ought to make for balance in your family life, darling."

Nina made a face at her, and Kate, not being handicapped with quite so much beauty, made an uglier one in return.

They were pretty girls, Andrew Blair's daughters. Nina, the elder by a year, had a rare fragility in an age when girls went in for sports. Hers was the sort of delicacy which tradition gives to Mary Stuart, whose throat, they say, was so transparently white that when she drank red wine one could watch a crimson line descend it. She had the little milk-white hands of the Scottish queen, and Kate, who had once made the comparison, was too loyal to add that she had also all the feminine faults which speeded the fourth Mary to the block.

Yet Kate's sterner loveliness did not suffer by comparison. Just as all her coloring was deeper, hair that was amber rather than honey, cheeks that were like fruit instead of blossom, so, too, one felt something deeper in the girl herself. Nina had fire, but Kate had warmth as well.

There were signs of Oswald in the rambling Connecticut house where Andrew Blair lived with his daughters. A pipe and a tin of tobacco, a medical journal and some alien books on the living-room table. Kate, scarcely half an hour at home, opened one, The Book of Wonder, and read the name, William Garrison, in a firm hand on the flyleaf.

"Now who ever heard of a doctor who read Dunsany?" she demanded.

"Why shouldn't he?" Nina retorted, and took the book from Kate's hands rather abruptly.

Kate laughed at her. "I do wish you'd produce this paragon, Nina! I'm dying of curiosity. When do you sign the truce?"

Nina shrugged. "Oh, I imagine he'll come over the week-end."

Kate's deep blue eyes were amused. "What did you fight about?"

"None of your business!"

THE younger girl's face softened; she put her arm about her sister's shoulders. "Why, Nina darling, I do believe you love the man! I didn't mean to tease you."

Oswald telephoned on Friday afternoon. Kate, curled into a chair in the living room, could not help hearing the Connecticut half of the conversation.

Her sister's voice moved from coolness to frigidity.

"Oh, hello, Bill. Oh, really! Well, you just get someone else to do it—we're due at the Camerons in Westport at nine o'clock. They're having a party for Kate. Yes, it will matter! It will to me! But, good lord, Bill, there are about forty million doctors all over the place—you have more doctors than patients. No! No, I don't see at all! Very well!" She replaced the receiver in a frozen calm, and turned to Kate. "Bill has to remove someone's appendix," she said bitterly. "Exactly why Bill has to do it, in a whole hospital full of doctors ——"

"It's probably his patient's appendix, darling," said Kate. "And how nice that he has a patient! You'd better get used to this sort of thing now—maybe some day he'll have another victim!"

"I have absolutely no intention of getting used to it," said Nina flatly.

Kate was silent, nonplused for the moment. "But, Nina ——" she began at last, very gently, and Nina interrupted her resentfully.

"Oh, you would side with Bill, Kate!" Her violet eyes flickered. "I knew you would. But I'll tell you one thing—you can just keep your hands out of my affairs, Katherine Blair!"

"Why, Nina!" protested Kate, getting up. They had quarreled ever since they could speak, but the bitterness in the older girl's voice and eyes was new.

A humorless smile played about Nina's mouth. "Bee Cameron was saying only the other day that you were much better fitted to be a doctor's wife than I was," she said. "Of course that's very interesting, but just don't forget that I happen to be the one who's engaged to Doctor Garrison!"

Kate turned sharply and went out of the room. As she climbed the stairs she discovered that she was shaking with anger. How dared Nina speak to her like that! What possible right did she have?

"Well—the Lord help Oswald!" she said aloud. Oswald, with his deep-set kind eyes and the firm, sensitive mouth.

Kate drove alone to Westport in the roadster; Nina and Bill were to follow in his car as soon as he arrived.

"The higher education hasn't hurt your personal appearance, Kate!" Walter Cameron greeted her. "I don't see how you and Nina can ever get married unless you agree to separate. No man'll ever be able to choose between you!"

"That was why you finally married me, wasn't it, dee-ar?" his wife asked sweetly.

Kate laughed. "Oh, Nina's men never like me!" she said. Nor, for that matter, did the Ambroses of their world care for Nina.

"I bet Bill Garrison does," said Bee.

Kate flushed. "I haven't met the doctor," she said a little stiffly. Bee let her imagination run away with her at times, she reflected.

"Bill's a stout fella," said Walter. "You'll like the boy. C'mon an' step, Katy."

At midnight the party showed no signs of breaking up, but Nina and Bill had not arrived.

"Should we telephone?" Bee asked.

KATE shook her head. She had her own private explanation of their absence, remembering, as she did, her sister's angry little face. At two o'clock she announced her firm intention of going home.

"Don't be an idiot!" Bee protested. "You'll stay here, of course!"

Kate shook her head.

"You can't drive home alone at this hour!" Walter said.

"Oh, can't I?"

"We've had three holdups here, this spring," Bee told her. "It really isn't safe, Katy."

"Nonsense!" said Kate. "You can't scare me, in my own back yard! Besides, I'm playing golf with father at eight."

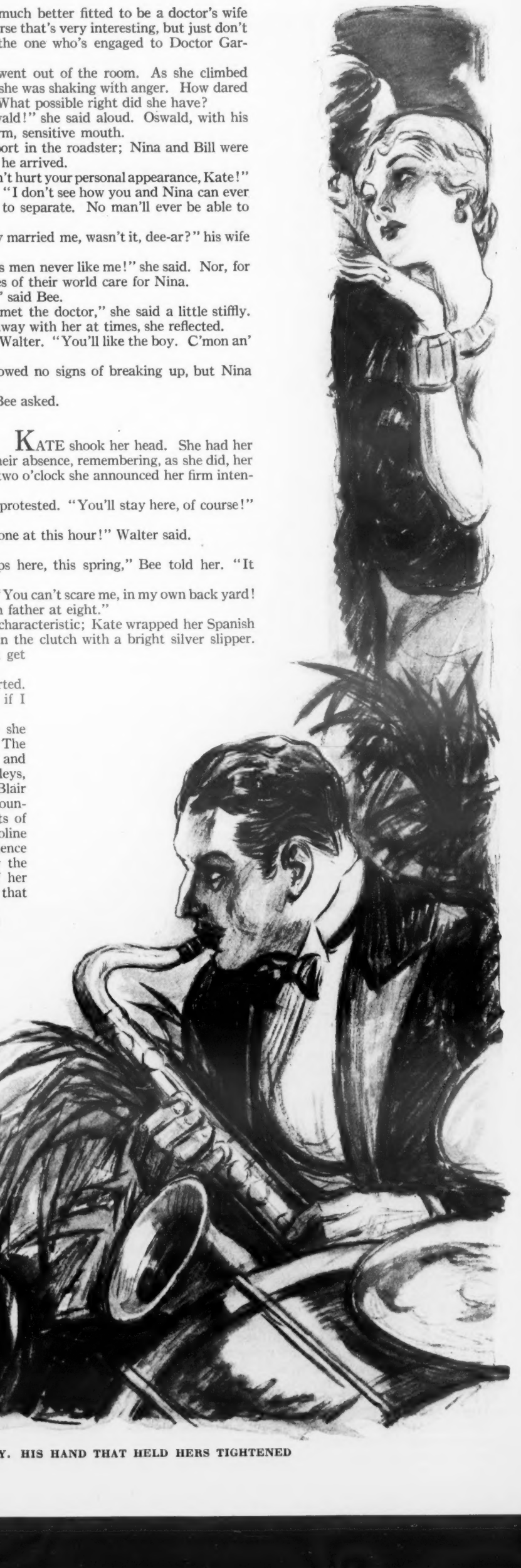
Stubbornness was a Blair characteristic; Kate wrapped her Spanish shawl about her and threw in the clutch with a bright silver slipper.

"Telephone us when you get home," Bee called after her.

"Act your age!" Kate retorted. "I'll send you a post card if I don't get there!"

It was a soft night, and she drove slowly, enjoying it. The familiar road wound sharply and steeply, down into stony valleys, up over shaggy hills. The Blair estate was deep in the back country, and there were no lights of houses, no lamp-posts or gasoline stations to break the spell of silence and solitude. Then she saw the tail-light of a car ahead of her and, as she came nearer, saw that

(Continued on Page 107)



BURNED DOWN INTO HERS. "SOMETIMES," SHE ANSWERED CARELESSLY AND LOOKED AWAY. HIS HAND THAT HELD HERS TIGHTENED

"THERE!" SAYS I. "JUST THE SAME FROM HERE, AIN'T IT? NOW GET BACK AND TRIM SHIP"

Stunting With Alfonzo

By

SEWELL FORD

Illustrated by Raymond G. Sisley

I DON'T know why they should pick on me, either, for if anybody ever hung out a sign that he was off the *femmes* I'm the mister. But seems like the more you shoo 'em away, the thicker they crowd around. Blondes in particular. Take that vivid-topped Nora at the Rudder Bar, where all us pilots go for chicken chili and coffee. I can't swing onto a stool but she comes hovering around showing her cheek dimples and rolling her baby blues at me.

"Say, Bunch, when you gonna take me up for a hop in one of them new two-placers?" she asks.

"When I'm foolisher in the head than I am now," I tells her. "Gimme an east-and-west and a half-and-half chickory."

"Omaha up and draw a twin!" she calls to the chef. "Don't you like me a-tall, Bunch?"

"You're the miss in my motor," says I.

"Ah, what's so wrong with me, Bunch?" she comes back.

"As a night beacon you'd be swell," says I, "but otherwise I don't sight you. And listen, sister—save them Sheba tricks for some of these young stude flyers that ain't wise to women. I side-slipped once and that's enough."

"Well, I ain't crazy over fat boys, either," she says, pouting.

Next day, though, she'll begin all over again.

Then there was this Fancher girl that had the Oh-you-wonder-ful-man look in her eyes—an ashes-of-roses blonde with fluffy light hair and ready-to-go lips. She's a wispy little thing that don't look like she had the strength to shift a gear lever, yet she drives out to the airport nearly every day in a sporty roadster and edges close to the planes. Chiefly she sticks around where I am, watching me refuel or tighten struts, and if I take off for a flight she keeps her eyes glued on me as long as she can, also being right there when I land. Never says a word, you understand, but never lets up on that mushy look either. Course, all the grease gobs and P. I.'s get onto this and give me the razz.

"You got some consistent admirer, Bunch," says a grounder. "Why not give the little girl a smile?"

"Must like her avvy-ators plump," chimes in an instructor. "Who's your young adorer?"

"Ah, go do a grass loop!" I tells 'em. "How can I help where she looks? Should I wear a screen?"

"MAYBE she's trying to figure out how you can ease yourself into a cockpit without the aid of a shoehorn," suggests another comedian.

Even Mr. Corbush, our V. P., notices and lifts his eyebrows. "So at last you have picked one—eh, Bunch?" he asks.

"No, I ain't," says I, "and I ain't been picked either."

"Then I'm due to take the eye test again," says he, "for what I think I see looks like deep devotion. Didn't I hear her humming a song while you were up awhile ago, something about how she just couldn't help loving that man?"

Well, you know how it is when they hang a thing like that on you. They strain their imaginations working up comic cracks. How did I manage to put the spell on her? Was it my curves she fell for, or had she seen me make one of my hop-skip landings? Say, after a week or so of that I got fed up.

Then one day when she follows me out where I'm tuning up a Wasp motor I turns on her. "See here, sister," I says, "are you doing this on a bet, or what?"

"Please," she says sort of lispy, "I—I don't know what you mean."

"The sappy-stare treatment," says I. "What's the idea?"

"Why," says she, fluttering her big eyes, "I think you're ——"

"I know," says I. "Won-der-ful! But that's a shopworn gag, girlie. They all spring that when they want to kid you along, and they don't mean a letter of it. So that's out."

"What I mean is, you're so big and strong," she simpers.

"Ye-ah?" says I. "And then ——"

"I—I've been waiting to ask you if you would teach me to fly," says she.

"You! Fly?" says I. "You don't really mean it."

SHE insists she does and that I'm the one she has tagged to show her how. And for a minute there she had me gawping. Why, I'd have said she didn't have the nerve to look out a tenth-story window; she's so kind of pale and limp-appearing, you know, like she was either just coming out of a faint or about to flop into one. Besides, she's such a kid.

"We ain't started a kindergarten class yet," says I. "Hardly sixteen, are you?"

She says she's eighteen and has been out of high school a year.

"Even so," says I, "you ain't the type to tackle cloud pushing. If you gotta have a thrill go home and slide down the bannister."

"Oh, please, Mr. Bunch!" she begs. "Do teach me to fly."

"My name's Galvin," I tells her. "Where do you get that Mr. Bunch stuff?"

She says she's sorry, but she's heard the men call me that; and wouldn't I please call her Doris and give her a lesson soon? All this with her lips puckered and the sappiest look in her eyes.

"Say, you trying to vamp me, or what?" says I. "Do I look so simple I'd go dizzy from any such flapper tricks as that? Huh! You got the whole field crew riding me now, and if they spot you at this—ah, get a line on yourself, sister! You might be a clinging vine to some, but for me you're just a spray of poison ivy."

I expect that was a bit rough, but I didn't look for her to go sobby so sudden. Cute scene this was to put on right out in the middle of the flying field. Give them humorists something to work up, wouldn't it? By luck, though, everybody was watching the mail ship come in from Tucson. "Here," says I, "climb into the cabin and we'll talk this out private."

And after she'd calmed down a bit I managed to pump out most of the story. She was dead set on learning to fly. She couldn't tell exactly why, only she wanted to. No, she was sure she wouldn't be afraid. Even when I mentioned that you was only allowed one mistake in the air and how the first crash was apt to be the last she just smiled.

"I think I could learn to do it right," says she, "but if I shouldn't—well, it wouldn't matter."

"That's desperate talk from a young thing like you," says I. "You don't mean you're tired of living so soon?"

It almost amounted to that, and when she was through with another sob spasm I got the details. Curious, too, what little things will cloud the sun if you hold 'em near enough. Believe it or not, Doris has soured on life because a few girl friends had treated her mean. They'd begun it at school, where she'd been kept out of clubs or something, and it had gone on until she was playing herself as a social blight. Near as I could make out all that had happened was that she hadn't made the grade somehow, and had been left to flock by her lonesome.

"Must have done something to queer yourself," says I.

She says it was chiefly on account of mamma's being so strict about letting her go places. And my guess about mother's being a woman reformer was wrong; in fact, it couldn't have been wider, for Mrs. Fancher had been none other than Daisy Devere, the lady cannon ball, who for six years was shot twice a day across the arena into a net; and before that she'd been half a vaudeville team. Then she married Jim Fancher, who had the peanut-and-popcorn concession for the big top, and when Doris got to be five the Fanchers decided a circus was no place to bring up a lovely daughter in, so they moved to California and bought an avocado ranch.

Well, they might have been good show people, but as farmers the Fanchers was flops. Just as they was about to sell out at a loss, though, oil was struck near by, the Fanchers leased their land to a big company that brought in a gusher, and they found themselves so rich they had to buy two pianos.

So they moved into Sanrovia, built a white-stucco, near-Spanish mansion on Alameda Boulevard, and sent Doris to school all tricked out in pink chiffon and lizard-skin slippers.

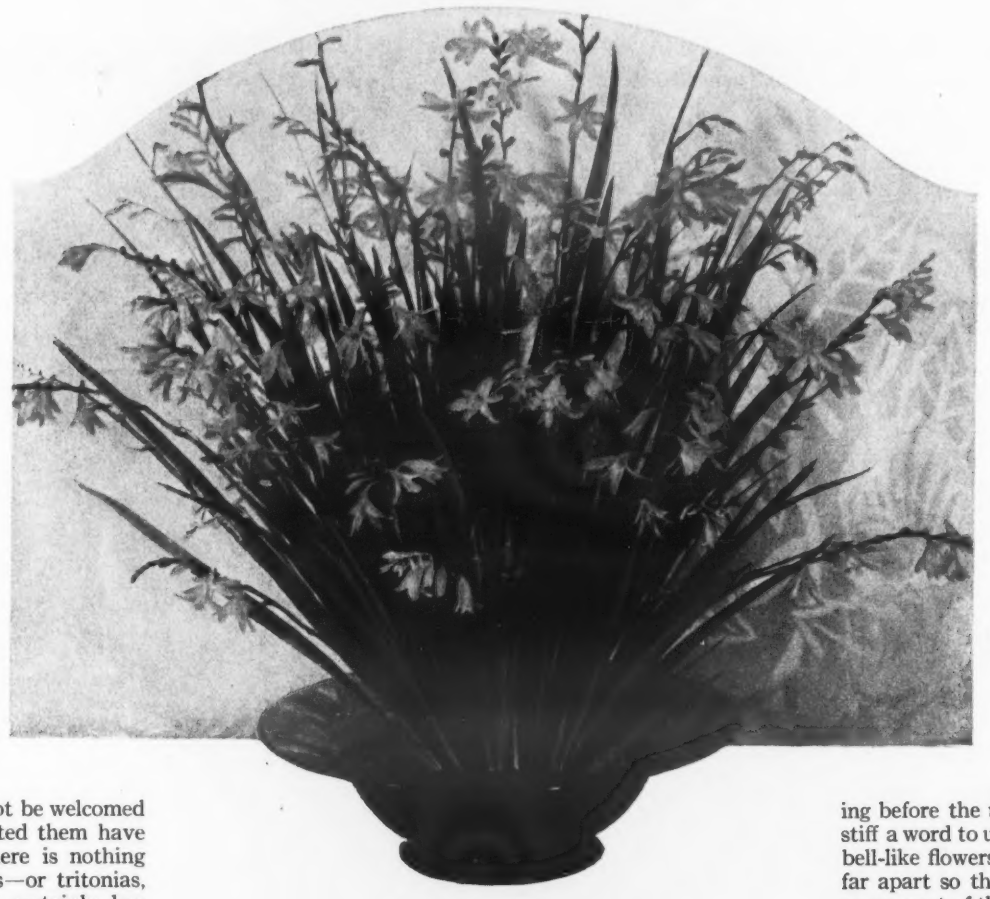
WITH her big blue eyes and light hair Doris should have knocked 'em for a gool, and until she was fifteen or so little Miss Fancher was kind of popular all right. But mother hadn't spent all that time in the circus without having her ideas about men. She checked off ten P.M. as curfew time, sent Pa Fancher to bring Doris home from parties, and had the couch hammock taken in from the side porch.

The result was that Doris had just as much chance of getting mixed up in a petting bee as a Jap would of being elected mayor of Los Angeles. The young co-eds simply crossed her off.

Then the girls circulated that yarn about mother's career as a shooting star and that about settled it. The Fanchers had a social rating of minus D, and nobody ever rang the front doorbell but young hicks selling washing machines or collectors for the Community Chest. Doris graduated all

(Continued on Page 110)

Photographed in Natural Color



Lending their gay brilliancy to the fall garden the montbretias are equally desirable for indoor decoration. This is the old variety Germania, with a few spikes of Hereward in the background.

The Gay and Graceful Montbretias

By F. F. ROCKWELL

FOR some years the gayly bedecked but unobtrusive montbretias have been knocking, rather modestly, at the garden gate, seeking admittance to that fortunate company of flowers which everybody knows and grows.

Among the most brilliantly colored of all late-summer flowers, and vying in artistic grace with the most delectably dainty of any flowers of any season, there is no reason why they should not be welcomed in. The discerning few who have admitted them have been delighted with their company. There is nothing startlingly sensational about montbretias—or tritonias, as they are perhaps more correctly but certainly less generally called. They are not flowers of a passing vogue, to become suddenly popular and as quickly fade from favor.

In England and on the Continent montbretias have long been quite generally grown, and the introduction, during recent years, of greatly improved varieties, under separate names, has been a decided stimulus to their wider use. In this country, until quite lately, they have been offered only in mixture, except by a few of the leading bulb specialists such as John Scheepers, W. E. Marshall, and others. A number of the named varieties are now widely available, and others are being added each season.

The impression, which has somehow seemed to gain currency in this country, that montbretias are but poorer and less desirable cousins of the gladiolus is wholly unjustified. It is true that the individual flowers are much smaller—but they are quite as large as were those of the gladiolus at a similar stage in their development from the wild species to the present giant-flowered garden varieties. Our unreasoned and unreasonable worship of mere size in flowers has undoubtedly been one of the reasons for the prejudice against montbretias on the part of those who sell flowers. It was the same commercial blindness which, for a long time, denied a place to the primulinus type of gladiolus, until the more perspicacious public saw its merits, and insisted on having it, and a few years later gave to the prim. variety Alice Tiplady the largest official "vote" ever accorded a gladiolus!

The fact is that montbretias should not be adjudged on a basis of comparison to the gladiolus. Though similar in some respects, they are entirely distinct flowers, serving quite different purposes. They can stand—and dance—on their own feet. Their individual merits are quite sufficient to win them a place in the garden without any indorsement from their more sophisticated and more stilted near relatives, the glads.

In natural, fairylike gracefulness, the montbretias are unmatched among all tall-growing bulbs. Upon their wiry arching stems, often bearing secondary or side shoots, which begin flowering before the main stem tip—"spike" is altogether too stiff a word to use here—has produced its last bloom, the bell-like flowers are borne alternately, spaced sufficiently far apart so that each stands out by itself. In both arrangement of the petals—six in number—and in the brilliance of their coloring, they present a characteristic starry appearance. The matured flowers drop off instead of remaining as unsightly corpses, as in the case of most gladiolus, and leave sprays of beadlike green seed pods which are in themselves decidedly ornamental.

One great advantage which these gay little flowers have, as compared with gladiolus, is that often several spikes are thrown up, in succession, from large bulbs, thus giving a long period of bloom—often several weeks—from a single planting, carrying them on until their joyous display is terminated by frosty nights. Another is that they do not break over or break down in winds and storms. The foliage, much narrower and more grasslike than that of gladiolus, makes a perfect setting for the dancing gracefulness of the flower stems.

The range of colors available, though not so varied as in the modern gladiolus, is quite sufficient to give interesting combinations and contrasts, and, with the addition of new varieties, is being rapidly extended. The existing colors have a character of their own—reds, yellows and oranges; ochers, apricot and terra-cotta shades that are quite as distinctive as the forms of the dainty flowers. All these colors are ideal fall shades, whether used by themselves or with late-summer and fall flowers.

It is not alone for supplying flowers for cutting—charming as they are for this purpose—that the gay montbretias lay claim to a place in everyman's garden. They merit a position in the wide, mixed border, where

(Continued on Page 129)

Another article on Gardens will be found on page 126.

His Majesty, the most popular of the new Earlham type, a gorgeous flower of substantial texture, to which the illustration above does not do full justice.

At left—Queen Alexandra, one of the new large-flowered Earlham hybrids, which attains a height of three to four feet, with flowers three inches or more across.

At right—Hereward, one of the Davison type, similar to the well-known George Davison, but blooming weeks later.

INSIDE THE SHOP, TALKING WITH A MAN AND A WOMAN, STOOD DIANA. HER FACE WAS SMILING AND ANIMATED

The Shorn Lamb

By

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Illustrated by R. F. James

AFTER ten years in America, where he earned a precarious living as an actor, Brotherton Drake, better known as Buddy, returns to London and calls at the flat of his wealthy and successful twin brother, Atherton, in quest of a loan. They have words and Atherton falls dead of a heart attack. Their remarkable resemblance prompts Buddy to palm off the dead man's body as his own and to assume the rôle of Sir Atherton Drake, Bart., scholar, former Cabinet official and member of Parliament.

Family servants, physician, bankers and solicitors accept Buddy as Sir Atherton without question. Buddy reasons that the adventure can harm no one but himself, as he is Atherton's sole relative, and to live Atherton's apparently blameless albeit distinguished life will be both joyous and easy.

But Buddy soon begins to find out that Atherton's life has evidently not been so blameless after all. There are unexplained bequests in his will; there is an affair of the heart with Muriel Flower, wife of a country neighbor at Newstead Park; there is a bank account with the only payments large sums drawn to "Bearer"; there is a baffling steel box which cannot be opened; there are anonymous letters, threatening letters in bold capitals and letters in cipher; there are academic associations which are literally and figuratively Greek to Buddy.

What do all these things mean? Buddy doesn't know, and he is obsessed by a horrible fear. Atherton was always regarded as the Good Twin; his life should be an open book, but apparently there are many dark, mysterious pages.

Muriel Flower is ill in a Paris nursing home and Buddy crosses the Channel to see her. He meets Diana Merrow, her sister, and at once his heart goes out to her. On the boulevards he meets a forlorn figure selling mechanical monkeys. It is Tonio Gaffarelli, tried and true friend of his American days. An erstwhile magician, Tonio is down and out because rheumatism has crippled his fingers. Buddy engages him as his secretary.

When Horatio Flower names him as corespondent in a divorce action Buddy realizes he is in an intolerable position. He goes to Newstead Park, preparatory to selling it, to seek further clews to unravel the mystery of Atherton. He sees Horatio riding a half-broken colt and is so taken by the man that he visits him, and under the seal of secrecy tells his story. Horatio withdraws the divorce action.

Back in London, he is waited upon by Diana, who takes him to task for his lack of ardor for Muriel. Whereupon, to her amazement, Buddy discloses his love for Diana herself.

XII.

TONIO, coming in a while later flourishing a flimsy plan of the Carisbrooke Castle, found his employer sitting moodily in front of the fire. "Everything you want in three weeks' time, but nothing before then."

Buddy looked up. "I want to go tomorrow. I want to start now."

"Impossible," said Tonio.

Buddy exhausted himself in vain oaths.

"Find out how long they'll hold the accommodations for us. There must be other places—Brazil, Australia—where one can go to, starting at once. Go around all the steamer offices the first thing in the morning."

Tonio looked at him out of his shrewd bright eyes.

"Tell me, Buddy, since you want to get out of England so quick, have you done anything wrong?"

"Everything I do seems more wrong than what I've done before," cried Buddy. "I'm up to my neck in mess."

And out of the mess he felt he could never extricate himself—not he, Buddy, with his lack of self-control. In one moment of passion, stung by a girl's scorn, he had forgotten all his fear-dictated resolutions. How, after his declaration in his natural voice and manner, could Diana mistake him for the barely tolerated Atherton? If Diana had not seen that he loved and wanted her in the good old human way, she was a fool of a woman. And a fool of a woman was the last thing on earth Diana could possibly be.

Anyhow, he had made it clear that he had done with Muriel. Diana must think of his conduct whatsoever she would.

At the same time, was Diana as outraged as her scornful exit implied? She had listened to him while he held her wrists, and had not wrenched them away in maiden indignation. He had released them unresisting of his own accord. He had plunged into the depths of her eyes, and below incredulous amazement he had not detected anger or hatred.

He went to sleep that night thinking of these things. In his own person of Buddy Drake why shouldn't he, why couldn't he, win her? Sooner or later she would fall into the arms of some man, decent or otherwise. It was the way of Nature. Why shouldn't he be the man?

He fell asleep, his head filled with crazily fantastic schemes. He awoke in the morning to disillusion.

At breakfast a new shock awaited him.

Tonio came in with the morning's correspondence.

"Here are two letters," said he, "I don't understand."

They were tradesmen's letters, couched in the most respectful terms. There must, of course, be some mistake, as the inclosed checks in payment of account had been returned dishonored.

There were the checks, two of them, hideously marked: "No account. Refer to drawer."

Buddy stared at them. There was his ordinarily accepted signature, "Atherton Drake." The rest of the check was made out in Tonio's typescript. They were just commonplace payments to butcher and baker. He had turned over the bills to Tonio.

Then suddenly the heading of the checks stared into his eyes. They were checks issued not by his companionable bank in Hanover Square, but by the Lothbury, E. C., branch of the bank in which Atherton had his mysterious account.

The primary solution of the problem was simple. He had thrown the Lothbury check book into his drawer, cheek by jowl with the Hanover Square check book. Tonio, ignorant but zealous secretary, charged with the making out of checks for household expenses, had used the wrong check book. He, Buddy, most careless of masters, had signed the checks without regarding the bank heading. So far it was all simple. But why, when Atherton's last counterfoil showed the clear credit balance of nearly a thousand pounds, should the checks be returned dishonored?

To explain matters to the bewildered Tonio was easy. He had ceased to be a customer of the Lothbury bank long ago, and oughtn't to have left the useless check book lying about. But Buddy felt himself in the presence of a mystery—possibly a sinister mystery.

HAD Atherton kept his Lothbury bank account under an assumed name? That could be the only solution. But why? Buddy's mind began to move swiftly. The check book and the steel dispatch box were intimately connected. The missing keys? Why should they not be in the custody of the Lothbury bank, together with securities of which the dividends were noted on the counterfoils?

He finished his breakfast, went to the library and examined the Lothbury check book. The last payment had been made only two months ago and the amount had been carefully deducted from the credit balance. The number on the first check was next in sequence. It was inconceivable that the balance should have been withdrawn.

He was about to throw the check book into the drawer when his eyes met the typewritten sheet of unintelligible fractions. It became at once part and parcel of the general mystery. In the corner of the bookcase the blackened steel box stood ironically defiant.

He took the accursed box into his bedroom, where he employed all the toilet instruments which he could find in a vain endeavor to force the locks. He broke knives and scissors and twisted buttonhooks. The keyholes seemed to be only camouflaged parts of a solid steel mass. Whence had Atherton procured this infernal contraption?

Buddy, the last person on earth to give way to attack of nerves, broke down, almost wept before the silly, baffling steel box. At last he damned it in a futile way and taking, as usual, the line of least resistance, set it back on the lowest shelf of the bookcase.

The Park Lane flat became a horrible prison. Madness would grip him before he could sail in the Carisbrooke

Castle. There was nothing to do during the leaden and laggard hours. For occupation's sake he said one day to Tonio:

"Teach me some of your old conjuring tricks. It's something to do, anyway."

So Tonio, whose secretarial activities were not overstrained, began to initiate him into the mystery of the magician's craft.

"But you have the hands, my dear Buddy," he cried one day, "the flexible conjuror's hands and long fingers. You ought to be able to do anything. It's only practice. Look. This card. I can't do it now for my hands are crippled. But with your wonderful hands I can make you pass it from back to front. Watch me closely. Like this. See?"

HE SHOWED him, manipulating his fingers. "Two hours a day—just these movements—and you soon will be perfect."

That was the beginning of Buddy's conjuring education.

One morning, having an appointment with a tailor in Maddox Street, the pale, wintry sun and dry pavements tempted him to walk. He proceeded down Park Lane, turned into Upper Brook Street. As he was passing Claridge's an elderly, beaming ecclesiastic in stringed hat and gaiters met him with outstretched hands.

"My dear Drake! How are you?"

"Just so so," said Buddy, returning the fervid clasp.

The bishop—for bishop it was—laughed genially.

"I've never seen you looking so well. Why weren't you at the meeting last night?"

"What meeting?"

"Why, the Hellenic, of course. I came up especially for it. We all expected to find you there."

"I'm not so well as I look," said Buddy, "and unfortunately I'm not allowed to go out at night."

"That's a pity. You would have enjoyed it. Passereau came from Paris to give us his new light on Plotinus—always a baffling fellow. A most interesting evening."

The genial bishop passed on his way. In spite of the cold of the winter day Buddy raised his hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

In these supercivilized thoroughfares of the West End lurked untold and horrible dangers. The attack of a wild bishop bludgeoning him with Greek scholarship might be followed by the onslaught of an aristocratic woman in furs, by a deadly politician shaking a skinny finger in his face.

He reached Maddox Street in safety, and after the fitting of his clothes, took a taxi home to the Park Lane flat.

"THE Union Castle Line on the phone, Sir Atherton. Want to know whether you're taking up the penciled accommodation on the Carisbrooke Castle."

It was Bronson.

"Why on earth didn't you tell them I'm out? Say I'm out of town. Ask them to write."

Bronson came back with a message. Of course the company would write, but the matter was urgent—even the convenience of illustrious persons must be sacrificed sometimes to commercial considerations.

"I'll think it over," said Buddy.

But the more Buddy thought it over, the less possible seemed his escape from the notorious personality of Sir Atherton Drake. Sir Atherton Drake was an ex-Minister—although not a very important one—of the Crown. He had an uncontested position in the academic world. On board ship he must play the part of a reserved lion who permitted only the aristocrats of the social jungle to make a pet of him. In South Africa itself there would be royal governors-general, heads of universities, millionaires, all desiring to do honor to the eminent Sir Atherton Drake.

Buddy stood frozen before the prospect for the first time realized. The execution of so gigantic an imposture was not only beyond his wit but also revolting to his moral sense. As Sir Atherton Drake he couldn't possibly visit South Africa. By the same process of reasoning all British Dominions were closed to him—Australia, Canada, New Zealand, India.

Where in the world should he betake himself in his Athertonian plumes?

"Tonio," he said, after having instructed the little man to cancel the South African bookings, "I've discovered that this planet is far too small for the comfort of a reasonable man. Let us take tickets to Mars."

Tonio scratched his cropped head uncomprehendingly.

"What is it that you're afraid of? You have a title. You have a fortune. You have a beautiful country home. You have this beautiful apartment. You have automobiles, servants, all that one could desire for happiness—and yet you're unhappy."

Buddy regarded him haggardly.

"Who's happy in this bloody world? Are you?"

"I am grateful, at least," said Tonio, "for all the mercies bestowed upon me. Why not tell me what's troubling you?" he went on.

Buddy turned away. "I can't, old man, not yet. I wish I could. I will some day."

"You are afraid," said Tonio.

"I OUGHTN'T TO HAVE COME IN AND WORRIED YOU. BUT WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN, AND DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER HE'LL EVER SEE HER AGAIN, HE MAY BE FORGIVEN FOR MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF"

"Perhaps."

"Of me?"

"Of you and me. Of things—I can't explain. Of things between us that I should hate to lose. If I lost them I'd be the lonesomest man on earth." Tonio put out his crippled hands in a vague gesture.

"Without you, Buddy, I should be the same. . . . Tell me what you want in your own good time. There is one thing—one last thing to which every man has a right, that is his alone, and that is the key to his own soul. Unless," he added after a pause, "he belongs to my faith. Then he must give it only to a priest in the confessional."

"When did you learn all this, Tonio?" Buddy asked.

Tonio smiled.

"If a professional conjuror doesn't make a study of human nature he will be a very bad conjuror. See here," he said sharply, "why don't you open thata dispatch box?"

"Eh?"

"You're afraid, Buddy."

"I'm not." He drew himself up indignantly. "But without a key how am I to open the thing?"

"All manufacturers of safes and such things have experts who can open anything."

"Well, go and get me an expert," said Buddy.

"He shall be here tomorrow," said Tonio.

"There you are, sir," said the expert the next day, throwing open the mutilated lid of the box.

He retired, followed by Tonio. Buddy was left alone to grapple with his mystery. But the more he grappled with it the less soluble did it become. The contents of the box consisted only of masses of documents, some pinned together, some folded and docketed by means of strange signs, some loose. Some in manuscript, some in typescript. But not a scrap of paper, as he feverishly examined the mass, bore any other symbol than the baffling fractional cipher in which the recent letter was couched. He scanned page after page in the vain hope of obtaining a clew. On obvious letters there was never a printed letterheading. Addresses and dates and signatures, in the usual places, were in the cipher. They bore no beginnings or endings of courtesy; nothing corresponded to "Dear Sir" or "Yours faithfully" from which, perhaps, he might have found something to work upon.

HE WAS not a step nearer the secret of the Lothbury banking account. He was helpless. Anyone could call in an expert to break open a box or safe of which the keys were lost, without exciting suspicion. But in his isolation and ignorance he dare not call in an expert to decipher these strange, jealously guarded documents.

When Tonio came into the room Buddy closed the lid.

"I've found what I wanted," said he casually.

"I'm very glad," said Tonio.

"Let's get on with our conjuring," said Buddy. "What about sending out for some rabbits and a bowl of goldfish?"

"All in good time," smiled Tonio.

Two nights after this—whithersoever he might go he must wait for the new suits he had ordered from the Maddox Street tailor—Buddy went out for the walk that had grown habitual. He must take exercise or he would grow heavy and livery and a curse unto himself. And he must walk fast for a couple of hours—no matter where. If in a definite circuit, so much the better; if straight ahead, through Hammersmith or Putney or, the other way, along Oxford Street, Holborn, the City, he could always, when tired, find a taxi to take him home. He went alone. In the night thoroughfares of London, with their myriad mysteries of loneliness, a man on foot is his own best companion. It was the only period of his working day when Buddy felt free; when he could be Buddy Drake once more.

ON THIS particular night he wandered out about ten o'clock, with no defined notion of direction, and had marched some twenty yards down Park Lane when a touch on his shoulder caused him to start and halt, fiercely on the defensive.

"Sir Atherton ——"

"Oh, go to the devil!" cried Buddy, swinging an arm.

The man confronted him. In the dim light Buddy became aware of a man of some distinction. He wore a silk hat. The loose silk muffler round his neck disclosed the white tie of evening dress. The sharp, thin face, clean-shaven except for a clipped, grizzled mustache, seemed to be that of one of his own class.

"I'm sorry, my friend, to have startled you, knowing that you are an invalid. But I have no choice."

Buddy noted that he spoke careful English, with a curious foreign accent.

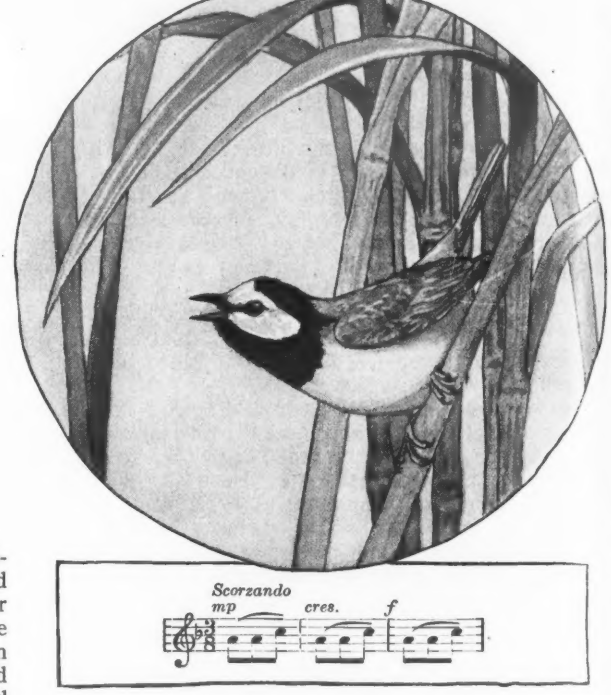
(Continued on Page 114)

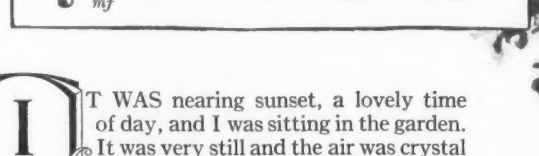
Singing Gardens

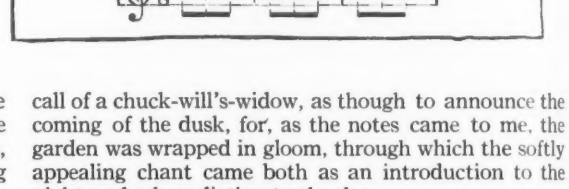
By

ALEXANDER SPRUNT, Jr.

Illustrated by
Charles Livingston Bull

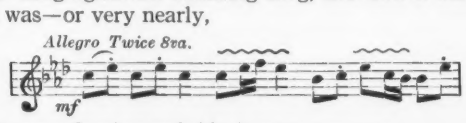




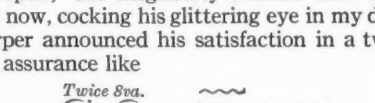


IT WAS nearing sunset, a lovely time of day, and I was sitting in the garden. It was very still and the air was crystal clear; I could look through a clump of bamboo and catch the glint of the distant tidal river as it shone like a metallic ribbon beyond a strip of salt marsh. An indefinable sweetness pervaded the air and hung like an invisible canopy over the trees, walks and grass plots. I knew that there was jessamine in it, for the yellow trumpets on the vines were in flower; there were roses, too, and a woodsy odor of soil, leaves and mold, even though I was in a city. And the charm of the age-old town itself seemed embodied in the garden that afternoon. The tiled roofs about me, the lovely old wrought-iron gate at the entrance, the ivy-covered English bricks, touched by the glory of the sinking sun, all seemed retrospective, remote, and yet very real. Suddenly I heard a sound.

It was a ringing, clear-cut whistle, and almost at once I saw the whistler. He was sitting atop a cassina bush in a pool of golden light near the sundial. He sang again his whistling song, and this is what it was—or very nearly,



He was flaming red, his jaunty crest upraised, his black forehead and chin but intensifying the brilliance of the other plumage. It was the very place he should have been, for he fitted here, this glowing cardinal; he was of the old South, even as were the ancient tiles, the wrought-iron gate and the mellowed bricks. I was sure that I had not moved, for I was spellbound at the picture he presented, but suddenly he darted away, like a flicker of flame, and disappeared into a clump of cane. I wondered why, and then I saw. Atop the cassina bush was another bird; a black-and-white fellow with a dash of orange on his head and a white-tipped tail fanned out in cocksure supremacy and self-importance. He did not sing, for he was a kingbird, and had considered the cardinal too near his home in a hackberry tree near by. Close company he could not tolerate, so he had swooped; the neighborly redbird had taken the hint and now, cocking his glittering eye in my direction, the usurper announced his satisfaction in a twittering burst of assurance like



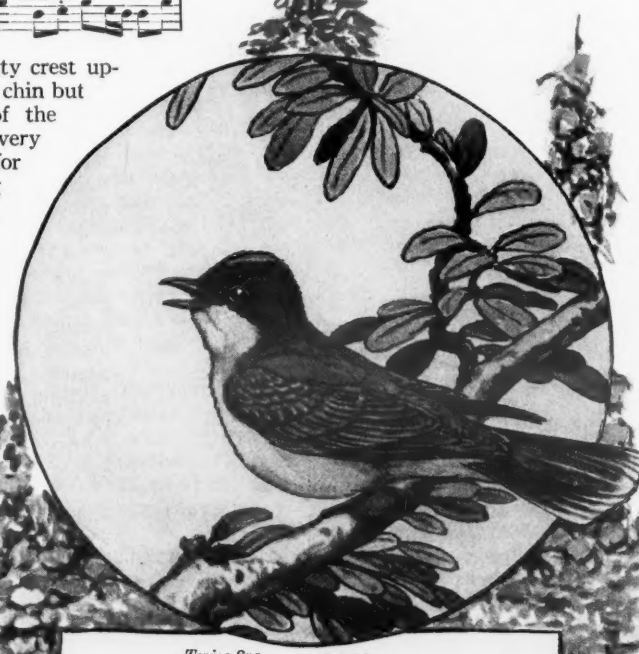
Then a passing insect hummed between us, and like a flash the kingbird darted outward, I heard a sharp snapping of his bill and he swept up to the hackberry tree, where his methodical mate was busy about domestic duties. Quiet came once more, broken only by the evening lilt of a mockingbird a block or two away.

I had not seen much maybe, only a passing bird or two, but the garden was even more beautiful because they had been there. To know that they were still about me was restful, satisfying, even as was the view of the distant river through the bamboo clump. The leaves began whispering overhead as a passing breath of breeze rippled them like a wave, and down from the upper air came a wandering black-and-red butterfly, to waver across the lawn and come to rest upon the sundial, where it sat slowly opening and closing its fairy wings. And then the sun went down; a purplish haze enveloped the bushes and the cane clumps, from which came drowsy twitterings, soft scurrying sounds and an occasional sleepy chirp. A swooping nighthawk twanged his wings above the trees. I looked up to see him zigzagging across the sky in joyful abandon, for his day was just beginning, and the gauzy-winged creatures of the night were abroad. Then came another sound; from the little island in the marshes, the clear-cut call of a chuck-will's-widow, as though to announce the coming of the dusk, for, as the notes came to me, the garden was wrapped in gloom, through which the softly appealing chant came both as an introduction to the night and a benediction to the day.

It has always been hard for me to decide whether morning or evening is my favorite time for sitting in the garden. Sometimes I am sure it is the morning, for everything is so bright and fresh; again I am quite convinced that it is the evening, because of such sights as the cardinal, the kingbird and the butterfly, and maybe over all, the plaintive chuck out in the darkening marshes.

Sunrise in the garden is quite wonderful because of the birds. Sometimes a dozen will be in sight at once, sometimes only a few, but they are always there. Any May morning I can see a brilliant nonpareil, its gaudy array of golden greens, bright reds, metallic blues catching the rays like a kaleidoscope, balanced on a swaying tip of a Cherokee rose vine, watching with beady eyes the antics of a mockingbird running across the lawn with upraised wings. As if imbued with the simple joy of living, he sometimes raises his head and ripples out a hasty medley of trills which fall over themselves in their hurry to be sounded. An orchard oriole, busy with some grass stems, gurgles out a reply; a thrasher puts both to pause with as rich a burst of avian music as any feathered chorister is capable of creating.

A flicker may hammer on a dead limb, his "wa-ca



wa-ca" stridently announced; a slim cuckoo, the rain crow of the superstitious, booms his mournful prophecy into the very blaze of the sunlight, while a busy little yellowthroat, his eyes masked by a black band across his face, emerges from a tuft of pampas grass, mounts a spray of bridalwreath, and offers me his

Sometimes an exquisite dweller of the garden, more associated with the swamps than the cities, will appear from a favorite retreat of cane, another black-yellow-and-olive bird like the yellowthroat, and of the same family, for he is a warbler, and pipe his

Yes, even the hooded warbler sings here.

The sights and sounds of a city are on all sides, and yet here, in this South Carolina coastal garden, nearly one hundred and twenty kinds of birds have shown themselves and graced the grounds with their charm. It has always seemed to me that birds appeal to us in much the same manner as flowers, but with the added charm of voice and movement. Beauty of form and plumage, ability in song and familiarity which comes through intimate association are all reasons why they are more than ordinarily attractive. And even more than these, certain characteristics of birds bind them closer to us than any of the other lesser creatures, for, as Dr. Frank M. Chapman has said, they portray surprisingly human traits. This ardent bird lover says that "man exhibits hardly a trait which he will not find reflected in the life of a bird. Love, hate; courage, fear; anger, pleasure; beauty, modesty; virtue, vice; constancy, fickleness; wit, curiosity; memory and reason—we may find them all."

A mockingbird charming me with his splendor of song portrays love certainly, but let a dog pass by his nest and instantly he becomes a scolding, fluffy fighter, pecking and worrying the unhappy animal until it departs with tail between legs; my mocker has displayed courage, anger and virtue all at once. One afternoon I saw two doves billing upon a pine limb, a perfect picture of natural love and beauty; a passing hawk sailed by and its shadow fell upon the pine limb. At once that beauty and love took flight and cringing fear appeared. We have but to open our eyes and see the sights which are on every side of us; and a garden full of birds is the place to learn.

Most of us know by name perhaps a score of birds. These names are not always accurate, for far too many small brown birds are known as "sparrows," too many long-winged sea birds are known simply as "gulls," and far too many long-necked, long-legged birds are "cranes." Few of us, however, do not know the robin, the catbird, the bluebird and the mocker. There are many in the North who listen eagerly for the first hesitating warble of the robin, or hear with mounting exultation the knell of winter pronounced by the honkings of a wedge of geese. There are others in the South who listen with warming pleasure to the incomparable melody of the mocker and the thrasher, and connect these harbingers of the spring indelibly with the arrival of the time of bursting buds and unfolding flowers.

The spontaneous vivacity and unfailing cheerfulness of the song sparrow is a spirit which many might emulate to advantage. Every gardener welcomes these merry sprites to his premises; and even darkness does not dampen the ardor of this indefatigable little songster. Song sparrows exhibit a surprising variety in their songs in varying localities. Those of New England differ from those of New York and Pennsylvania; these are even dissimilar to the singers of the Carolina mountains and the Valley of Virginia. Transcribing bird song to paper is a difficult matter, but Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews has come very near the mark, and succeeded in an admirable manner in making us hear them. His notes, which are used herein, are examples, and many have heard the song sparrow chant its

Song is entertaining, but so are actions and behavior. Play is the only motive which will induce a mockingbird, while sitting on a telephone wire, suddenly to pitch forward and whirl round and round the wire in a "giant swing," its clenched feet forming a pivot. Reason must be responsible for a catbird, whose nest is by a window too much frequented by an interested family, either to build up the side of its nest or place a piece of paper there to discourage further investigation. It seems that lack of foresight is the only thing responsible for a red-headed woodpecker to insert acorns in a hole of a pole without first investigating to see if the hole has a bottom, and not one which extends to the ground, allowing the acorns to fall through and form a pile at the bottom.

That birds can be easily attracted and held about one's garden has been abundantly proved time and again. Of course conditions vary endlessly; different locations produce certain changes, and numberless contingencies govern the occurrence of what kinds you may entertain. However, one fact remains clear. Almost any spot which is provided with shelter, food and nesting sites will be acceptable to some birds. Perseverance and originality will accomplish wonders in bird attraction. One can readily understand that a large plot of ground plentifully supplied with vegetation will have birds, but many are not so fortunate to possess such.

Can one have birds without much space? No one has answered this more finally and demonstrated it more clearly than has Elenora Semmes Morgan. Her garden is a window sill on the third story of a summer inn at Mount Desert, Maine!

Though, as she says, ridicule was her lot when she announced that she would attract birds to her infinitesimal plot of ground, jeers have turned into praise, ridicule into wonder and skepticism to applause. Her equipment is simple—some swinging and stationary perches, a dish of water with a sandy bottom, and a varied menu of buds, seeds, sirupy water and crumbs. One summer she used more than forty pounds of seed in feeding her feathered guests. More than a dozen different kinds of birds have visited her, and perhaps the humming birds have enjoyed it more than any others.

These tiny sprites are attracted by phials of sweetened water, decorated with bits of brightly colored paper and cloth. The hummers find them readily and visit them frequently. Many people have heard of the success of this indefatigable bird lover, and wherever she goes she is besieged with requests

(Continued on Page 60)

Long Enough Married

By RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT

Illustrated by R. J. Cavaliere

HARRY GRANGE had a wife named Polly, and he had given her everything in the world that she wanted. He had bought her the big house at 849 South Elm Avenue, surrounded by an acre of lawn, which used to belong to Peter Grant, who became governor of the state. He had given her three children and two maids. She went to Chicago and New York every year to buy clothes. There was no limitation on her activities as a hostess, and she had a blue coupé all her own.

Harry was altogether satisfied with Polly. He had been married long enough to know that she was not the most beautiful woman in the world, and yet he felt that she was beautiful enough for him. She did not make unreasonable demands on his time. He had his job to do, and she had hers. They parted in the morning; they sometimes spoke to each other over the telephone during the day; they entertained each other's friends in the evening; and they went to bed at night without asking useless questions. He did not know exactly how long they had been married, but his oldest son was thirteen, his daughter twelve, and his little boy eight. He himself was growing bald, and stout. What would he be doing with a more beautiful woman?

It seemed to Harry that his factory was beautiful. He had just put up a new steel building, whose walls were almost entirely glass. It was of white concrete, with red trim and a blue water tank on top of it. The round belly of the water tank was marked "The Grange Machinery Company—Farm Implements." Older buildings and sheds clustered around the new one, held to it by sentiment, and behind them flowed Little River. Sometimes Harry thought of the factory as a mother, feeding nearly a thousand souls; sometimes as a fairy who could collect gold from the plains of the Middle West.

Opportunity had drawn him to Preston eleven years ago, and opportunity was still knocking on the heavy door at 849 South Elm Avenue.

When he bought the factory it was producing only moldboard plows and drags, but now it could make anything that was needed for the preparation of seed beds.

The financing of its expansion became so involved that Harry had been drawn into banking and had just been elected chairman of the Board of the Preston Trust Company. Also there was a club of which he was president, and another club of which he was treasurer; there was the Elm Avenue Association, and the South Elm Avenue Association; there was the First Street Association, in whose territory the bank was located, and the Manufacturers' Association; there was his benevolent society, and there was the public library, of which he was on the board.

Harry was always tired when he came home at night.

ONE afternoon he came home and found no one in the house. He hung up his hat and coat, and strolled through the cool living room and let himself into a morris chair with a sigh. On the floor beside the chair there was a single sheet of paper, half folded, and typewritten. Thinking it to be some business letter, he picked it up and spread it open. Then he stared at the very first word of it and was unable to move.

He did not realize that he was violating Polly's private correspondence. Sometimes there is no such thing as privacy. Without any hesitation Harry's eyes scanned down the typewritten lines.

MAY 23.

My darling: You must meet me tonight. Pretend to go out to the movies the way you did last week. Let me know where to meet you, and the hour. I'm going mad with this love. I can't be without you another day. Polly, you are the most beautiful woman in the world, and I shall devote my life to telling you this whether you want me to or not. I can't live through one single night more until you have kissed me again and I have held you in my arms. When I write these words I feel faint. The memory of your lips has turned to fire and is burning my lips away. Why is it that your hand fits mine so perfectly? I have done no work all day wondering why this is so. My life shall be devoted to you alone. Let me know at once.

Harry sat staring at the typewritten lines. Perspiration burst from his forehead. His lips were parted and he breathed through them incredulously. His hands began trembling. His agitation was pitiable.

The letter was dated simply May 23. Today was the twenty-third! Where? Apparently in Preston. Who? Heaven knew. Was it possible to trace a typewriter? What good would it do to trace anything? He could not ever touch Polly again. No. He thought of her dark eyes, and how they looked into him sometimes with deep, humorous affection. He arose violently and crossed to the window, and stared across the lawn into South Elm Avenue.

Last week, the letter said, they had met. He referred to it again, bending over it at the window, since it was getting dark outside. 'Pretend to go out to the movies the way you did last week.' Last week she had, in fact, gone out to the movies.

Terrible! He had heard of this kind of thing happening. Yes, it always happened after a while.

He would throw her out. There were no words to describe a man who would break up a home with three kids in it. And—well, what kind of picture was he going to make around Preston now? He had seen it happen time after time—a divorced man never gets anywhere. People blame him, or else they pity him. He could not divorce her and he could not live with her. He was trapped.

When he heard the wheels of an automobile on the drive he rushed back to the window in time to see Polly's coupé disappear around the side of the house toward the garage. What tactics should he use? What should be his first word? She had apparently had the two younger children with her, for they ran around the corner of the house, chasing across the lawn.

Polly entered from the back hall, and crossed the living room, drawing off her gloves. "Hello, Harry, dear," she greeted him. "Have you been home long?"

SHE was like the spring air and her cheeks were glowing. He saw that he loved her—it was as if he had been blind for a long time. Especially he loved her nose, which was thin and curved. Did the other man love her nose? Her hand fitted the other man's hand. Harry used to say that of her hand too. It was almost unbearable.

"We drove all the way out to Stony Brook," Polly said. She was close to him now, expecting him to kiss her.

Stony Brook was a farm he had bought last year. It wasn't very far out. Why did she say, "All the way out"? It wasn't more than six miles. He turned away and stared out the window, watching the kids chase each other across the lawn.

Harry was angry now, because she had tried to lie to him about Stony Brook. Without any further hesitation he snatched the letter from his pocket, crossed the room, and handed it to her. "I found this on the floor," he said abruptly, "and—I read it."

Her dark eyes were like swords on guard—he could not get through them. She took the letter as coolly as if it were some invitation to a party. Her eyes hurried down the typewritten lines. Then she sat back in her chair and looked up at him easily. "Well?"

"Well!"

"What are you going to do about it?"

He stared at her. "What am I going to do about it!" he cried suddenly. "I'm going to throw you out of the house! I'm going to throw you out to this—this ——" Harry choked and turned away.

"I really didn't think it would make so much difference to you, Harry," she said, in a voice that chiseled his heart.

"Difference!"

"You surely don't pretend to love me any more."

"O God!" He flung himself back to the window. He had not realized her beauty, he had forgotten it. He worked all day in a hot, smoky, jarring factory; he came back to Polly at night, and she was beautiful. She was something left of that thoughtless heaven he used to believe in; she was something left of the kid he had been, the crazy kid with dreams.

He bowed his head.

"At least," he heard Polly say, "you haven't mentioned it for several years."

HE WAS helpless. He didn't want to put on a show; but the realization that the factory, the bank, the clubs, the associations and the library belonged to her—the realization that they were his gifts to her and worthless when she refused them—unnerved him.

His breath checked itself and he sobbed in agony behind his big hands. And then he turned to her with tears streaming down his cheeks. "I do," he said. "I love you!" He crossed the room unsteadily, and kneeled at her feet, and put his head on her knees.

Polly stretched out her arm and ran her fingers through his hair. He looked up at her and her face shone into his tears.

"Can't you see I love you?"

"Say it again," she said.

"I love you. I love you."

They looked into each other's eyes for a long time, and neither said a word.

Then Polly gave the paper in her hand a little shake. "This isn't really the letter," she said. "This is a copy I made—this afternoon."

"A copy?"

"Yes."

"Where's the letter itself? Perhaps you made some mistake! You must let me see the letter. Who wrote you the letter?"

"You wrote it," she whispered softly, "just fifteen years ago today."

"I REALLY DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE TO YOU, HARRY," SHE SAID, IN A VOICE THAT CHISELED HIS HEART

"DON'T TRY TO TAKE CARE OF ME, COSY," SHE SAID WITH A SPECIOUS GOOD NATURE. "I'M A TOUGH OLD NUT AND USED TO TAKING CARE OF MYSELF"

Feelings

By

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

THE problem went through every day like a stone in Harriet's shoe. She had done all she could for Cosy—except the one imperative thing. She had gone down there when poor Ned died, made all the arrangements, paid for everything, provided Cosy lavishly with mourning and brought her back for a visit. That was what she steadfastly called it—a good long visit. And therein lay the pain that nagged day and night.

Harriet's home was ample, tended by two competent women. Now that both her girls were married, she had plenty of bedrooms, and Cosy had no children. There they were, two widowed sisters, each quite alone; the suitable, decent thing was to ask Cosy to live with her. And with all her rebellious being Harriet did not want Cosy to live with her.

Friends were still saying, "Aren't you lonely all by yourself in that big house?" and, "Don't you hate having your meals alone?" Harriet's stout "Not a bit!" had never really convinced them. They were saying now, "Isn't it lovely for you to have your sister with you?" And Harriet could not very well say, "Not a bit!" to that. She had to grimace, and feel Cosy's eyes timidly on her, and so bring out a hearty lie. Harriet loathed lying. But Cosy was so abominably defenseless; the point at issue was always lost in a welter of feelings.

Even the daughters tried to join in the universal bunk.

"I feel easier about you, having Aunt Cosy here," Barbara said when she ran out from town to lunch. This was in the car, on the way back to the station.

"Do you?" said her mother, and put a strong foot on the gas.

"Well, suppose you fell ill."

"Suppose I did—I could hire a trained nurse, couldn't I?" Harriet's voice rose. "Do you think I'd let Cosy give me a bath, for instance? I'd die in my grime first. I would rather call in the policeman on the corner."

"I think Aunt Cosy is sweet," Barbara protested.

"Oh, yes, she's sweet." Harriet made it a dubious word. "All the same, you try living with someone who agrees with everything you say because she hasn't got the brains to differ, or because she thinks that differing is a quarrel. Thank the Lord, you children never agreed with me unless you absolutely couldn't help it!"

COSY

BARBARA laughed out. "You're grand, mother!"

"Grandmother—high time I was," Harriet declared. "What's the matter with you and Lucy?"

"All in the Lord's good time," was the impudent answer. "But, mother, if Aunt Cosy doesn't live with you, how can she manage? Uncle Ned didn't leave her anything but the house, did he?"

"Oh, money! I can give her an income for life. If that would only settle it! But it's feelings I am dealing with. Feelings, Barby, are the curse of women. They make all the trouble in the world. I haven't got any, myself."

"Except for Aunt Cosy," Barbara said. "You seem to be doing quite a lot of feeling there, poor mommy!"

"I've got a conscience," Harriet said severely. "I am used to doing more or less what it suggests—when I agree with it. In this case I don't agree with it. I think it is being a sentimental fool—but I am not sure that I am right. Cosy is obviously dying to stay. Must I have her? Now don't think that you can answer that, Barbara, because you can't. Come again soon, child. It is a relief to have someone who doesn't get under a chair if I raise my voice."

Harriet's days were full of activity, civic and charitable. She tried to interest Cosy in some of her projects, but Cosy was so afraid that she would not get the point or would make the wrong comment that she could not really take them in. Harriet took her driving until she saw that Cosy furtively clutched the seat and quavered with relief when they got home. Harriet read to her, and Cosy sat in rigid misery, trying to be intelligent. The only really happy times they had together were when they played Russian Bank. Cosy was quick at cards and she had an enchantingly merry laugh when she could let it out.

She was dying to do services. Harriet, who hated having her personal things touched, had to submit to finding her stout nightgown laid out on her bed every night; the mail was brought up to her room when she wanted it down on her desk; she could not mislay a handkerchief without having Cosy dart upstairs for another. If Harriet closed her eyes for half a minute, Cosy whispered into the telephone that her sister was "resting" and hung up before the indignant protest could stop her. Resting!

"Don't try to take care of me, Cosy," she said with a specious good nature. "I'm a tough old nut and used to taking care of myself."

Cosy's eyes filled—of course. The everlasting feelings. "I do want to do something for you," she faltered. "You do everything for me."

"Well, you can take care of the flowers," Harriet conceded. Cutting the flowers and filling the vases was the pleasantest task of her day, but anything for peace. The fact that Cosy arranged them much better than she did was an added annoyance.

Harriet did presently fall ill of a mild influenza; nothing to justify a nurse.

"Not with two good servants and a sister in the house," the doctor expostulated. "You mustn't get frightened about yourself." He was a stranger or he would not have said just that. Harriet had not needed medical care since her old doctor died, five years before.

She glared. "I am never frightened about myself, for living or for dying!"

HE LAUGHED imperviously and repeated his insulting reassurances, then went off, followed by a word that sounded suspiciously like "Jackass!" Evidently Cosy was waiting for him in the hall. Harriet could hear his large, comforting: "Oh, nothing at all, no cause for anxiety, my dear little lady!" That was what the noodle would call Cosy. A florid, foolish person. What if he did have a reputation!

"I won't have him again," Harriet scolded. "I can cure myself, anyway—of anything I am likely to have. I want a doctor I can enjoy! 'Mustn't get frightened about myself'—me!"

Cosy came in looking brightened, cheered. "He says there is nothing to be alarmed about," she said happily.

"I am not alarmed," said Harriet. "Will you give me my spectacles? They are on the table."

Cosy was always so nervous when she was asked to get anything that she could not find it. A terror of not being quick enough or something glazed her eyes; her fluttering hands turned over things on the table and so covered the spectacles. Harriet finally rose up and laid her hand on the case in one bold swoop.

"You don't really look," she pointed out. "Now I don't need anything more. I am going to read the paper."

(Continued on Page 63)

SHE HAD BROUGHT COSY BACK FOR A VISIT

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Three Long Steps

THERE was a time when peace was but an uninteresting interval between two fights. Then, the chief trade of men of action was—war. And it was out of those times, when there seemed to be no other way to mobilize the collective force of intelligence, that a great American suggested: "*In times of peace, prepare for war!*"

The world is not yet quite willing to acknowledge that the millennium is at hand—to suffer all the swords to be beaten into plowshares and pruning hooks—but the will to war is waning and the will to peace is emerging.

First, the Covenant of the League of Nations. More than ten years have faded down the stormy corridor of Time since most of the civilized nations of the earth, war-weary, peace-hungry, clutched it as a way out of the stark hideousness of the past. Even though its strength lay in the direction of Force, it was a long stride in the direction the common people everywhere were determined to take.

Second, only two years ago, the Kellogg Pact, whereby was made the pronouncement to "renounce war as an instrument of national policy." Again, more even than a stride in the direction humanity is determined to go.

Third, the London Naval Treaty. Not ninety days have elapsed since three of the great naval powers—Great Britain, Japan and the United States—definitely agreed to a marked limitation of naval armaments, and two others, France and Italy, have agreed to a naval holiday until 1936. The London Treaty is a natural sequence of the Washington Treaty, where but the meager beginnings in naval limitation were made. But it means a vast step in removing the ancient menace of a race for armaments—the sort of race that forced the late World War upon a startled world.

But the world is not done. In September, the League of Nations' Assembly is to receive the recommendations of eleven commissioners appointed by it to reconcile the obligations of the Covenant of the League and those of the Kellogg Pact. Some nations are signatories to the one that are not to the other, and, naturally, consolidation of obligations will make for strength—for peace.

We applaud the will which declares in this generation that it is also necessary, in times of peace, *to prepare for peace!*

Safe and Sane Fourth

TAKEN as a whole, the people seem indifferent to the dangers of the day, and the idiotic idea of "an old-fashioned Fourth," as expressed in explosive noises, is stubbornly maintained. . . . We call this celebrating a glorious day. . . . It is for us elders to decree that this annual blot of suffering and death shall be wiped out. No patriotism worth the snap of a finger is expressed in setting off gunpowder. . . . There are other and truer and saner ways of celebrating a day dedicated to our national glory.—*From an editorial in the Ladies' Home Journal, June, 1907.*

In those "good old days," the Fourth of July was a day devoutly feared by every mother. More than five thousand of them were plunged into grief every year due to cannon crackers, toy cannons, blank pistols, bombs and all the paraphernalia of a senseless and riotous Fourth. Though there is still danger from the deadly tetanus germ resulting from powder burns, it is mild compared to that of twenty-five and thirty years ago. The JOURNAL is proud of its influence in outlawing the old idea of "a glorious celebration."

Is Divorce a Church Problem?

ON JUNE SECOND at Cincinnati was presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly the report of its commission on marriage, divorce and remarriage.

Items of interest: "The problem of the broken home is not a pressing one within the Church itself. Hundreds of ministers report that divorce among the church membership is quite unknown. The figures for our own church seem to show that 83 per cent of the Presbyterian clergy have never known of a divorce between persons who were in active association with the church. . . . Until people understand that the break of marriage is a public advertisement of their own inadequacies the case is not fully understood."

"Home requires a settlement of life. . . . We can still . . . glorify not the American girl but American motherhood. We can still preach that temporary arrangements under the banner of love accomplish nothing but the wreck of personality. Can urge the permanent worth of Christian homes as against those ephemeral attachments which defraud men and women of every attempt at happiness. . . ."

The Presbyterian commission is right. The overwhelming majority of homemakers in this country are not only true to their marriage vows—they love only each other. As for the minority who do not, the commission is again right. "Until people understand that the break of marriage is a public advertisement of *their own inadequacies*" . . . there will be divorces and broken homes. But when that fact, and the proper interpretation of the obligations and benefits of homemaking sinks in, people will shrink from the exposure of their "own inadequacies" as from a pestilence.

Snatches From the Statistics

IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE the United States spent $250,000,000 for art—one-third going for Old Masters. . . . In January, 14,573 persons opened new savings accounts in building-and-loan associations in the metropolitan area of New York City, depositing $11,000,000; loans for new home building made by these associations in January were nearly 100 per cent greater than in December. . . . Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, states that building contracts let in March exceeded those let in February by 45 per cent. . . . Deaths due to accidents numbered 97,000 in 1929—2000 more than in 1928—and accidents in homes took 23,000 lives. . . . Census figures indicate there are 22.5 per cent more of us in 1930 than in 1920.

In the Morning

"OF ALL sins," said our preacher last Sunday morning, "the greatest by far are these: Pride or self-satisfaction; selfishness; hypocrisy; prejudice."

And as you list the errors of mankind they do fall, big or little, under one or another of those four all-embracing headings.

But there is hope for reform in each new day that dawns. "There is no better means of progress in the spiritual life," someone has written, "than to be continually beginning afresh, and never to think that we have done enough." For, in the words of Exodus XVI, 7: "In the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord."

"My abbé, I'll bargain with you! I'll hoist the foundling onto the shoulders of the state . . . on one consideration. You are to help me to die believing in your God of love."

Illustrated by H. J. Soulen

Blood of Our Blood

The Child and the State

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

ONE gray dawn of the winter of 1637 a slender man with a priest's frock showing beneath the folds of a heavy black cape stood before one of the gates of Paris. The guard responded tardily and the priest looked about him as he waited, dark eyes and delicate lips patient although he had been up all night with a sick parishioner and was tired.

As he stood shivering, the cry of a very young child drew his eyes to a figure in the shadow of a buttress. A red-cloaked beggar was bending over a naked infant. The priest hurried toward the man, but as he drew near the offer of help died on his lips. He had surprised someone in the act of mutilating a baby!

The priest leaped the ditch which separated him from the two and snatched the child, then stood glaring down at the sullen, vicious face of the beggar.

"You deceived me, you beast!" shouted the priest. "From the gate, I took you to be a man! You shall be made to suffer for this. Ho, guard!"

"Ho, guard! It's just a bastard!" sneered the beggar. Nevertheless he took to a pair of heels so swift that the dawn swallowed him before the guard had more than turned an indifferent head.

The priest, biting his lips, wrapped his cape around the tiny girl. He could not be sure how much she was hurt. The man had been at work on her legs, probably planning to disjoint the thighs and make of her a grotesque. Her rescuer stood irresolute for a moment. It was not easy to think of a place of refuge for an exposed child. Then he recalled the "Cradle." He had heard that it was badly run, but surely it could provide temporary succor, and he hurried across the ditch, through the gate and into the city.

The little black house was not hard to find. A smudge-faced woman opened the door to the abbé's knock and her eyes went blank with fear as she recognized him. When he ordered her to lead him to the nursery she seemed incapable of moving. The abbé eyed her suspiciously. The house was strangely silent for one overflowing with children. Had he chanced on a wholesale murder? He pushed the serving woman aside and strode across the passage through the single door that led from it, and then stopped with a jerk.

HE HAD entered a large room with a single fireplace at one end and a single high window at the other, through which the rising sun sent a dusty red shaft of light. There was a long table with benches in the center of the straw-strewn floor. There were a dozen cradles. And benches, table, cradles, floor were crowded with babies, all wrapped in filthy rags and all motionless and silent. The stench was not to be described.

The servant ran across the room to wake a woman who dozed on a stool by the fire.

"Who's in charge of this place?" demanded the priest.

"I, Madame Obry, Monsieur l' Abbé Vincent de Paul," replied the woman.

"What has happened here? Or are all your foundlings mutes?"

"We give them a little something to keep them quiet until the wet nurses come. You will observe ——"

"I will observe, indeed!" interrupted the abbé, striding to the nearest cradle and uncovering the two tiny occupants. They were diseased, emaciated and filthy beyond words. With a groan that was almost a sob, Vincent de Paul turned from these to make the rounds of the room.

When the sickening inspection was over, he stared at Madame Obry, speechless for the moment and helpless. Could he lay the child which writhed in his arms in one of those cradles? After all, it was only a little bastard! And after all the abbé was only a man, although a man with a greater heart than any of his contemporaries. He was familiar with sin in all its aspects. He had been royal almoner to the galley slaves for many years. He had ministered to the spiritual needs of the poor of Paris for many years. He was to be known to history as the first great organizer of the laity to do philanthropic work among the destitute. His Ladies of Charity were the pioneers of the charity organizations of the future. And yet, after twenty-five years of priesthood, he had still to find place in his scheme of society and church for the bastard! And in his own heart!

Abbé Vincent bit his lips and looked into the baby's face. It was like any weeping child, the child of any of his friends, this babe of sin. If he took it to the Ladies of Charity and intimated that it was legitimate, they would take it to their hearts instantly. If he told them it was merely an exposed infant, they would say, "Send it to the Cradle," with a grimace as to a bad smell. Nay, to be quite honest, the abbé murmured, if he had known this to be the child of wedlock, would he have permitted that brute beggar to escape? Was it not essentially unclean, this little *exposée?*

Was it? Without regard to church or state, what was this child's position with God? The baby's sufferings disturbed his thinking. He spoke to the waiting women. "Give the child a dose that will quiet it. Mind, not too much. I wish to converse with it."

He smiled grimly at the bewilderment in Madame Obry's face as she obeyed, then bade her lead him to a quiet spot. This proved to be the kitchen. The fire was grateful and the abbé seated himself with the child on his knees. A little woolen shawl lay on the settee. He wrapped her awkwardly in this and then sat patiently while the drug took hold and the wailing gradually ceased. It was very moving, he thought, to watch the contorted lips smooth to baby beauty and to observe serenity unknot the tiny brow. The dark blue eyes did not close, but remained fastened on his with a baby's uncanny, unblinking intelligence. He concluded that she must be almost a month old.

"My child," he said softly, "you are about to undergo a most important spiritual examination. I shall ask you questions. And I shall answer them for you, precisely in the manner I am certain you'd reply were you able. Now, heed! Are you begot of love or of hate?"

Then he gave a great start. Something—it could not have been the child, he reassured himself—gave answer! "What begot me doesn't matter to me!"

"Certainly it does matter!" gasped the abbé, half startled, half indignant.

Then he realized that it was something deep and tender in his own soul which whispered!

"O my Abbé Vincent, nothing matters about a child save that it is a child! All children are equally the children of the God of fruitfulness. When He sent me fluttering to earth to seek a body, did He warn me that such and such a little frame was unclean because no frail man had said words over its makers?"

"THIS is blasphemy!" cried the abbé. He bent over the child and shook it slightly. Its great dark blue eyes continued to hold his, and the voice in his soul went on.

"Nothing can be blasphemous about a newborn baby save the attitude of the adults who receive it. My abbé, a baby must be judged clean or unclean solely on its own merits, not on those of its parents. It is fresh from God. What is there to make it unclean?"

"The only deterrent on prostitution and exposure is the shame attached to illegitimacy," declared Vincent—"a shame placed on it by man's law and God's."

"Shame on the parents, yes," replied the spirit, "but not on the child. God is just, my abbé, but you are unjust. What has my soul, fresh from the hand of God, to do with my parents? They merely produced my body. Think, Vincent de Paul, think! What are the attributes of the God you adore?"

"They are the attributes of Jesus Christ," replied the abbé. "That is all man's mind will compass."

"'Love is of God,' quoted the voice, "'and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for *God is love.*' Judge me, Vincent de Paul, as God on earth would have judged me."

The abbé, breathing heavily, moistened his lips. Who had put the stigma on these fatherless babes—God or man? Abraham had had an illegitimate son and had exposed him

(Continued on Page 81)

Paris Defines Formality With Draping and Width

Lucile—1475

Lucile designed No. 1475, above, with its new 1930 three-quarter sleeves, flattering use of lace for collar and cuffs, and lengthening, very full skirt godets, uneven at the hemline and with normal waistline. The original model is of a fine white chiffon, with a small, closely set all-over black dot printed on the surface. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Redfern—1469

Redfern's Design No. 1469, at left, adopts such smart features as its capelet bertha, surplice line and hip bow, shirred waistline, and circular skirt with a panel insert in front. The original is made of multicolored printed muslin. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Redfern also designed No. 1476, center, below, with its bertha, semiprincess line and gracefully circular skirt, which overlaps in petal fashion in front; the original is printed chiffon. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. From Nicole Groult is Design No. 1474, "Cascade," at right. Its grace of side and back circular panels, set in at varying levels, and the soft shirring of the normal waist are consistent with its title, as is its fabric, sapphire-blue flat crêpe. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

Redfern—1476

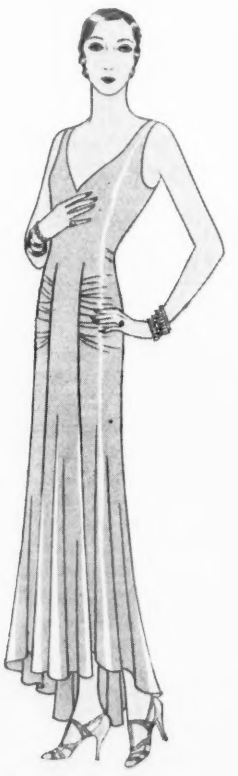
Nicole Groult—1474

Paul Poiret—1483

Typical of Paul Poiret's individual genius is Design No. 1483, above. It has a tight-fitting basque and piquant peplum, both so chic on a youthful type, and a very full gathered circular skirt. The original as a country frock is of printed shantung, its edges bound in one of the colors of the print. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Nicole Groult—1471

At left, Nicole Groult's Design No. 1471 includes such features, both graceful and chic, as the dripping circular tiers, the shaped capelet bertha, and a youthfully rounded neckline. The original is of printed chiffon. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Paul Poiret's Design No. 1470, at the right, has a classical feeling in its shirred hipline, and a princess feeling at the waist; the skirt panels, front and back, and the skirt itself are circular. The original is of very soft and supple shell-pink satin. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.



Paul Poiret—1470

Lenief—1467

It will be noted so clearly on this page how well the couturiers have utilized the longer hemlines, fullness of skirt that creates inevitable grace, and drapings, shirrings, bows, uneven hemlines, each in his own individual fashion. He thus creates charming variety, individuality and a sane adaptation of these smart features for divergent types to a flattering degree, in every case. Lenief, at the left, designs an afternoon ensemble, No. 1467, with its sleeveless frock, which has a deep circular flounce on the skirt, and over this a tied jacket, with a circular flounce to edge it, giving a peplum line. The original of printed green and white chiffon, in woodsy tones. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. Paul Poiret designed the flounced dress, No. 1472, at the right. It has a jaunty bolero, and shaped, very full skirt flounces, all edged with pleated lingerie ruffling, which also borders the neckline and is used in two rows at the cuffs. The original is of bright navy crêpe de chine printed regularly with white coin dots. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Paul Poiret—1472

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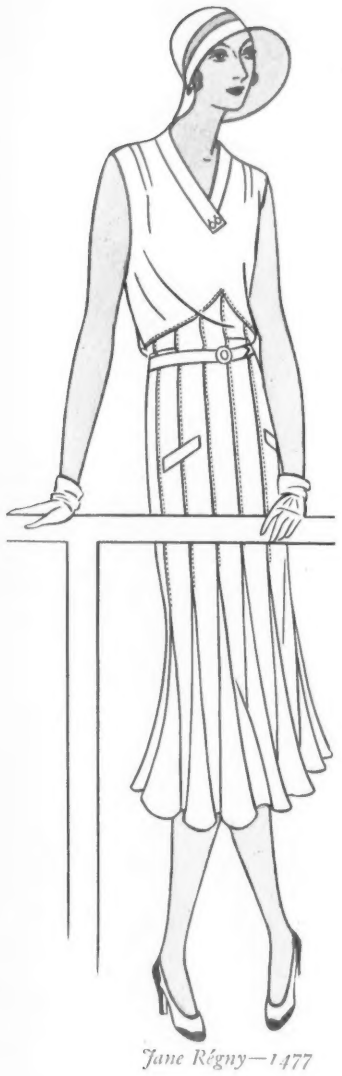
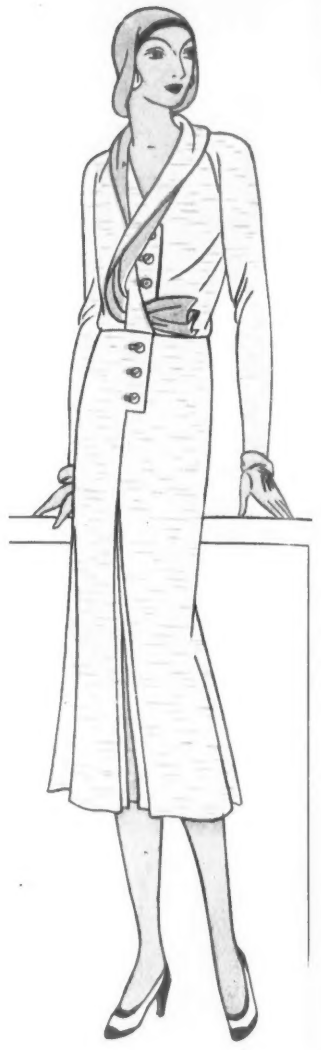


Jane Régny—1477

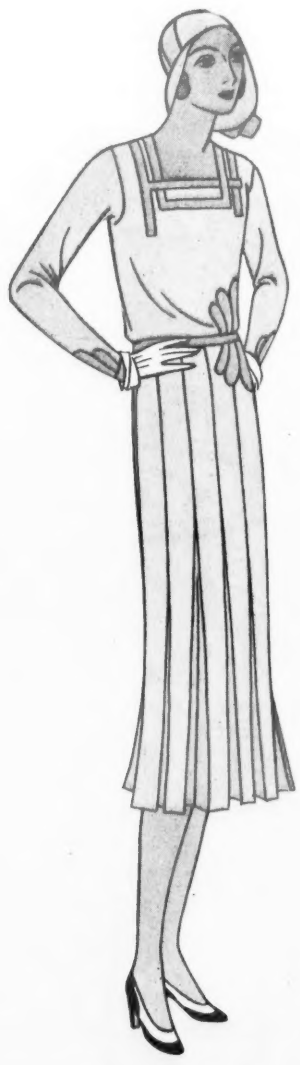
At the left, Jane Régny's Design No. 1477, the original model of shantung, uses a pointed line to join skirt and bodice, with circular godets set into the skirt seams. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Second from the left, below, Design No. 1473, from Joseph Paquin, revives the square neckline, and appliqué designs; its skirt is box-pleated and it may be sleeveless or have long sleeves; the original of a flecked blue silk. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40. Dœuillet-Doucet's Design No. 1461, center, below, adopts a pointed line for blouse and skirt yoke, both back and front; the original of coarsely woven tweed in red, black and white. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Philippe et Gaston—1462

Philippe et Gaston designed the blouse, Design No. 1462, at the left. It includes a clever yoke, and two bands and a bow to trim the becoming neckline. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Premet's Design No. 1478, at the right, a fashionable coat dress, emphasizes the button trimming of its front, where the full inverted skirt pleats correspond to those in the back; the scarf, laced through the blouse, is chic; its original of silk-and-wool shantung. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Drecoll-Beer's Design No. 1464, second from the right, below, depends for its chic on its button trimming, bolero, yoke and box pleats of its skirt; original of shantung. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.



Premet—1478



Joseph Paquin—1473

Dœuillet-Doucet—1461

Drecoll-Beer—1464

Philippe et Gaston—1463

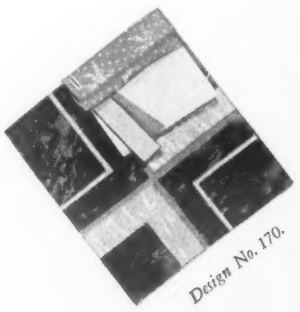
Capes for travel and street! At the left, Philippe et Gaston's Design No. 1463, is composed of a detachable cape, with shoulder darts to insure its fit, and a dress with surplice closing and a circular flounce on its skirt; original of ribbed woolen trimmed with flat crêpe. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Drecoll-Beer's Design No. 1465, at right, also includes a detachable cape on a shaped shoulder yoke; the lingerie guimpe seen everywhere in Paris, this summer is separate; the skirt, pleated front and back, is joined to the bodice in a shaped outline; pleats are stitched to just below the knee; the original model of green wool etamine. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Drecoll-Beer—1465

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents. Ensembles, 75 cents.

Decorating difficulties vanish

when you see rooms mirrored in miniature



Design No. 170.

Design No. 3220.

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That is why the PARIS creations pictured upon these pages are so easy to make. Every line, every fascinating nuance of the originals has been preserved for you in the blue tissue of the PARIS PATTERN models. Yours only to interpret them in the summer's most appealing fabrics, following the easy directions enclosed. You'll learn the secret of sewing as the French sew—and of dressing like the most distinguished women in the world.

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The Paris Pattern Company, Inc.
French Building
261 Fifth Avenue New York City

Paris Necklines are Smartly Different

Paul Poiret—1482

Paul Poiret's Design 1482, at left, is an out-of-town frock of yellow voile dotted in black, with a black patent-leather belt. Its full skirt, joined to the blouse in back, extends in front into a full-length panel; its round collar is youthful; and it may have cap, or no sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Joseph Paquin's Design No. 1466, at right, combines a number of new notes: Subtle skirt fullness, unevenly placed, soft front bertha, bolero, and color combination, a textured sports silk, in dusty pink, with a black pin dot. Fine lines of braid trim the deep cuffs and belt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

Premet's Design No. 1479, at left, substitutes a chic capelet for sleeves, emphasizes the cape and waistline of the skirt with buttons, and adds pleated sections of varying length and width in the back and front of the skirt; its original of mahogany striped silk shirting. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Premet's Design No. 1480, at right, combines contrasting colored jacket—of green printed silk, button trimmed, flaring in front, attached in back—with a white frock of crêpe de chine, with its circular flounce buttoned smartly to the upper skirt section with green buttons. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

From Joseph Paquin is Design No. 1468, at left, emphasizing bolero, contrasting gilet, flattering deep-pointed hip yoke, creating low-placed fullness in front, which contrasts with the high or back fullness and lengthening panel. The original of soft green silk éponge, gilet of beige. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42.

Premet's ensemble Design No. 1481, at right, features a double-breasted bodice in the frock, with the border design of the fabric for sleeve trimming, belt, and hemline, and a pleated panel inset both front and back of skirt. Three-quarter jacket has elbow sleeves and stand-up collar. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42.

Below—Dœuillet-Doucet's blouse and skirt Design No. 1460 has a basque bodice, its neckline an uneven V. *Buttons trim both the blouse and wrap-around skirt. The matching three-quarters coat No. 1459 has a flounce, which edges both front opening and lower edge. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42.*

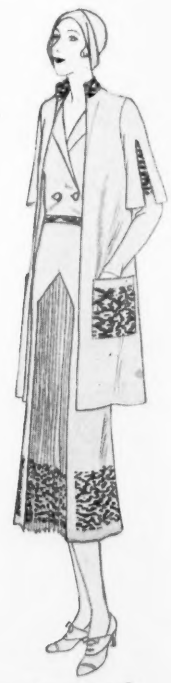
Joseph Paquin—1466

Premet—1479

Premet—1480

Joseph Paquin—1468

1460—Dœuillet-Doucet—1459



Premet—1481

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents; Ensembles, 75 cents.

Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia

A BRILLIANT FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC BEAUTY, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern . . . a brilliant favorite in smart society . . . Miss Elizabeth Altemus, of an old family prominent in Philadelphia since before the Revolution.

Spirited as the thoroughbreds she rides so fearlessly, Miss Altemus is widely known as an expert horsewoman . . . a dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides the colors of her stables, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the simplest, easiest, most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly. I never use any other. And the Cleansing Tissues take off the cream easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named!" adds Miss Altemus. "The Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base and is especially good for the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN skin lovely with these four steps of Pond's swift, simple, sure Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab your skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 FAMOUS PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G
107 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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THE STRANGER THEY NEVER FORGOT

THIS stranger knocked at the door of many a home back in the early 1890's.

Politely he asked for the dirtiest garment in the family wash. Then he showed how an amazing new soap would wash it swiftly, easily, without hard rubbing—*and in cool water.*

In cool water—that was the big news the stranger brought. For in those days, only mansions had water heaters. Women had to heat their wash water on cookstoves. There was never really enough. And the soaps they had simply wouldn't wash clean in cool or lukewarm water without rubbing the clothes almost to shreds.

So Fels-Naptha, the soap the stranger introduced, was welcomed by thousands of women. A soap that would wash as well or better in cool water than other soaps did in hot was the biggest help they had ever had.

Fels-Naptha would also work fine in hot or boiling water. But there wasn't any use talking about that when lukewarm water was all women had. So today, when almost every woman can have loads of hot water just by turning a faucet, many still think of Fels-Naptha as only a "cool water soap."

It isn't. Fels-Naptha washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing no matter how you use it. You can boil or soak your clothes; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water — and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Here's another important thing about Fels-Naptha — it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha working together get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in hot water so long.

Buy a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer today. Use it for all household cleaning as well as for the family wash—and you will know why they never forgot the stranger.

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J. 7-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.

Midsummer in Paris

For "plein été" Paris is wearing softest fabrics, for day and evening alike, with the ratio divided between plain colors and printed designs. Louiseboulanger has designed, with her accustomed and inimitable flair for the unusual gown, an evening frock at whose great success one can hardly wonder. Huge red flowers are sprayed over a taffeta in which powder blue and other pastel shades are mingled. The huge billowy skirt has slashed panels in back, the ends trailing a few inches on the ground. The bodice is snugly fitted and the fluffed bow at the front of the sash is held in place with two diamanté buckles.

Louiseboulanger

Lucile Paray

The capelet reaches a peak of smartness with the height of summer, and among the chic the general rule is that it must match the frock with which it is worn, and for which, of course, it was designed. Lucile Paray emphasizes the capelet on the fascinating summer evening gown above by using it on one shoulder only. The long silhouette of the gown is dear to the Parisienne at the moment. Green printed chiffon is used, accented by a deep black border, which is repeated in the wrist scarf.

Irene Dana

A summer ensemble ideal for hot weather, in that one looks perfectly dressed for the street in it, without a warm fur, is designed by Irene Dana and shown at the left. Again the capelet matches the green crêpe de chine printed frock, this time full in back, falling below the waistline, and notched in front, for greater freedom and for unity in the frock's design. Low-placed fullness in the skirt, introduced by pleating, and white georgette collar and cuffs are added notes of unusual importance.

Soft Fabrics and Colors

With midsummer, particularly in town, the smart woman finds many uses for such a long afternoon frock as Martial et Armand's enchanting pink georgette, below. The long sleeves, which tie under the cap sleeve of the frock, and may be removed or worn according to the owner's whim, are designed by Madame Vallet as substitutes for the popular long gloves. The draped folds of the bodice disguise the natural waistline, and the line is lengthened by the inset band at the top of the skirt. The chic Parisienne wears such very long afternoon frocks for formal afternoon affairs, or for informal restaurant dinners.

Martial et Armand

Mrs. Squirrel, at home mornings, 9 to 12

ACTUAL VISITS TO P AND G HOMES *No.* 20

Bobby answered my ring. How glad I was that my very first visit that bright morning had happened at this particular house! For where small boys grow, there is always sure to be something new to learn about soap.

And the minute I introduced myself to Bobby's mother she opened the door wide—"Come in," she invited smilingly, "I've read every single P AND G Naphtha story. And I've often wished on your trips that you would find me!

"You see," she explained, when we were comfortably settled, "I just couldn't use anything but P AND G Naphtha. Other soaps seem so crude and gummy beside my nice white P AND G!

"You saw Bobby," she continued, "but Betty's another reason why I need a soap like P AND G. I've given them nature books . . . and it's become a game with them to know all the birds and trees and flowers. My, the excitement when a Mrs. Squirrel brought her babies one by one to live in a backyard tree!

"Of course, they take nature-loving tummy side up or tummy side down," she said with an amused look, "and I don't know whether I'd be such a sympathetic mother, if I weren't sure of a lot of help in P AND G suds. For no matter how soiled their play clothes are, after a soaking most of the dirt is in the water!"

Fine and white, safe for colors, quick to loosen dirt in hard or soft water—these are a few of the reasons women give for preferring P AND G White Naphtha. Yet few of them know why such fine white soap costs less than cruder, harsher soaps.

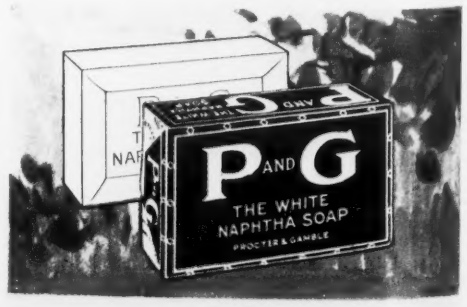
Really the reason you can buy so much P AND G for so little money is because it is the world's most popular soap. If P AND G were made in small quantities, it would have to cost you much more! But because P AND G is made in enormous quantities every day, Procter & Gamble can sell it at such a saving to you!

But remember—P AND G is so popular because women everywhere have discovered it *really is a whiter, better soap.*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NJ-70, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For white clothes—white soap preferred! Wherever I go I find that women today have more confidence in *white* soaps. And the favorite white soap is *P AND G Naphtha*. The last town I was in, 3 out of 4 women told me they were using it. And when I asked them why, the gist of their answers was—"We want really white clothes so we use good white soap—and that, of course, means P AND G!"



The largest-selling soap in the world

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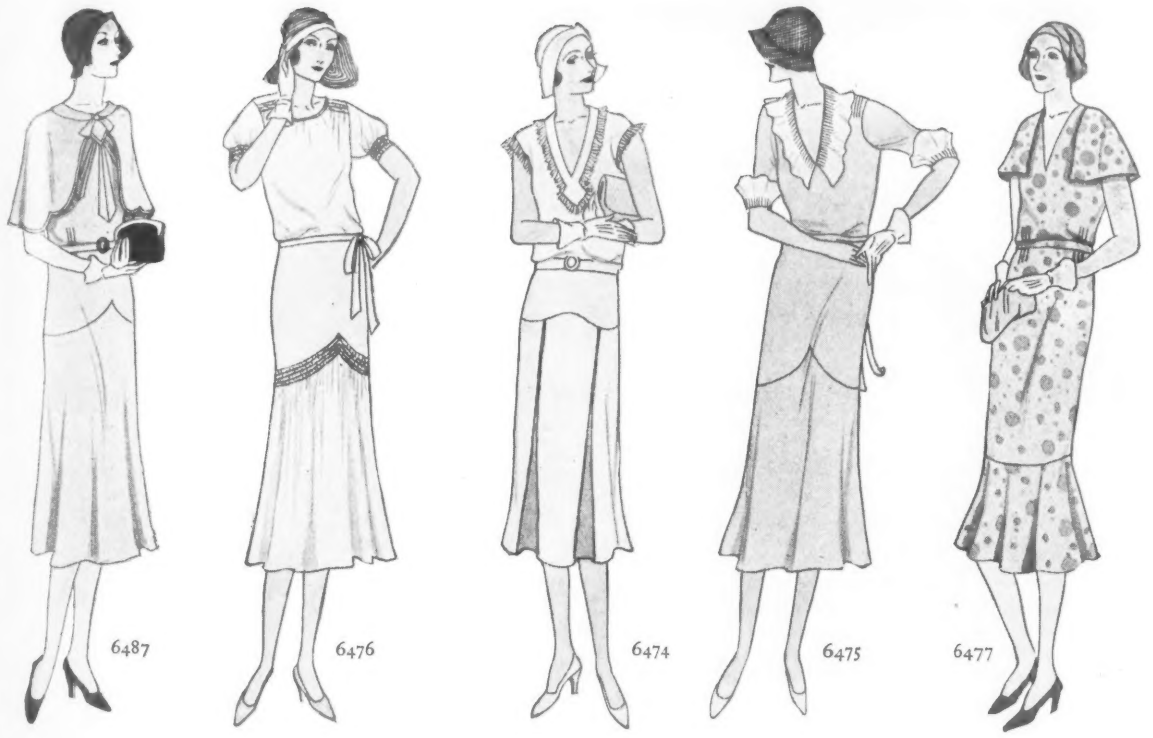

Midsummer Femininity

Frills, Ruffles and Capelets

No. 6477, at the left, has two short shoulder capelets, a low circular flounce, while bodice and skirt are in one, with fine tucks at the waist. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38. No. 6475, second from left, uses tiny inverted tucks for its neck and sleeve ruffles, a circular skirt section and narrow tie belt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 44.

No. 6487, at left, above, has a detachable cape, cap sleeves, applied trimming on its blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6476, second from left, above, joins its circular skirt section to the upper section by shirring, which also finishes the long or short sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38. No. 6474, third from left, above, uses narrow pleatings to finish the short kimono sleeves and shaped neckband. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42. No. 6478, left, below, has fine pleatings also for its peplum and short sleeves, and tuckings at the V neck. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6480, second from left, below, includes narrow shoulder cape, surplice closing, and four slightly circular skirt panels; designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42. No. 6484, third from left, below, is an ensemble with cape jacket, dress with circular skirt, and plain or V neck, in back. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6486, fourth from left, below, is an ensemble of bolero, separate skirt, and a frilled blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38. No. 6483, fifth from left, below, has a separate jacket, tying over the dress with its shirred bodice and a choice of two necklines in the back. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 44.

No. 6485, above, at left, is an ensemble with caped jacket, separate skirt with circular side sections, and sleeveless blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6488, second from left, above, a girl's sports dress, with tailored "shirt waist," long or short sleeves, and hip yoke continuing into front and back skirt panels. Designed for ages 13, 15 and 17. No. 6482, third from left, above, may have long sleeves or be sleeveless; it has a cape collar and a panel in its skirt. Designed for ages 13, 15 and 17. No. 6479, fourth from left, above, has scalloped bertha and hip yoke. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40. No. 6481, at right, above, is sleeveless, and has a wide bertha collar, crossing like a fichu, with narrow ruffling finishing both collar and graceful circular hemline. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.

In the same time it takes to powder

IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

If you will mail this coupon to MUM, 80 Varick St., New York, you'll receive a complimentary box of Mum for a free demonstration!

Name.....

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3-DD

The Patch Box

Summer Comforts and Summer Gifts

By **BARBARA STANWOOD**

SUMMER, particularly if you are spending all or a part of it in the wearing heat of a city, is a time to indulge yourself. It isn't enough just to keep your face cared for and looking well. The rest of your skin contributes so much to your comfort and general well-being that summer is the very best time to steal a few extra minutes for some treatments that aren't at all hard to give yourself and make you feel marvelously rested and refreshed.

Whether you take these relaxing, restful body treatments in the late afternoon, before you dress for dinner and a party at which you want to look your best, or in the evening, before going to bed—insuring yourself thereby of a night of deeply refreshing sleep—is a matter wholly of personal taste. The important thing is to choose a half-hour when you will be uninterrupted, when you can resolutely put distractions from your mind, and give yourself up to comfort undisturbed.

The materials for the treatment may easily vary, including many or very few preparations. One famous cosmetic house recommends the following routine: First, a thorough body massage with a delicious scented oil, a massage kneading the muscles as thoroughly as you can manage, sending the blood racing and refreshing you immediately. While the massage benefits your circulation the oil is soaking into your skin, and rough elbows—which have reappeared or been discovered with this summer of short sleeves—and chapped legs are soothed and nourished.

Summer Relaxation

WIPE off the excess oil which remains on your skin after a thorough massage is over, and step into a warm—but not hot—tub perfumed with bath salts. Relax completely, consciously, from head to toes in this bath.

Once out of the tub, and thoroughly dry, soak a generous pad of cotton in skin tonic and pat the entire body with it gently. The mild refreshing tonic closes the pores and leaves the skin glowing and deliciously fresh.

Then if you are dressing for the evening, you are ready for powdering, and no doubt you look, as well as feel, a completely different person than you were thirty minutes before.

This same time is an excellent one to add just a little care to your ordinary face-cleansing process. A circulation cream, for instance, rubbed into the face just before the body massage, will send the blood racing through its tissues too. After it is wiped off a tissue cream or nourisher is smoothed on gently, not to be removed until after you leave the tub. Then the patting with tonic, when the rest of the skin is refreshed with it.

Even if you are not interested in all the massage you will be amazed at what an addition—if you are not used to it—of bath salts or powder will be to that end-of-the-day bath. The softened water and delicate fragrance add so much to your sense of well-being and aid delightfully in complete relaxation. There is one particularly delicious bath powder which of course dissolves instantly and completely as soon as it touches the water. Delicately scented with a fresh odor reminiscent of English gardens, it comes in big flat shakers which are convenient to slip into vacation-bound luggage, as well as in large glass bottles.

And, if you are bathing before going out for an evening of dancing, don't forget that a bottle of skin lotion, cooling but neither greasy nor sticky, should be kept if only to rub into tired feet and refresh them after the day's heat.

Summer, incidentally, is an important time to be "powder-conscious." We're just as apt to become blind to our own faces in the mirror as we are to the pictures that hang on our walls—and to wake up some fine morning to the awful fact that we have been going about with a pleasantly browned summer face decorated with winter-pale powder. Be sure that your powder matches your summer complexion. Buy darker shades as you need them—or buy a box of very dark tan powder and gradually mix it into your lighter powder as the sun does its work.

Summer, too, is a particularly important time to be absolutely sure that the face is as clean as your ministrations can make it. The faint moisture that is present on most skins during the summer adds another foothold for dust and grime, and may encourage clogged pores and their resultant blackheads. A new and very efficient powder for blackheads, by the way, has been introduced. It is easily applied, once or twice a week being sufficient, and clears the skin beautifully.

Another amusing and unusual hot-weather accessory is a small flask contained in a handwoven imported wicker carrier. The flask carries a lavender-scented liquid which is used for refreshment and cooling, as eau de cologne is used. This is a delightful bottle to take on a motor trip and being both small and inexpensive makes a charming "going-away present" as well.

For Week-End Hostesses

GIFTS bring us to the matter of summer hostesses, those hospitable souls who extend the cool and comfort of their country places to city dwellers for delightful week-ends, and over whom all of us have puzzled. It is both a thoughtful and a courteous custom to take some small gift—and it need by no means be an elaborate and costly one—to such a hostess, or to send a gift after one's visit, but the urge to be slightly original is sometimes productive of no inspirations whatever. Flowers and books and candy are of course the conventional gifts which one takes to a hostess whom one knows very slightly, but for anyone more intimate they are apt to seem somewhat banal.

Next time you are faced with one of these very troublesome gift problems a few minutes of browsing in your favorite cosmetic department will undoubtedly repay you with innumerable ideas. The only real difficulty is the awful temptation to keep for yourself the gifts you select.

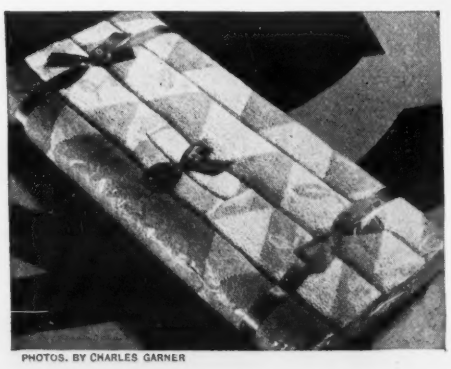
A lovely jar of bath salts, for instance, or the bath powder we mentioned, a box of fragrant soap—possibly those huge luxurious cakes of bath soap—or, equally possible, the tiny individual cakes of guest soap that the thoughtful hostess appreciates, will delight the most fastidious woman. A small bottle of perfume, if you know what she likes, or a big box of dusting powder is also delightful. Or, if you know the color scheme of her house, why not a gayly colored set of bath towels with matching face cloths and bath mat?

EDITOR'S NOTE—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp and addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

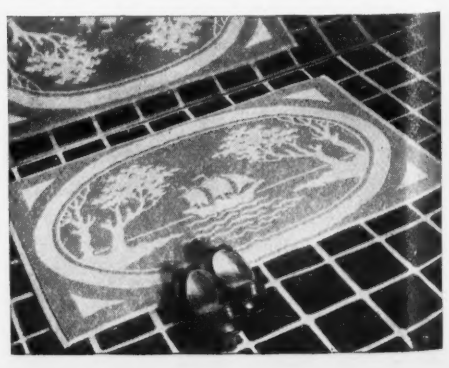
A big, squat glass bottle of fragrant and refreshing bath salts, which comes in a decorative silver box, is a thoughtful summer gift. Courtesy Primrose House.

At Left—Any hostess would adore a smart seven-piece, bath towel, mat and cloth harlequin ensemble, wrapped in shiny Cellophane. Courtesy Cannon Mills.

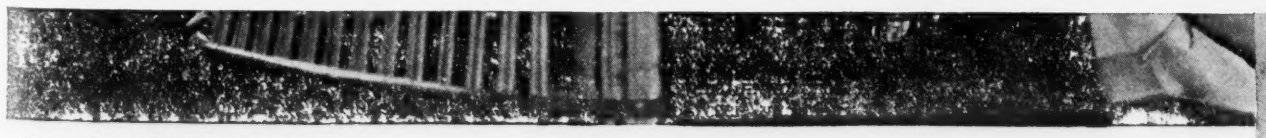
At Right—A ship bath mat, delightful for a summer house, may be matched with towels and face cloths bearing the same "Monterey" pattern. Courtesy Martex.



PHOTOS. BY CHARLES GARNER



You will find *lasting* protection in the new fitted, softer Kotex



Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Kotex deodorizes; Kotex is softer, more absorbent, and thus adds both daintiness and comfort to sanitary protection.

YOU want a feeling of security and safety in sanitary protection. But you want even more than that, and Kotex gives you more.

First of all, it deodorizes, keeps you dainty, fresh, immaculate at times when that is doubly important. It is fashioned to fit securely. Under the closest fitting gown it is inconspicuous—a fact that smart women are quick to appreciate.

Lasting softness

Kotex is so soft, so comfortable after hours of wear. Many pads may seem comfortable at first, but they soon become stiff and chafing. Kotex *stays* soft, because it is made of a most unusual substance, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is the very same absorbent used by 85% of our great hospitals today. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton—with five times the absorbency.

When you think it over, the fact that great hospitals use Kotex is your most important assurance that it is best for personal use. Hospitals—with their high medical standards—are careful to use only the best, the most comfort-giving, the most hygienic protection for patients. By choosing Kotex you assure yourself the same care that leading hospitals give. And it costs so little that home-made cotton and cheesecloth substitutes, far from being an economy, are actually an extravagance.

Kotex is disposable

And don't forget that Kotex is easily disposable. That alone has changed the hygienic habits of women all over the world. Once you try it, you, too, will change to this newer, smarter sanitary method. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Deodorizes*** . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 ***Disposable,*** instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

SHE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT *YOUR* HUSBAND!

SHE'S in a position to know things, this girl! (Or *any* girl, for that matter, in any restaurant or lunch room in the land.)

For — consider this. She's right there where men choose, every day, out of a whole list of good things, what they like best to eat!

And here's what she'll tell you. Season in, season out, men cast their vote . . . an astonishing, an overwhelming vote . . . for coconut!

Coconut pie! Coconut cake! Anything, so it's coconut! Men want coconut often! Ask any girl in any restaurant. Ask the waiter . . . the chef . . . the manager. You'll find out something that you may never have fully realized. *Men have a regular craving for coconut!* Not just once in a while, but *often*. Far more often than they get it in the average home.

But there! Now that you know—why not? Today, give that husband of yours a coconut treat! Try one of the good things told of here. And make it just as the recipe says,

with Baker's marvelously improved coconut. He'll take his hat off to you! For . . .

If he loves coconut, wait till he tastes
BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE!

What an advance over former methods of packing! Baker's Southern Style comes to you with all its freshness kept intact—in a tin! Creamy, moist, Baker's Southern Style has the tenderness of fresh coconut that has just been grated from a luscious, milky shell. There's nothing like Southern Style, for quick-and-easy treats, for cakes, for pies! Send for Free booklet of 87 recipes.

GLORIFIED CREAM CAKE
(Illustrated)

3 tablespoons red jelly
½ cup cream, whipped
½ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
4 squares cake or 4 cup cakes

Add 2 tablespoons jelly to whipped cream and beat well. Fold in ¼ cup coconut. Pile whipped cream mixture on top of cake and sprinkle with remaining coconut. Garnish with a bit of jelly. Serves 4.

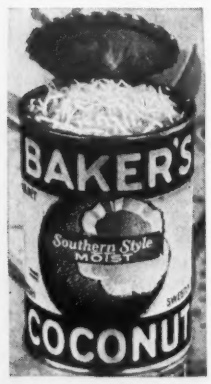
COCONUT KISSES

2 cups sugar
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Fold sugar gradually into egg whites. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Coconut kisses should be a delicate brown and rather crisp and dry. Makes 30 kisses.

(All measurements are level.)

FREE! Booklet of 87 delicious recipes! For coconut chocolate squares—tea dainties—and pies, cakes, puddings galore!



CREAMY . . . MOIST . . . just like fresh coconut

Ask for Baker's Southern Style at your grocer's. Or send 10c for a half-size trial tin. Mail the coupon.

BAKER'S COCONUT

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MARK X FOR CHOICE
☐ Please send me recipe book (free).
☐ I enclose 10c for a half-size can of Southern Style.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

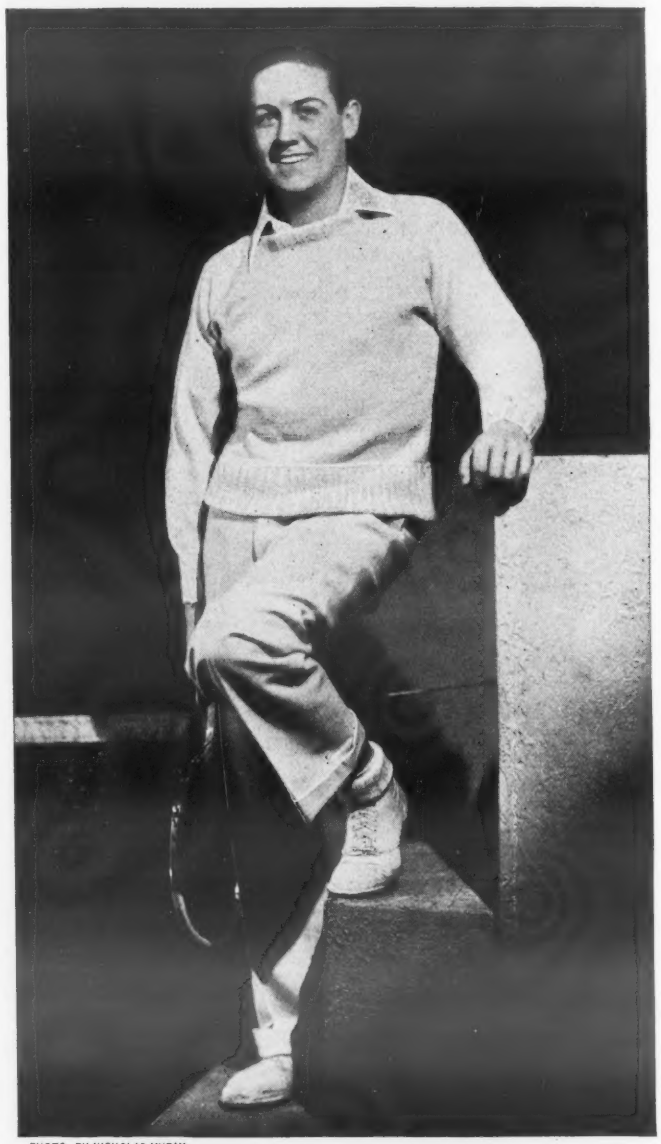

PHOTO. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

To Please a Man

Designed by **JOSEPHINE P. R. WALTON**

EVERY man who likes outdoor sports—or who exercises at his club, for that matter—will enjoy having a slip-over sweater which is smart and comfortable but very, very plain. Knitted socks to match, which are designed to be rolled down over tennis shoes, are also extremely popular. Directions for knitting the sweater, with a chart including sizes 36 to 42, will be mailed if your request, accompanied by a self-addressed envelope, is addressed to the Needlework Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MEN'S WOOL SOCKS. *Materials:* Four No. 2 double-point bone needles, or 4 No. 11 double-point steel needles; a wooden sock stretcher, the proper size, to dry socks on after washing; 3 ounces stocking yarn.

Gauge: Work at tension to produce eight stitches to the inch.

Set up 64 sts. and k. 2, p. 2, for 4½ inches, then k. 3, p. 1, for 7½ inches. This brings you to the heel.

HEEL. Divide stitches in half. Place on two needles, take the stitches on the back needle to make heel and knit plain and purl back for 2 inches.

To turn heel—p. 18, p. 2, together, p. 1, turn, slip 1 st., k. 5, k. 2 together, k. 1, turn and knit across to the hole made by slipping the stitches and knit the stitches on each side of the hole together. K. 1. Repeat this, always slipping 1st st. and knitting or purling the two together each side of the hole until all the stitches on the needle are used up.

INSTEP. Pick up the stitches on the right side of heel (16 sts.), pick up 16 sts. on the left side of heel and knit around 1 row plain (except for front needle which is continued k. 3, p. 1, all the way down to toe).

Narrow for instep—narrow every other round on next to end stitch on the front ends of the back needles. Continue for: 4½ inches for size 10; 5 inches for size 10½; 5½ inches for size 11; 6 inches for size 11½; 6½ inches for size 12.

Narrow for toe—here stop ribbing and knit plain on all 3 needles. Narrow 4 times in a round, 3 sts. from each end of the front needle, and 3 sts. from the front ends of the back needles, k. 4 rows and narrow in the same places again: K. 4 rows and narrow; k. 3 rows and narrow; k. 3 rows and narrow; k. 2 rows and narrow; k. 2 rows and narrow; k. 1 row and narrow; k. 1 row and narrow, then narrow every row until there are 8 sts. left on the front needle, and 4 on each of the back.

Join with KITCHENER TOE. *Directions for Kitchener Toe:* Place 8 sts. on the front on one needle, and 8 sts. on the back on one needle; hold the two needles side by side, with the thread coming from the right-hand end of the back needle. Break off the wool about 10 inches from sock, thread it on a darning needle, pull it through the 1st st. on the front needle as if knitting, and slip the st. off; pull the thread through the 2d st. of the front needle as if purling, and leave the st. on, pull it through the 1st st. of the back needle, as if purling, and slip the st. off, pull it through the 2d st., as if knitting, and leave the st. on. Repeat until all stitches are used up; fasten off securely.

Safeguard your family . . .
keep Healthful Cleanliness in
the refrigerator by cleaning it
regularly with Old Dutch

Old Dutch Cleanser

assures Healthful Cleanliness

Your family's health will permit no compromise on cleanliness . . . particularly when food is to be considered. Things must *be clean;* merely to *look clean* is not sufficient. For that very reason, every household needs Old Dutch.

Old Dutch is unique . . . there's nothing else like it. Put its flaky, flat-shaped particles to work, and you can be sure the dirt will go . . . all of it. Unseen impurities, so menacing to health, are removed with those you see . . . all with the same smooth, clean sweep. In their wake comes wholesome, hygienic, Healthful Cleanliness.

A good rule is to clean the refrigerator every week with Old Dutch . . . oftener in Summer when food spoils easily. Food contamination causes many ills. Old Dutch has innumerable uses . . . for porcelain, tile, enamel, woodwork, windows, on any surface where water may be used for cleaning. Old Dutch is modern . . . a perfect cleanser. It's absolutely safe . . . doesn't scratch; contains no harsh grit, acid or caustic. Housewives value this Old Dutch feature as it protects the lustrous beauty of modern household equipment. Makes cleaning easy on the hands, too.

With all its distinctive advantages, Old Dutch is economical to use—a little does a lot of cleaning . . . and you'll thrill over the ease and speed with which you complete your task. Keep a can of Old Dutch handy in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry—it's all you need for all your cleaning . . . and rest secure in the knowledge that your home is a healthful home.

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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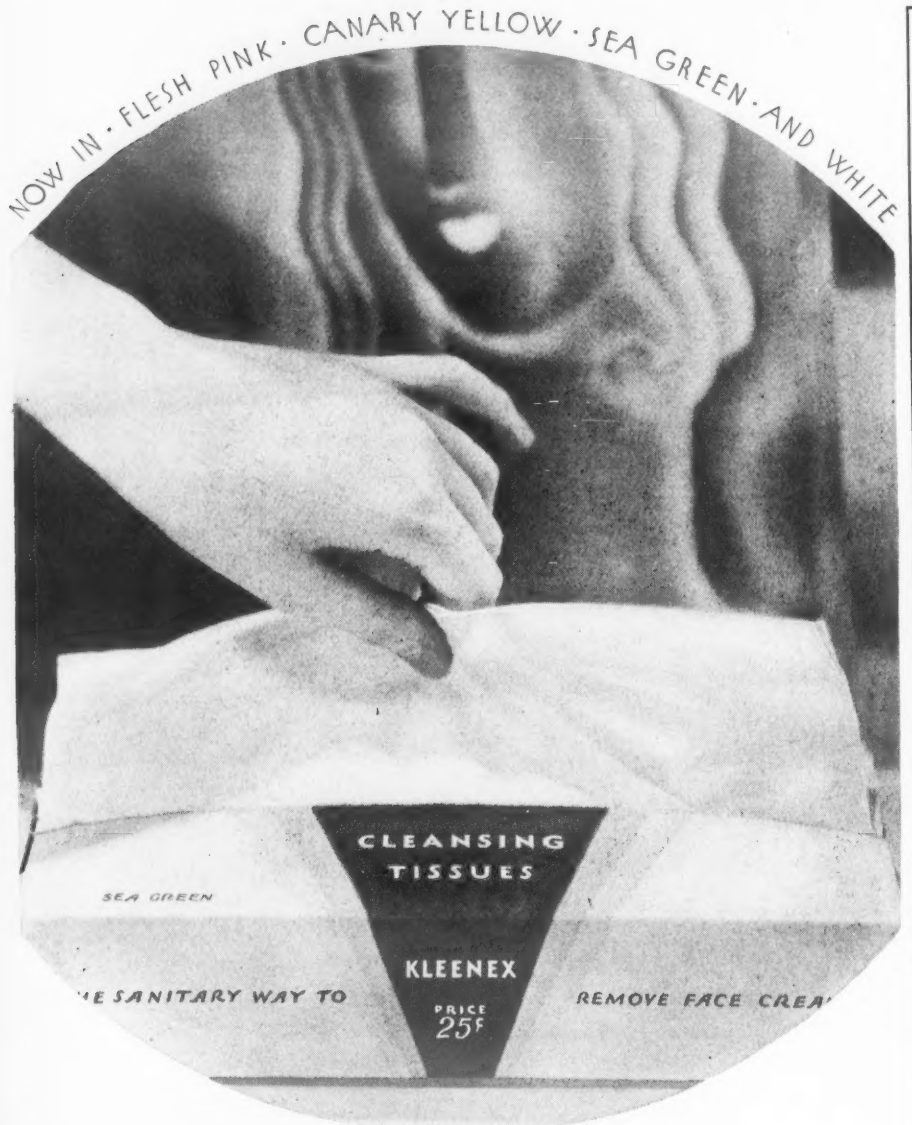

Be *safe*... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin ... like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that are so disastrous to beauty.

And Kleenex is so *very* absorbent. The delicate tissues simply blot up the surplus cream, along with lingering bits of dirt and cosmetics. No rubbing is needed.

KLEENEX TISSUES are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft . . . and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better to use a tissue, then discard it, than to carry germ-filled, damp handkerchiefs about with you.

Drug and department stores carry Kleenex. Ask for it at any toilet goods counter.

Lovely Helen Wright, Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reasons for removing cosmetics with Kleenex: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleansing cream very thoroughly — it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."

Helen Wright

KLEENEX TISSUES

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. L-7

Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Monte Carlo for a Night

(Continued from Page 9)

guests were already at hand, from Cecile Sorel, of the Comédie Française, Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward, Marion Crawford, Jr., down to the Rumanian ambassador, some of the statesmen of France—to all the friends that lead a *dolce far niente* life in the villas along the Côte d'Azur.

There are reserved for us to remember certain moments in life—tragic, dramatic and gay. This was one of the gay moments and I set out with a deliberation to make it so. The whole principality was filled that night with yachts and motorboats, automobiles, airplanes, racing cars of friends that had come from Switzerland, Paris, across the border from Italy, some from as far as Rome.

Distinct from other waters is the Mediterranean Sea. It lies like an azure metal mat straight from the Casino to the Beach Club, which is at its other end toward the French frontier. Playing on these waters were enormous colored search lights, stationed on the rocks along the way.

I had placed at my disposal all the racing motorboats in the Riviera waters. These were full of guests in evening clothes, some of them the products of the famous Riviera couturières, which is another way of saying they were very lovely and distinctive. Attached to each boat was an aquaplane. On two of these planes were two women friends of mine, magnificent swimmers, dressed in white satin evening frocks, covered with silver sequins. The rest of the planes were driven by men and women in bathing suits. All stood poised and taut with hands holding tightly the rein of their planes. At the signal the racing began and they cut through the shining sea—charging and riding it as though they were a lot of stunning Tritons. They gleamed out on great hurtling gushes of light like creatures summoned from some strange new universe. As they flew swiftly over the turquoise waters the gigantic arcs lifted up their poised lithe bodies on their planes into tremendous streams of brilliance and in the balanced movements of driving they looked like a galaxy of sculptured figures snatched from the famous galleries—the Racing Mænads—the Discus Thrower—Phæton in his chariot—Castor and Pollux. I have never seen anything, anywhere, so startlingly beautiful. Imported for the occasion came four divers from Switzerland, one of them a woman, who gave exhibition fancy diving from the pool—the largest one I have ever seen.

Like Romping Children

FROM Cannes we gathered the famous American colored orchestra and other bands played at different parts of the grounds. Monsieur Leon closed the Beach Club to all outsiders for the night and placed at my disposal its whole personnel. The chef—the waiters—all the bathing cabins and the bathing masters—the associates and the rest of the staff in their very smart uniforms. Sir Hugo de Bathe brought with him three lovely dancers who might have just stepped off the Parthenon frieze.

There was bathing to music in this pool or dancing to music in the club dancing rooms or racing to music along the beach. If there was anything original about the fête it was that everyone had left their grown-up emotions at home. We were like a lot of romping children. The high light of the evening came when an old friend missing me asked of someone: "Where is Mary?" "There she is, dancing in the pool," they answered. He walked over to it—evening clothes, pearl studs—and plunging in arrayed in all his immaculate appointments came up glistening with water beside me, saying, "The next dance, please?"

For one night he forgot he was the richest Dane in his own country and only remembered he was a boy having a bully good time.

I like to mention this incident because all this abandon and fun was never marred by drunkenness. The Europeans are too used to their wines to relinquish their dignity. I have yet to see a Continental under the influence of the drink he has taken.

Then a last impressive note of a Monte Carlo night in June. Just as the sun began to soar into the sky the waiters and the staff, those who were natives of the principality—as a compliment to me—covered their heads with sheets as was their ancient custom, and went about us as we stood in groups, singing the Monégasquian hymn. You see, a Monte Carlo night does not always end in revelry.

Salome

AFTER my appearances in French opera in America I returned to Paris to sing the rôle of Salome at the Grand Opéra—the same opera house sitting there with its air of superb reserve, its circled statuary, with Carpeaux's famous group of La Dance on its right flank, that I passed that early morning many years before when Mrs. Duff had said to me, "There is the place you will some day sing."

This was the first presentation of Salome in France. It had been given for just one night at the Metropolitan in New York with Olive Fremsted; for some inscrutable reason thumbs were down. The dance before Herod was always performed by a double. It had been presented in Germany. There, also, a *ballerina* danced it. When I went to Germany to see Strauss and talk over the opera I told him I would not permit an impersonator for it, that if I could not dance it I would not sing it. It is, you see, the pivotal climax on which the opera is built. It is the vital striding movement of the whole play. The licentious Herod has promised Salome the head of John in exchange for it, so one could not imagine permitting a *ballerina* dancing something that was an integral part of my characterization, because my mentality and the mentality of a *ballerina* are of different values. The latter think in their toes and I think with my whole body. It was the most difficult rôle of my career and it cost me one year and a half of grim study. I remember hearing my sister during this period say to a friend who had called to see me: "I don't think you'll be able to see Mary—her rôle is riding her and she is all bloody from the spurs."

Salome was one of the greatest triumphs and *tours de force* of the Grand Opéra. It played sixty-three performances with the maximum the house could draw. It swept the whole of Paris like wildfire and the only regret I ever had was that Oscar Wilde was not alive to see it. It was the last thing he wrote before he went to prison.

Climaxes! Climaxes in life, I find, are built up in human experience, as a dramatist mounts episodes in a play. It was reserved for me that in Chicago, where I had first arrived, where so many high points of my career were decided, I should experience another one. When Oscar Hammerstein sold his interests to the Metropolitan because of failing health, Andreas Dippel resigned from the Metropolitan Opera forces. Becoming co-director with Campanini, they together organized the opera in Chicago. That was the beginning of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, backed by Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick. I had been singing with them for some seasons when, one day, Harold McCormick came to me and said: "This is our ninth and last year. I want you to accept the directorship of the company so we can go out in a blaze of glory."

(Continued on Page 40)

Your dining table can do damage your *dressing* table can't repair!

"THOSE tired-looking little lines about my eyes—surely a touch of 'Eye Shadow' will hide them!

"That rather 'washed-out' look that has worried me of late—a whisper of rouge on the cheeks will make it right!

"And no doubt a 'facial' will work wonders with contours that seem to have lost, a little, the clear-cut modeling of youth!"

Few women deceive themselves with such musings *nowadays!* They know that lasting beauty is more than skin-deep—*they pay as much attention to their dining tables as they do to their dressing tables!*

Nature is generous but jealous. She gives you the rose-petal loveliness of youth to keep just so long as you obey her—and no longer!

Break Nature's law and how soon the penalty is apparent in your face! How quickly your complexion confesses your neglect! How frankly your skin, your facial contours, your eyes, betray your default!

No wonder modern women take care to protect themselves against that great beauty destroyer—*constipation.*

Now youll like Bran

The Pleasant Daily Help toward Natural Beauty

Make bran-bulk a part of your daily diet, to help Nature to eliminate from the system poisonous waste-matter that destroys beauty. Normal, regular bran-elimination—that is the *first* step toward *lasting* good looks.

And what more delicious way to take the needed daily portion of bran than in Post's Bran Flakes—which has made millions *like* bran.

With milk or cream, sometimes with fruits or berries, in full-flavored, fluffy muffins—delicious! And, what is more important, *effective.*

No wonder that more women eat Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world.

Tomorrow is an excellent time to begin.

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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MOTORISTS WISE

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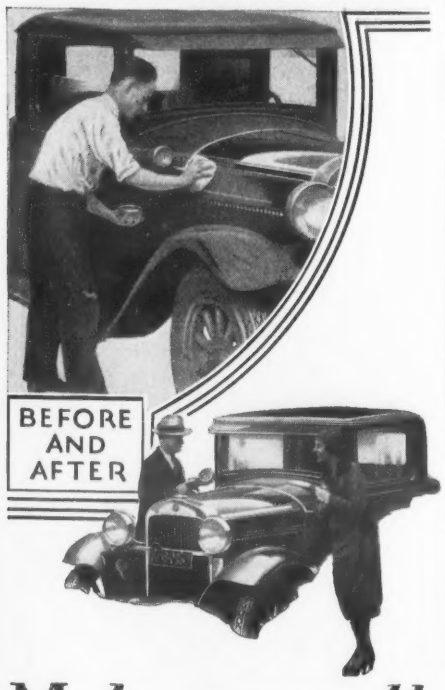


Makes cars sparkle like new

AND KEEPS THEM BEAUTIFUL FOR YEARS

THE SOONER A CAR IS Simonized the better. Dullness and discoloration are signs of decay—warnings to you that the finish of your car is in danger and needs Simoniz to guard it from destruction. Simoniz protects the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that dull, age and eventually destroy the surface. It makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading—so that even after years of driving the Simonized car still looks new and beautiful.

The wise motorist today always Simonizes his car. Millions of them will tell you: "Simonizing is by far the easiest and most economical way to care for the finish." Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are inexpensive and easy to use. Simoniz Kleener quickly restores the original beauty to the finish. Then, Simoniz provides a hard, sparkling surface of protection which lasts for months—and just wiping occasionally keeps it always looking bright and beautiful.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—Simonizing is the secret of keeping cars looking new and beautiful for years.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

(Continued from Page 38)

A meeting of the governing board was called and by appointment I went to them. It was the first time in the history of art that a woman was going to direct the activities of an opera company. It was the first time in the history of art that a woman was going to ask for a complete control—they knew this because they knew me. So when I entered the room the atmosphere was of that same freezing temperature as when Washington crossed the Delaware. I remember saying to them:

"If I could have each of you gentlemen alone for five minutes I would soon convince you that no task is too great for me to tackle."

There was a burst of laughter—the *entente cordiale* between two friendly powers was then established and it was agreed I would have full control in all directions and should not be hampered by limiting conditions.

After this conference Mr. McCormick said to me: "Do exactly what you want, for if you do it, I know you will think it right. And right or wrong, I will stand back of you." With this support I accepted this colossal responsibility for one year. I had nothing to refuse Harold McCormick, as I consider him a "real American," and I know no finer adjective that could be applied to any man than that. A few days later I received a blank contract from Mr. McCormick drawn up by Mr. Charles G. Dawes—our present ambassador to England—to fill out the open space with whatever amount I chose to write in.

Lindbergh Arrives

MANY splendid things have been in my life, but no finer action ever occurred in it that expressed more confidence. I sent it back to them unsigned, telling them the only money I would accept would be for my own presentations. I added that the directorship I considered a position of trust and honor and for these things no money can be exchanged. Then an amusing situation developed. When I began my work with the opera company and dealt with the artists, all the difficulties that arose during that hectic period were caused by men—never by women. Think of it! The Italian element of the theater, not seeing farther than their noses, immediately believed I would annihilate the Italian school. How little they knew me! The Italian school I don't sing, but I love—and no opera house in the world can build a repertoire without giving Italian opera the highest percentage—then the French, next the German and, alas, poor little American at the end. But with operas like Hamilton Forrest's Camille, she will not long remain there. I soon decided it a more politic position to be one of the artists instead of being over them, so I withdrew from the control.

It was after I returned to Paris and was singing the Resurrection that an incident happened I have never seen equaled on any stage. I was in my dressing room when my sister Agnes came in after the second act and told me that she read in the Place de l'Opéra, in the electric light news of the world which is nightly displayed there, the announcement that a plane which was supposed to be carrying the American, Charles A. Lindbergh, was seen over Le Bourget field. She had just finished telling me this when the stage manager was announcing to an already expectant and quivering audience the impressive and historic fact that Charles Lindbergh had crossed, alone, the Atlantic Ocean in his airplane in 33½ hours from New York and had just landed safely on Le Bourget.

In a few moments we were asked to assemble on the stage—the full force of the theater; everyone—quickly, just as we were. The curtain arose as the orchestra began the blood-stirring Marseillaise and then began a scene of wildness and human storm that almost rocked the building.

The music swung into the Star-Spangled Banner. I was the only American on the stage. Then the pandemonium became more than an excitement—it became a madness. Men and women stood on their seats shouting. Americans hugged each other—strangers or not. They yelled and split the air until their throats were hoarse—the wings of that flight—other wings quivered, beat all about us, and the next day a startled world caught its breath at the courage of a flying boy. What grand moments there are in life!

I was living out at Versailles at the time and a few days later was waited upon by a committee asking me if I would sing the Star-Spangled Banner at the huge fête to be given in Lindbergh's honor at the Théâtre des Champ-Élysées. How glad I was to say "Yes."

The whole celebration had been very hastily arranged and the fête was to be given the following night. It has been a matter of great amusement to me when any American is asked the words of the national anthem, invariably they start out very bravely with "Oh, say can you see" and nine out of ten end up after "see" with "ta-ta-ta-ta-ta." I always laugh and say, "Yes, I know the 'ta-ta' line, but what comes after 'ta-ta-ta-ta-ta'?" I had but a short period in which to learn all the verses of the Star-Spangled Banner. Agnes went into the city to buy the song, but it was fête day and Paris was locked tighter than a drum. In desperation I wrote a short note to Bill Tilden who was playing tennis in Paris and is a 100 per cent American, too, but he, as it afterward turned out, didn't know any more than "ta-ta-ta-ta." So he relayed the letter to Mrs. Hunter, the wife of F. T. Hunter, the tennis champion, and she sat up half the night writing it out from memory—perfectly, if you please. I received the verses promptly the next morning and my sister and I proceeded into the palace gardens of Versailles to practice them.

Never has Paris seen such a week since the closing of the war. Armistice Day was a day set apart because people were only hearts and tears and ejaculations, but here was a different set of emotions.

My dressmaker had designed the costume of Columbia from a small picture I gave her. She copied the little casque for the head from a silver dollar.

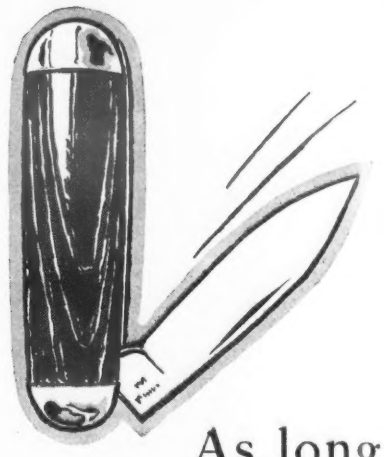
A Memorable Night

THE audience that night was filled with every name that stands for values in human living. From the President of France, Ambassador Herrick, all the members of the French senate, foreign ministers, marshals of the great war, statesmen, fifty aviators of France, to the distinguished personages who felt it a privilege to pay homage to such a feat.

In some remote morning of creation it was decreed that there would come a hush in the world, so that man should look up in wonder and forget his feet were planted in the earth. The curtain was up and just before the orchestra began, the audience was one breathless unmoved hush. As I entered, the conductor lifted his baton for the opening bars of the Star-Spangled Banner and Lindbergh was the first on his feet. He stood there an essential likeness of the flight itself—so simple—so unhurried—so casual and—so selfless. The tears were raining down people's faces. The air was bathed and drenched with the exaltation of that moment. People were not common clay, but what they were meant to be—an integral part of the fineness of a spirit that enables one to do such things. The supremest emotion I ever had on the stage, in any country in the world, I experienced that night, and through it all the calm, poised boy stood there quite untouched—a living symbol of those words from the Mount, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

Weep! Who wouldn't weep?

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Miss Garden.



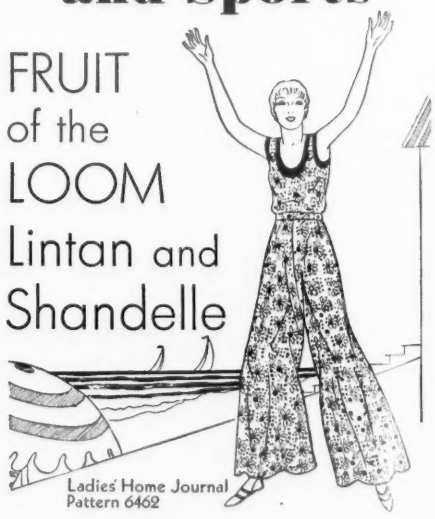
As long as boys are boys keep Unguentine in the house *always*

For Unguentine not only stops the pain from a cut quickly, but guards against the dangerous infection so often caused by a knife blade. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every cut, bruise and burn for months to come. For sunburn too.

(See page 123)

For Beach and Sports

FRUIT of the LOOM Lintan and Shandelle



THESE two smart fabrics come in striking colors and patterns, and in matching plain colors. Lintan is a stunning fabric after the manner of a sports linen, but less crushable. Shandelle is a new rough weave like a silk shantung. Both fabrics are fast to sun and water. Look for Fruit of the Loom fabrics when you shop—by the yard and in ready-to-wear garments, bias tape and household articles, easily identified by the label.

FASHION DIRECTOR
Fruit of the Loom Mills, 40 Worth St., New York

Please send me 30 sample swatches and new style booklet, "The 1930 Fabrics and Frocks".

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
I generally buy dress goods at_____
L-11

Yeast *expels* body poisons...

Dr. Catalina of Madrid tells of simple way to keep intestines active!

WORRIED about your health? Then read what this brilliant authority advises . . . Dr. Alberto Catalina, of the Society of Medicine and Surgery of Spain!

Dr. Catalina's astounding feats of intestinal surgery early won him the applause of the European medical world. He is the author of an important treatise, "Constipation." He declares:

"To combat constipation and related disturbances of nutrition and the skin, we have a highly effective remedy in yeast.

"Recent experiments," Dr. Catalina explains, "have confirmed the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms. It stimulates digestion and frees the system from a great quantity of poison."

Give sluggish intestinal muscles the simple aid this great physician advises!

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually strengthens the intestines . . . "tones" them up to function normally. Food wastes are gently cleared away. Appetite picks up. Your whole system is purified, invigorated!

Try it! Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast every day. You can get it at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

Photo Manuel Urech, Madrid

EXPLAINS INTESTINAL SPECIALIST

(*Below*) "I was worried about my digestion and couldn't sleep well," *writes* A. O. BELDING *of San Francisco.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast —and was soon in good shape."

Famous doctors urge this health care!

DR. DARTIGUES, former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, asserts: "Cathartics should not be used often. An active yet harmless product is required—such as yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

DR. GUSTAV SINGER, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of Vienna, states: "Yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free of germs. Its purifying action causes skin eruptions to disappear."

DR. JOHAN ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, explains: "I have used yeast for 25 years. It keeps the whole intestinal tract in a healthy, clean condition . . . preventing the absorption of poisons into the system."

"Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, my doctor recommended"

"While living in the tropics I contracted intestinal trouble," *writes* MRS. MARGUERITE FALKENBURG, *of Flushing, N. Y.* (at left). "My whole system seemed terribly sluggish and my digestion bothered me . . . On my way home I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast. A doctor advised me to eat it and I took his advice. And today I'm in the pink of health."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Compare Super Suds with chips or flakes

in these first photographs* ever taken of dishwashing soaps at work

Actual color photographs through glass dishpans prove Super Suds dissolves far faster... gives richer soapiness, faster dishwashing.

NOW... see through glass dishpans the difference between instant dissolving Super Suds and slow dissolving chips or flakes.

These are the first photographs ever made that show how soap works *below the surface of the water.* Down where the real job of dishwashing takes place. Down where swift, all-through-the-water soapiness really counts.

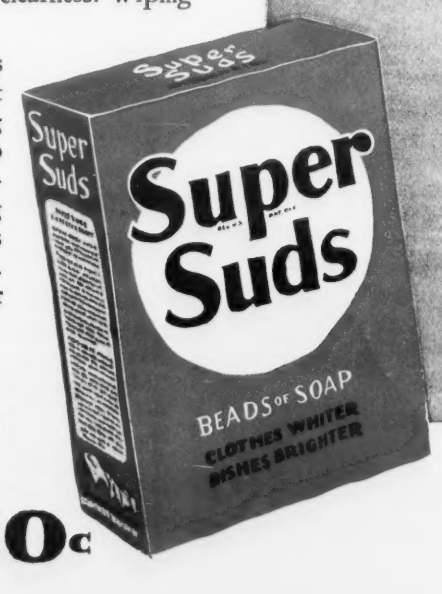
Notice how the gummy, half-dissolved flakes of soap leave the water almost devoid of helpful soapiness. While in the same length of time every tiny "bead" of Super Suds has dissolved... flooding every drop of water in the pan with rich creamy soapiness.

An utterly new-type soap

Super Suds can do this because it's not chips, flakes or powder, but tiny hollow beads. Made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Thus this wonderful new form of soap gives instant suds... suds with such speed of action that they cut dishwashing time in these 3 ways:

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring, coaxing or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Once you've used this instant dissolving, instant washing, instant rinsing form of soap you'll have no more patience for old-fashioned, slow-dissolving soaps. And Super Suds is only 10 cents a package. Order from your grocer today.



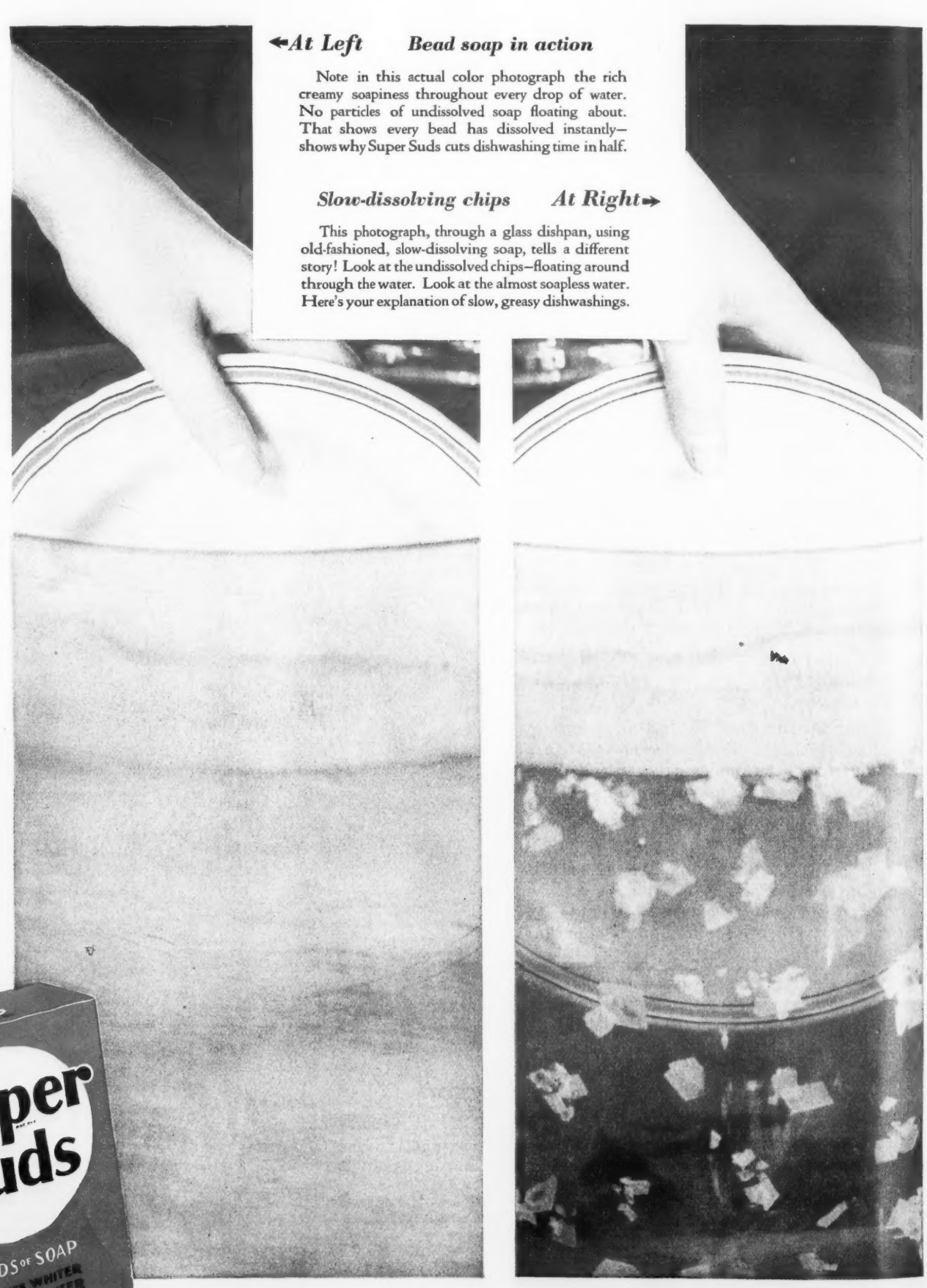
Super Suds 10c

At Left** **Bead soap in action

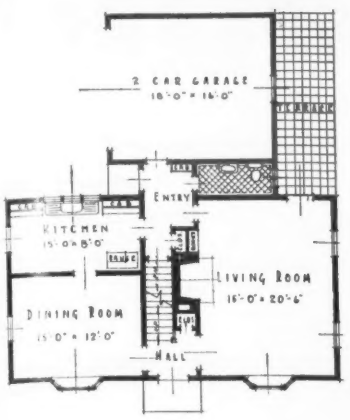
Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips** **At Right

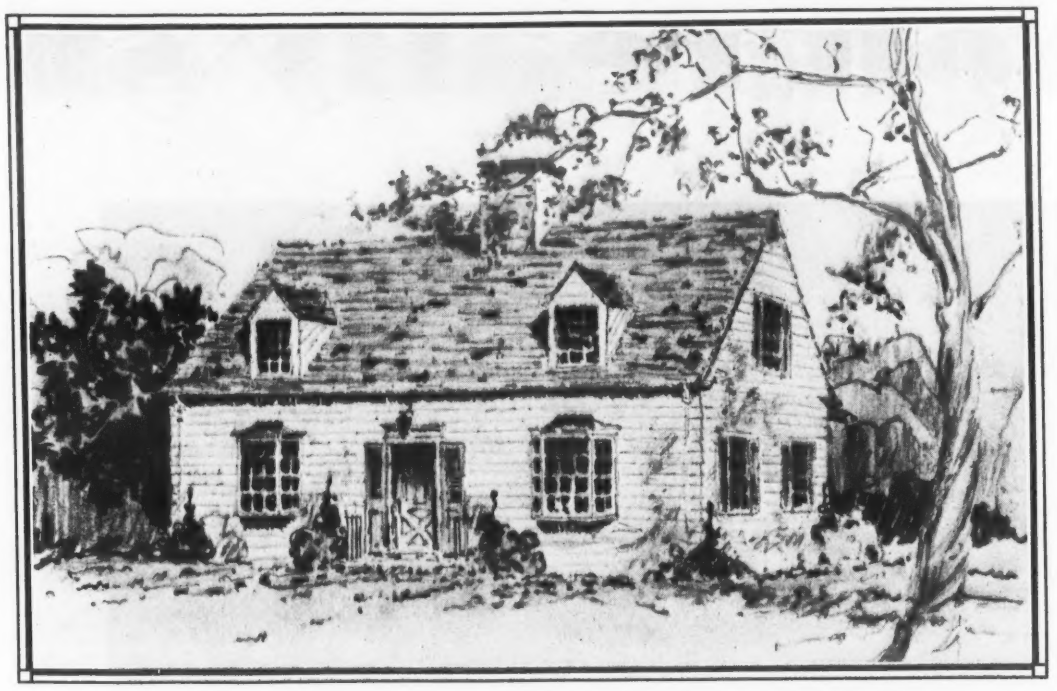
This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned, slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

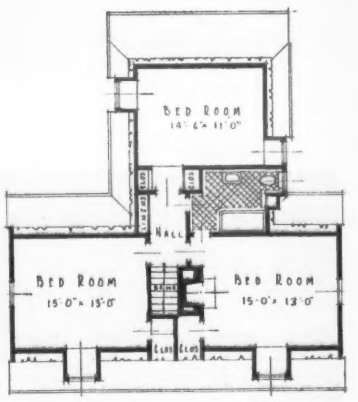


*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.



House No. 320. Cape Cod Colonial-type cottage with simple lines and well-balanced proportions. A corner lot is suggested with garage driveway leading directly to side street.





There are three extra-large bedrooms and adequate closet space upstairs. Each bedroom has cross ventilation. The bathroom is well situated and handy to all three rooms.

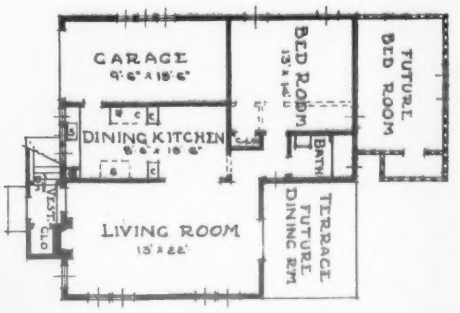
Select Your House Pattern This Month

S. O. HAMMON *and* E. A. MARTINI, *Architects*

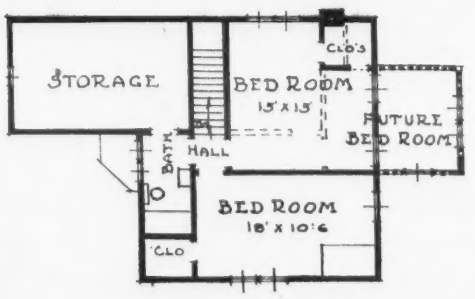
ONE DOLLAR is all a House Pattern (trade-mark) costs. For one dollar you receive complete working plans, details and specifications for any house you select. From your House Pattern (trade-mark) you yourself can have as many sets of blue prints made as you want. The plans of any house can be reversed by merely having your pattern blue-printed upside down.

If you don't find your dream house on this page, send four cents in stamps to the Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for House Pattern Leaflet. There are about twenty other houses pictured in the leaflet for which House Patterns (trade-mark) are available at one dollar each.

The New England cottage home at the top of the page, by S. O. Hammon, is a popular style of home. The rooms are well arranged for comfortable living, and for taking advantage of garden development on the rear of the lot. The other two houses, designed by E. A. Martini, vary in number of rooms, and both have additions planned to accommodate possible future requirements of their owners. All three houses have architectural features pleasing to the small home.

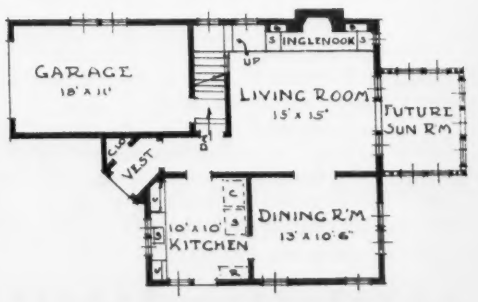


House No. 321. This little home has growing-up possibilities, with the future additions of a dining room and bedroom.



Two extra-large bedrooms feature this second-floor plan, one bedroom, if the future addition is made as indicated, being reduced in size to make a hallway.

House No. 322. This unusual floor-plan layout will prove to be efficient and livable. The inside garage door opens into the hall opposite the kitchen door.



You really should

from

Be sure

This letter from a ranch in New Mexico is just one of the dozens of warm, friendly letters I get every day from girls who read these Camay articles of mine. It's so *especially* interesting that I want to read it to all of you.

"If any one ever had a chance to try Camay out it has been I," the writer declares. "For I was raised in the east where there are few winds and only mild sunshine and an abundance of clear, soft water.

"Six years ago I came out here to live. I found high winds, continued sunshine, and alkali water to contend with."

You can imagine what difficulties this brought to a skin that was, my correspondent tells me, the fragile pink-and-white kind.

She tried one soap after the other, "often," she says, "paying high prices for them. But not one seemed to agree with my skin. Someone advised me to quit soap and use only cleansing cream. I tried that, but never felt really *clean*.

"I was almost in despair—when a friend gave me a cake of Camay. I tried it and the results were wonderful. Almost at once my complexion regained its former color and softness.

"I use Camay for my child's bath and my husband uses it too. In fact, no other soap will do since we have used Camay. It lathers so freely in our water. And it has such a lovely perfume. I always tell visitors and newcomers to our town what Camay has done for me and urge them to use it."

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

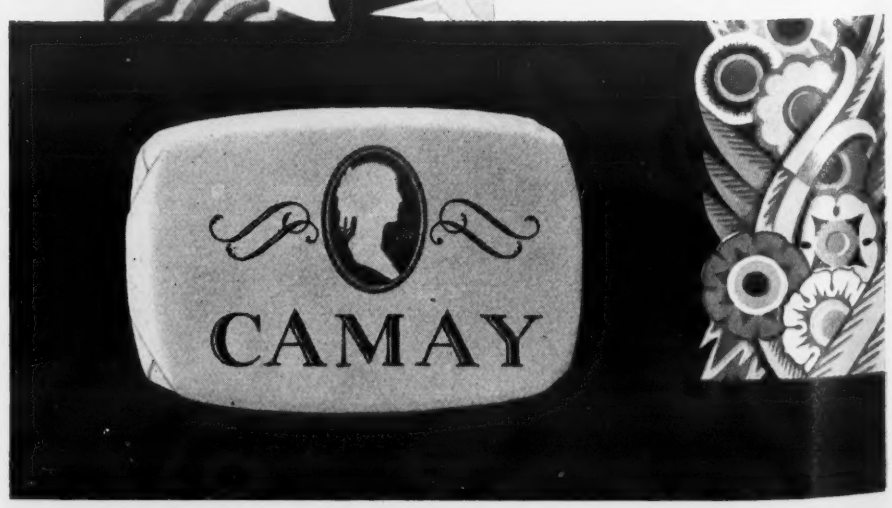
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Department YJ-70, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

[CALLED CALAY IN CANADA]—10¢ A CAKE

see my morning mail

It's always full of exciting stories girls about their complexions to read this letter

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered for herself about Camay and her own complexion is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of complexions.

If you remember my earlier Camay articles (and I'm just vain enough to think *maybe* you will!), you'll recall that these physicians who have specialized in skin care and treatment are most enthusiastic in their scientific approval of Camay. They said, in effect, "Camay is gentle and unusually mild. It is the kind of soap we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

Those of you who have made your own discovery that Camay is simply the perfect soap for your complexions are highly pleased, I know, to have such eminent scientific authorities agree with you!

And those of you who have yet to make this important complexion discovery can feel equally important when you join *your* enthusiasm to this scientific approval, the first ever received from such eminent authorities by any soap in all history!

So, if a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already the most important item in your daily routine, don't deprive yourself for another minute of the smoothest, creamiest, gentlest care in the whole complexion world.

Helen Chase

Here are comments from some of the dermatologists who have approved Camay

"Camay is a beautiful example of what can be done in the manufacture of soaps. It is bland, does not irritate the skin and leaves it smooth. Any complexion that cannot stand Camay needs the attention of a physician." (*This enthusiastic comment comes from a famous Chicago physician.*)

"Camay is an excellent soap, bland and non-irritating." (*This one comes from a great Boston dermatologist.*)

"I have used Camay myself, and have no hesitancy in saying that it is a very pleasing and cleansing soap, which even in the hard water we have here is in no way irritating to the skin." (*This from a professor of dermatology in a large midwestern medical college.*)

"I take pleasure in recommending Camay soap, as it is truly wonderful in its use with our hard sulphur water," *says one of the South's greatest dermatologists.*

What girls have to say about Camay

"You will remember that a week or so ago I wrote you asking for your book on beauty. I read it through as soon as I received it—finding it full of helpful hints. I immediately purchased a cake of Camay and found it everything you had said it was and more. It is remarkable what it has done for my skin here in Texas where the wind blows so much and the sun is so hot." *Miss I— K—, Floydada, Texas.*

"I think Camay is the best soap I have ever used. In fact, it is the first soap I have ever been able to use without making my skin rough." *Miss C— F—, Los Angeles, Calif.*

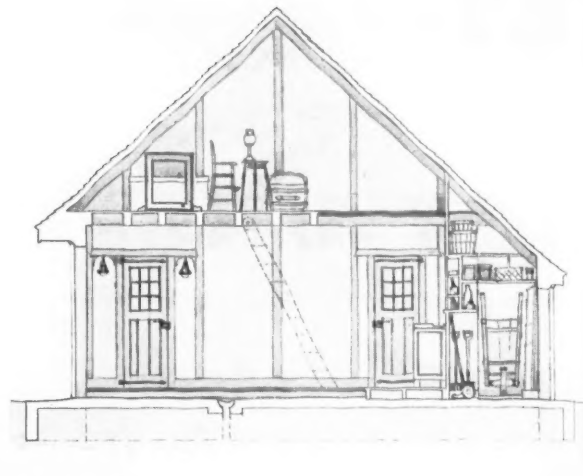
"I wish to say right here that Camay is the loveliest soap I have ever used (and it seems I have used every soap on the market). I feel so very clean and refreshed after using it." *Miss G— Z—, Plymouth, Mass.*

"I can truthfully say that Camay is the one and only soap that I have used successfully without injuring my skin which is very tender and easily irritated." *Miss N— S—, Brainerd, Minn.*

Garage Patterns

Four Different Architectural Treatments

By **LLEWELLYN PRICE**



Garages may be attached to present dwelling or erected entirely independent of it, as your situation may demand.

NO MODERN home is complete without a garage. Next to the cost of the home, perhaps the automobile is about as large a single investment as the average family makes. The housing of the family car, then, is important.

There are still many homes that do not have garages. To help correct this situation, there are offered on this page two garages, both of which fit the accompanying floor plan. In addition to the two shown, there are available two other exteriors for the same plan. Also, if a two-car garage is desired, this plan may be enlarged to accommodate.

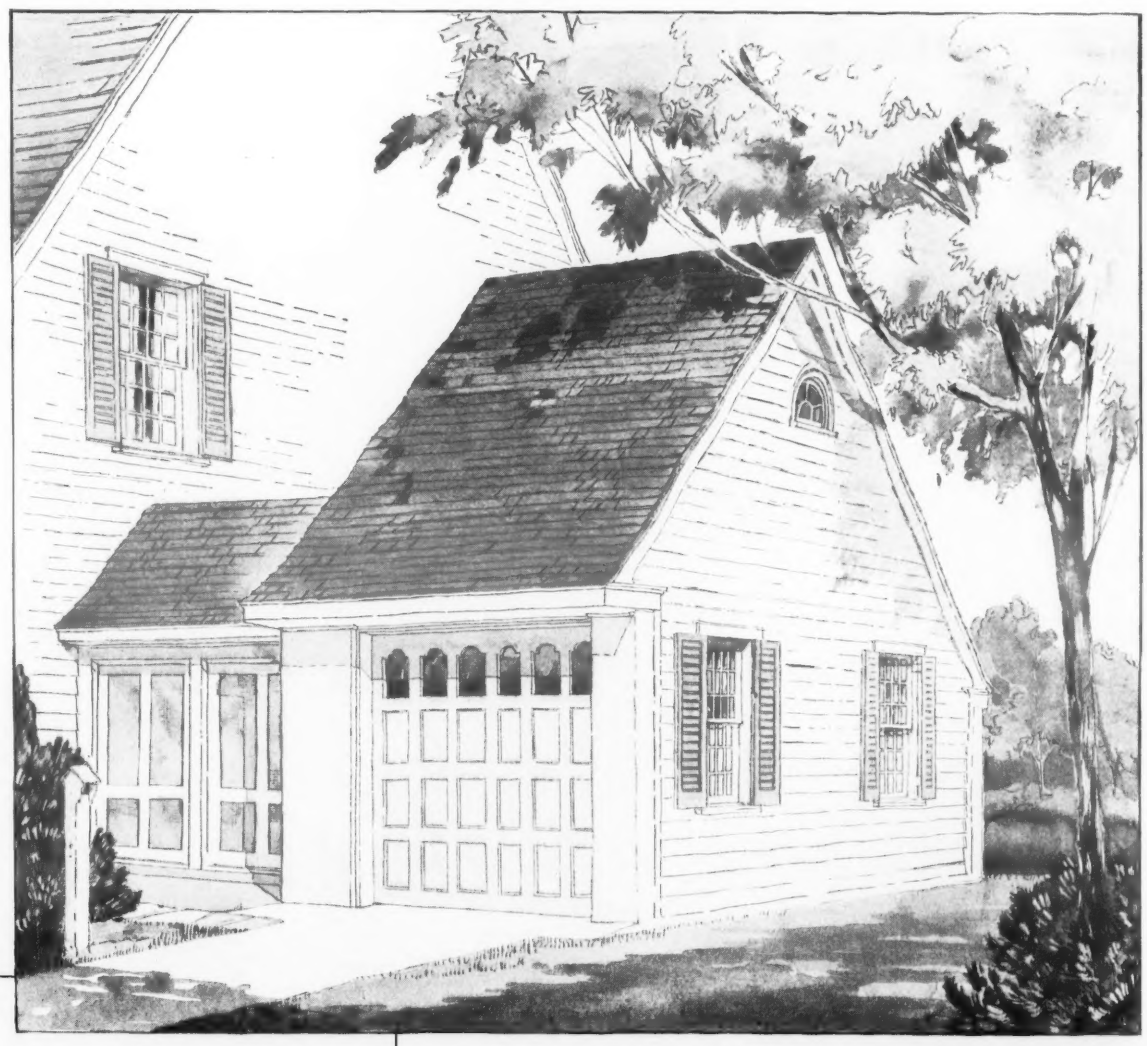
Working drawings, details and specifications for the four garages have been made up into a Garage Pattern (trademark) and this complete pattern is available from the Architectural Editor of the JOURNAL for $1.

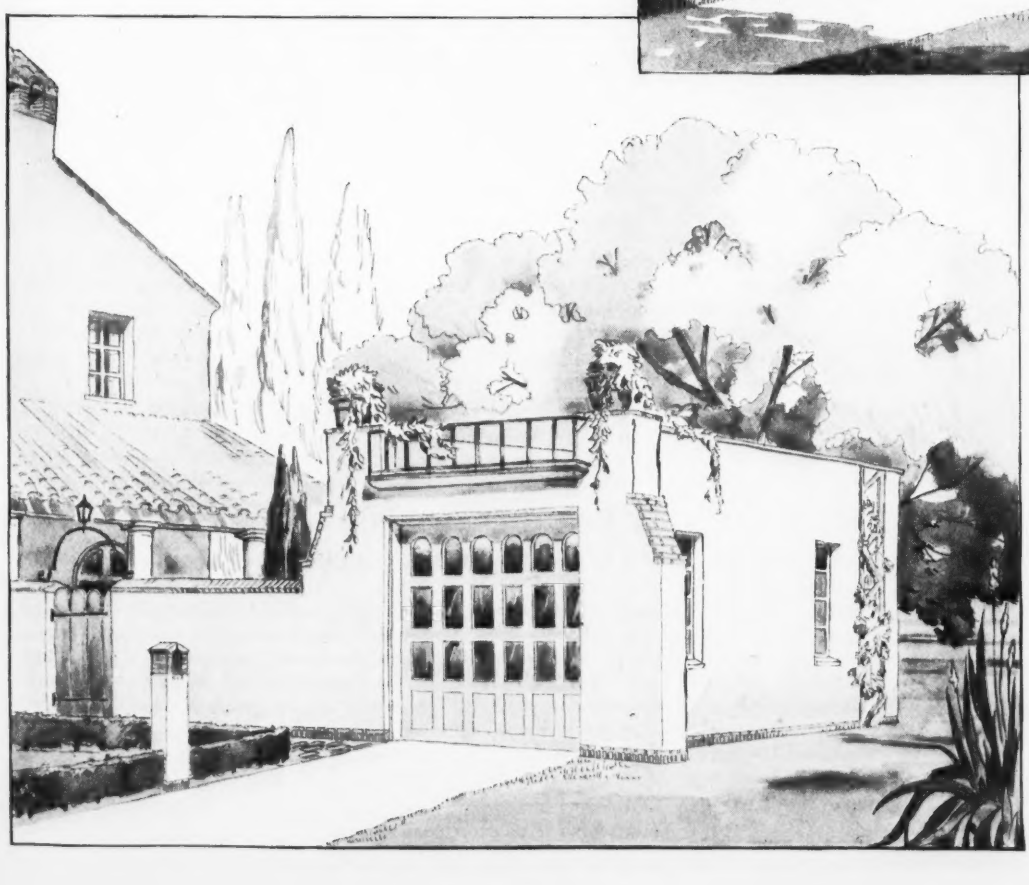
The floor plan of the garage is interesting in that it includes a storage space for garden tools in the rear end. There is also space for a workbench in the garage, and in the loft is storage room for the many odds and ends that every housekeeper wonders what to do with.

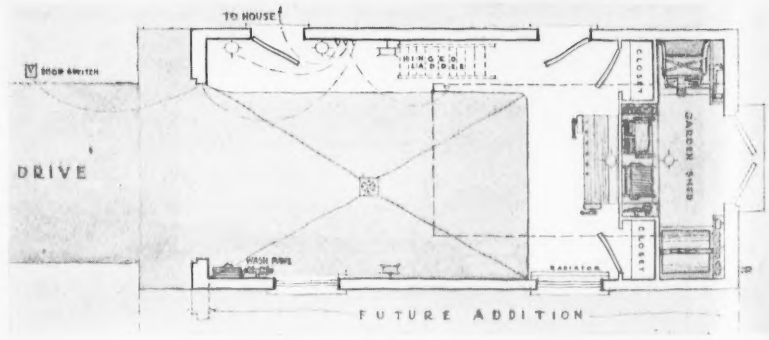
The architecture of the four garage exteriors was varied so as better to harmonize with different types of houses. The garage may be built close to the house, with an adjoining walk to the house, or it may be placed in the rear of the lot if one's situation dictates that it should. In the placing of the garage on the lot the fact should be kept in mind that at some time in the future, if not at present, the family will own a second automobile. If, then, the present intention is to build only a one-car garage, there should be left ample room for future enlargement to accommodate two cars.

Most two-car garages are planned to accommodate the automobiles side by side. Sometimes, however, the situation of one's plot plan makes this inadvisable, in which case the garage can be elongated, so to speak, and the cars run in one after the other.

Whether the garage you build has one or two doors, the fact remains that the major portion of the front of the garage is taken up with a door or doors. A garage door, therefore, should be considered as an architectural feature of the garage. No longer will a small-size barn door suffice. The door should be decorative. Nor should the operation of a garage door be within the ability of only the man of the house. Modern doors, and their hardware, are efficient, long-lived and harmonious to architectural treatment.







GARAGE PATTERN, $1

Complete working plans, details and specifications for these garages, in the form of a Garage Pattern (trademark), including four different exterior architectural treatments, may be had for $1 from your local building-supply dealer, or direct from the Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Behold... Four Million Women making jelly in ⅓ the time!

Enthusiastic Jelly Makers send letters from 47 States

"Imagine! Now I boil my jellies only one minute!"
from CALIFORNIA

"Why, jelly-making this new way takes only ⅓ the time."
from WISCONSIN

"It's like magic—in 12 minutes my jelly is done."
from VERMONT

All over the country, housewives by the thousand are adopting this easy certain way to make their jellies and jams.

TWELVE minutes to make jelly! Think of *that* . . . you who now spend hot, tedious, uncertain hours over the jelly kettles!

A few minutes to bring to a boil . . . add Certo . . . boil one minute . . . and there you are, scarcely twelve minutes later, triumphantly putting your jelly in the window to cool.

Certo makes this magic possible! It whisks away the tedious uncertainties of old time jelly-making. It gives you delicious tasting jellies and jams in less than one-third the time.

Certo fills your jam cupboard economically, too. Out of the kettle comes sudden abundance . . . half again more glasses than ever came before. Ten glasses when you expected a meager six! The one minute boil, you see, saves all the luscious, fragrant fruit juice that used to boil away and quickly turns it into jelly.

And such tantalizing, glorious tasting jelly it is! Such piquancy! Such sparkling clearness. Actually its flavor rivals the sun drenched fruit itself as you pick it fresh from the vine! Little wonder that more than 4,000,000 women have been won to this magical, modern way!

EXACTLY WHAT IS CERTO? . . . Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled.

This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

For seven years Mrs. J. S. Schupp has been a consistent prize winner at the Missouri State Fair with her Certo-made jellies and jams. In 1929 she won a prize for flavor and texture with each of the jellies shown in this color photograph above.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the world famous authority on jelly-making.

Please remember that these recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter every time and your jellies will be greeted with the honors due a master cook.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation. More than 4,000,000 jelly makers are using it. Go ask your grocer for your supply today. ©1930 G.F.CORP.

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES? No matter how disastrous your past experience may have been, with Certo you can make jelly quickly, easily, surely, economically. Even your grandmother with all her talent could never secure such a fresh fruit flavor.

FREE! Miss Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard" contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jams and jellies. It will bring new inspiration to your meal planning. Another of her booklets contains 93 jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo. The coupon brings them both to you free. Simply fill in and mail the coupon.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fairport, New York. (In Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) Please send me your new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." (L.H.J. 7-30) Please print name and address—fill in completely.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

NEW
FINER
PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

$590
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

New low-swung smartness—new impressive full size—new larger high-compression engine—outperforms all other cars in the lowest-priced field. See it. Drive it.

PRICES

Now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world. 4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD BY
CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND
DE SOTO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

FULL Plymouth SIZE

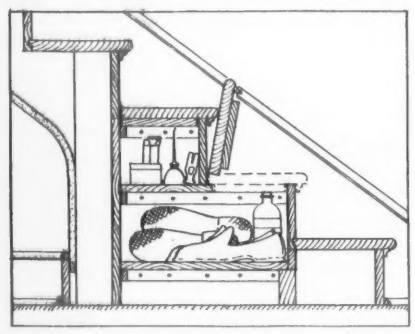
Home Building Suggestions

Contributed by Journal Readers

THERE is no family undertaking more exciting, more conducive to human temperature fluctuation, and yet more worth while than the building of a home. The house can be a terrible flop, or it can just as easily be a huge success. The Architectural Editor of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL stands ready to do all in his power to help make every house built from now on a huge success.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU THINK, when you turn a water faucet in your present home, about where that water comes from? And, further, through what sort of pipes does it travel before it splashes out of the faucet onto your toothbrush?

There is an underground water pipe from your cellar to the city water main under the street. That buried piece of pipe may belong to your landlord, to the city water works, or to you. In any case it might well be—and when you build your own home, if you already have not, see to it yourself personally that it might well be—a flexible, nonrusting, noncorroding copper tube. Copper tubing withstands inside pressure; it won't break due to vibration; it won't break if the water inside it freezes; nor will any acid soil condition affect it seriously. Nor will it cost more than any type of rigid pipe now popularly considered satisfactory. This is an important feature worth thinking about.



Stairway storage.

RUBBERS, TACK HAMMER, OIL CAN—our house is probably like many others in that we have no really good place to store them. Just where we got the idea of making use of the space under our steps, I don't know, but it is a good idea. Two of the lower treads in our stairway are hinged, and underneath, as the accompanying little sketch shows, we put out of sight many small items that we use almost daily.

—A. R. O., *Illinois.*

THE FOUNDATION WALLS of our house are stone masonry. Except in very dry weather the inside of the walls was damp, and sometimes a little water collected on the cement floor from the wall leakage. A builder told us how to fix it from the inside, which we did, and the job proved entirely successful. During a dry spell we had the walls scrubbed with a weak solution of muriatic acid and water, using a steel brush. Then the wall was washed down thoroughly and the joints partly gouged out. Next, the walls were sprinkled with Super cement and brushed with a stiff brush. While still damp, the walls were coated about three-eighths of an inch thick with Super-cement mortar made of one part Super cement and two parts sand. When this first coat was partly dry a second coat was put on of the same thickness. The second coat, after partly dry, was sprinkled lightly several times for three days, which, the workman said, allowed it to dry slowly. The Super cement used in the mortar did the trick, and our basement is now delightfully dry. —Mrs. T. McA., *Pennsylvania.*

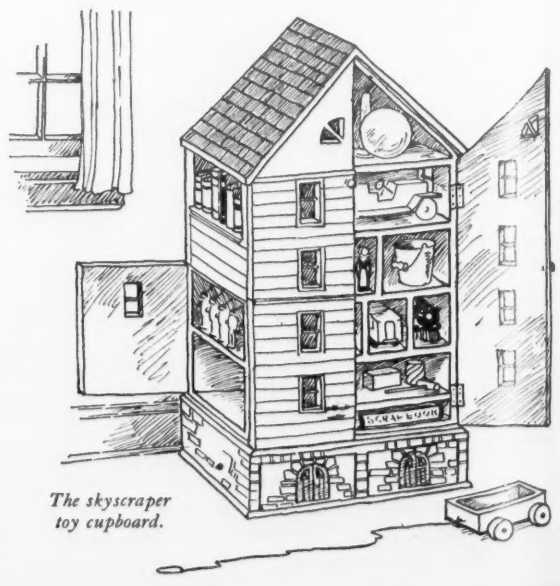
FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have struggled through my morning shave with inadequate light to see by. When the wife and I decided to remodel our home and add, among other modern features much needed, a second bathroom, I looked into the matter of proper lighting for a shaving mirror. I found that two shaded lights, one each side of the mirror, and exactly five feet from the floor, proved to be ideal. We forgot about planning for an electrical convenience outlet near the lavatory, but corrected this error by buying bathroom wall fixtures with convenience outlets right in the fixtures themselves. —J. T., *Ohio.*

THE SKYSCRAPER BOOKCASE, product of the modern vogue in furniture design, has inspired the idea of a "garage toy cupboard." There is the same underlying thought of adapting architectural forms to smaller objects which proves always a source of amusement to young and old, such as a bird house or lantern in the shape of a little tower. Like the bookcase, this cupboard should be as attractive in appearance as it is thoroughly convenient in its design.

It is, in a way, a doll house but with shelves and compartments in place of floors and rooms. If they are of varying sizes the toys will be stored in the most efficient manner. The lower story or base may be in the form of drawers for blocks and smaller articles. Doors should be on both front and sides.

The exterior should be decorated in a free manner, simulating, of course, a building of wood, stone, brick or stucco. Windows may be either painted on or, preferably, cut through. Minuteness and exactness of detail should be avoided and the whole be suggestive of a house rather than an attempt at a replica in miniature.

The handy man with tool and brush will get great pleasure in developing such a cupboard. It would be a simple and not too expensive job for a local carpenter or cabinetmaker. —L. P.



The skyscraper toy cupboard.

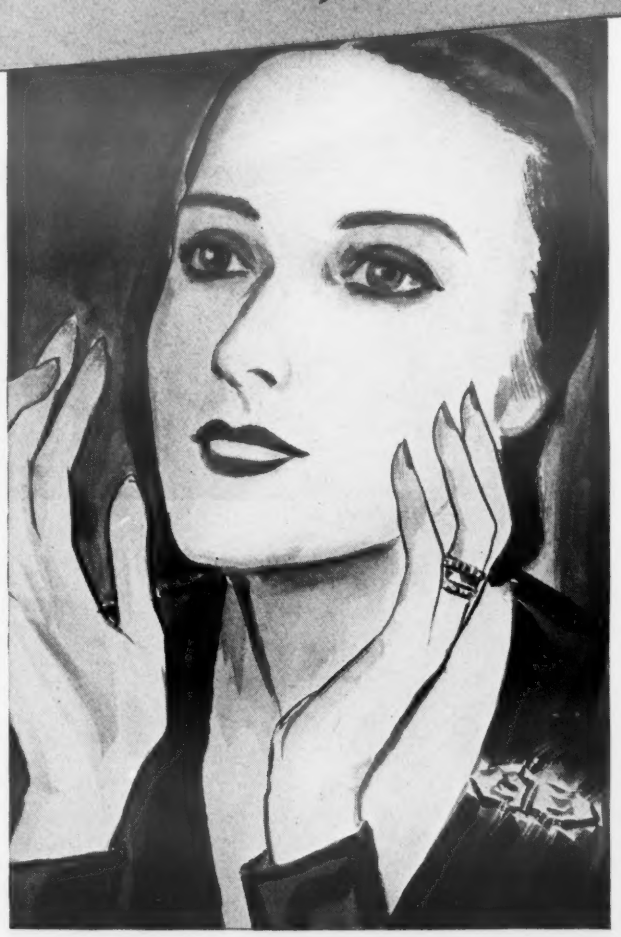
Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury formula for the care of the skin

★

DESQUAMATION

—medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin that lies just underneath

The VEIL* that hides your True Loveliness



CLEAR IT OFF!

A CLEAR, LOVELY FACE that you can carry proudly before the world!

A skin that's fresh and rosy as a child's.

You have it! It lies hidden just underneath the outer veil of dry, dead skin that covers it.

Day by day this outer veil is *peeling off*—invisibly.

Day by day the new skin is coming through.

DESQUAMATION — a natural process of every healthy skin.

To help this natural peeling-off process and *tone* the new skin as it comes through, here's the special daily treatment worked out by John H. Woodbury.

HERE IT IS:—First bathe the face in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin—from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface, for Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh! And see the glow of returning color!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes.

In ten days, see how much fresher and clearer your skin is.

That's a promise of what the faithful use of this special treatment with a soap made especially for this purpose will do for you.

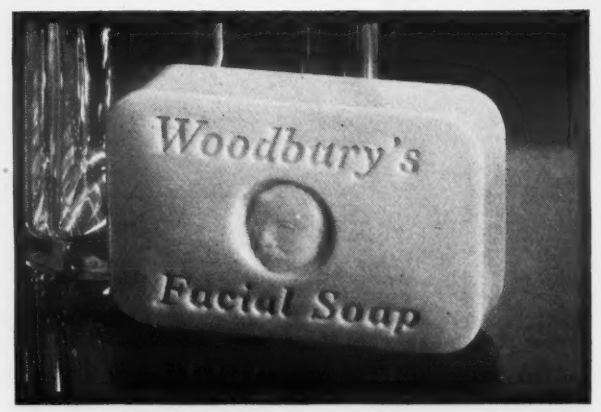
Woodbury's Facial Soap has helped millions of girls to keep a clear, flawless skin.

Begin to use it yourself. See what it can do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a soap for the face, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

John H. Woodbury, Inc.—Cincinnati, Ohio.



SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 1813 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢—send large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1813 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

© 1930, J. H. W., Inc.

..and you'll like the way Postum helps you

Here's a drink that is *doubly* delicious in summer! Postum in the cup—Postum iced, in a frosty glass. *Try it both ways. . . .*

Try Postum in the cup tomorrow morning, when you need a hot drink to "wake you up." Its fine fragrance will stir your sleepy appetite—so be quick with the cream and sugar! Watch the rich brown color lighten to gold as you pour in the cream—then taste that wonderful flavor! Mellow. Smooth. Ah, yes . . . you'll want a second cup!

Iced Postum has the same delicious flavor. A refreshing drink on hot, sticky days. A drink that cools and cheers you—without causing the ill effects that so often result from the use of caffein. *That's* the real news about Postum. Hot or iced, it won't harm you—as caffein may now be doing. Postum won't set your nerves on edge, or keep you awake when you should be sleeping soundly. It won't give you indigestion or headaches. *Postum contains no caffein.*

Made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended, Postum is as wholesome a drink as you could find. Try it for thirty days! Let it take the place of caffein in your diet—*then* see how much better you feel! Thousands of men and women who have made this test, tell us that they "feel like a different person," and Postum is now the favorite mealtime drink in more than *two million* homes! You'll want to make it *your* lifetime friend, too.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

How to make Iced Postum (*with milk or water*)

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with 5 cups of cold milk (or cold water). Sugar to taste. (If water is used, sugar *and cream* to taste.) Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or by beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

It's easy to make children love milk now!

Instant Postum made with milk looks and tastes "grown-up"—and children love it! Even children who don't like plain milk, love the flavor of this delicious drink. Let your children have the benefits of this healthful, nourishing drink. © 1930. G. F. CORP.

Postum is a product of General Foods Corporation

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P.—L.H.J.-7-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ *you*
(prepared by boiling) *prefer*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

The Cinema of Tomorrow

(Continued from Page 6)

not so long ago when motion-picture camera exposures were made at the rate of only sixteen per second. Since the advent of sound this speed has been increased to twenty-four exposures per second. The subsequent need for faster film emulsions has been met with the celluloid stock called panchromatic film, the fastest photographic material yet devised. It is, as its name indicates, literally a film capable of photographing all colors, and possessing the necessary capacity for light absorption, thus insuring accelerated speed.

Methods of illumination in the motion-picture studio have kept pace with film improvement. Three years ago arc lights provided all the artificial lighting used in the making of motion pictures. In the argot of the studios, these were "broads," "bungalows," "banks," and "spots," and they were manifestly sufficient for the purpose. The development which sound brought to the screen created a peremptory demand for silence, strange as it may seem, in the recording of pictures. Hypersensitive microphones registered the slightest stir of mechanism as well as music and sound. The disturbing click and hum of the arc light were distressingly audible, often interfering with dramatic action at the most inopportune moments.

Displacement of arc lighting involved the scrapping of millions of dollars' worth of electrical equipment, and replacement with incandescent lights of sufficient number and power to supply not only an effulgent glow but also those actinic properties demanded by the camera. Liberal estimates today indicate that 70 per cent of studio illumination is by incandescents, though arc lights are still used and regarded with high favor in some studios. Simultaneously mechanical corrections have effected a great reduction in the hum and click of the old-type arc light.

With the progress made in other directions, it soon became apparent that the camera must develop a keener photographic eye to keep abreast of the other scientific and technical developments. Optical manufacturers have responded to the need. The speed of motion-picture lenses has increased fivefold in as many years.

The motion-picture industry today has become a veritable laboratory for the research scientist, the engineer, the chemist and the inventor. Heretofore it has been popularly regarded as the workshop of the author and the scenario writer, of directors, artists and producers. Today dramatics, mechanics, music, chemistry and electricity have joined forces to advance cinematic progress. Even television is within the scope of such progress.

Greater Artistry

IT WOULD have been strange indeed if the epochal technical achievements that revolutionized the motion-picture industry had not profoundly affected the artistic side of film production. The advent of talking pictures was followed by an influx of talent from the stage. Screen players of established reputation found themselves with the necessity of mastering a new art. A new medium had been evolved to which neither the technic of the stage nor that of silent films could be applied. The audible film necessitated new material, talent and treatment. Artists of the legitimate stage who failed to qualify in sound films returned to their former callings. Concurrently, many of the screen folk displayed immense adaptability and developed latent talents, and a number, apparently eliminated by sound, found their way back, and even rose to new heights of popularity.

Many extras and small-part players, once in great demand, found the requirements of the audible screen too difficult. Today the extra must be more than just the type. Formerly required only to look and act their parts, today they must talk, and in many cases sing and dance. Only the best equipped find the greatest opportunities today in the motion-picture studios.

Nevertheless, the demand for greater artistry on the talking-motion-picture screen apparently has increased the supply. This is evidenced by the registration at the Hollywood Central Casting Bureau, where all the extras of the industry are catalogued. Conducted as a free employment service by the Association of Motion Picture Producers, under the direction of Mr. Fred W. Beetson, executive vice president, the bureau serves as a clearing house for talent, without fees or expense to the player, the entire cost being borne by the producer. Over 12,500 extras were registered in 1928. The total increased to 17,541 in 1929, due to the demand for singers and dancers, of which comparatively few had been previously registered. Although the number of assignments given out during the past year aggregated 262,958, a large percentage of those who applied had to be eliminated because they could not talk nor dance nor sing. Of the many that were tried, most were found wanting.

An Open-Door Policy

THE growing demand for foreign versions of talking films presages further increase in the player personnel. The greatest demand throughout the world for other than English-speaking films comes from Spanish-language countries, and the industry is planning to supply the requirements. The producers have already established a temporary foreign registration bureau classifying and cataloguing those players versed in the Spanish language of the stage. The industry has adopted the language of the Spanish stage as the language of the film, with the approval of diplomatic representatives of various Spanish-language countries. This, they believe, will preserve the cultural integrity of the respective nations, as well as make the pictures more desirable. Other nations will be accorded the same consideration by American producers. At present several of the larger studios in Hollywood are making adaptations in foreign tongues of every production filmed and recorded. In some instances the translations are being made in as many as five languages. This plan necessitates using artists from other lands in the speaking parts. It is an experiment in world service conducted by the American motion-picture industry.

The complete transformation from silence to sound which the industry recently experienced has closed the door of precedent. New patterns of customs, routine and technic have had to be established. The feat of reorganization achieved by the industry in so short a period is an extraordinary example of American industrial adaptation.

The work of reflecting social and community values in the production of motion-picture entertainment has constantly progressed. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America have taken step after step, through the operation of their open-door policy, for exchange of ideas, suggestions and plans that would best express the function of motion-picture entertainment.

The work of interpreting community and social requirements, as expressed through accredited leaders of education, religion and social-welfare work who are coöperating with the industry in a common purpose, is under the direction of Col. Jason S. Joy, stationed by the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of

(Continued on Page 53)

summer!

YET YOUR POWDER CLINGS, ROUGE STAYS ON AND YOU LOOK ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent — just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base Powder — the softest, most clinging powder ever made — and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And of course Princess Pat's wonderful new lip rouge!

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set — enough of each preparation for two weeks' use — to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self." All fragrant and beautiful — all charming—all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly*.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

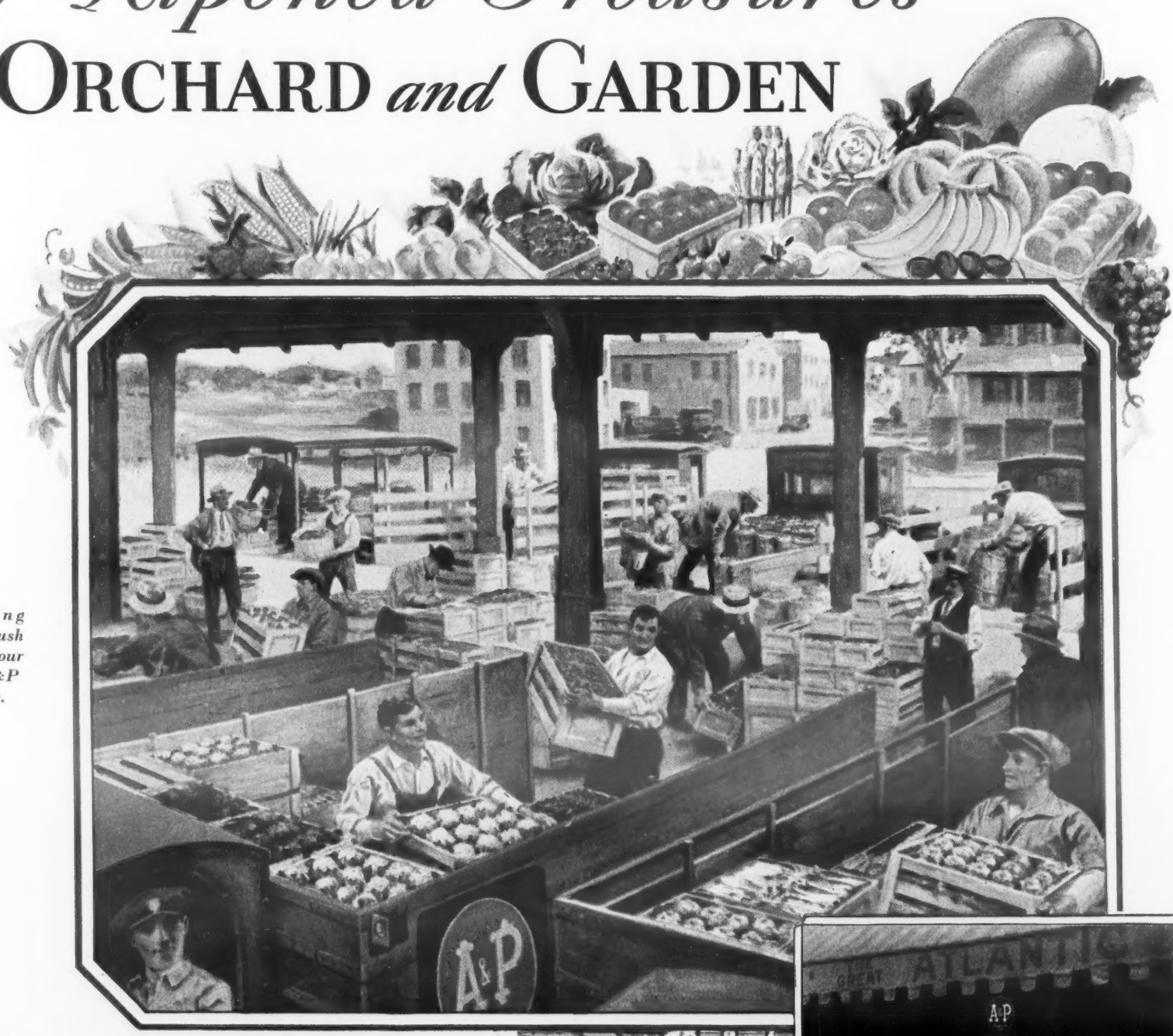
Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. A-1327
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

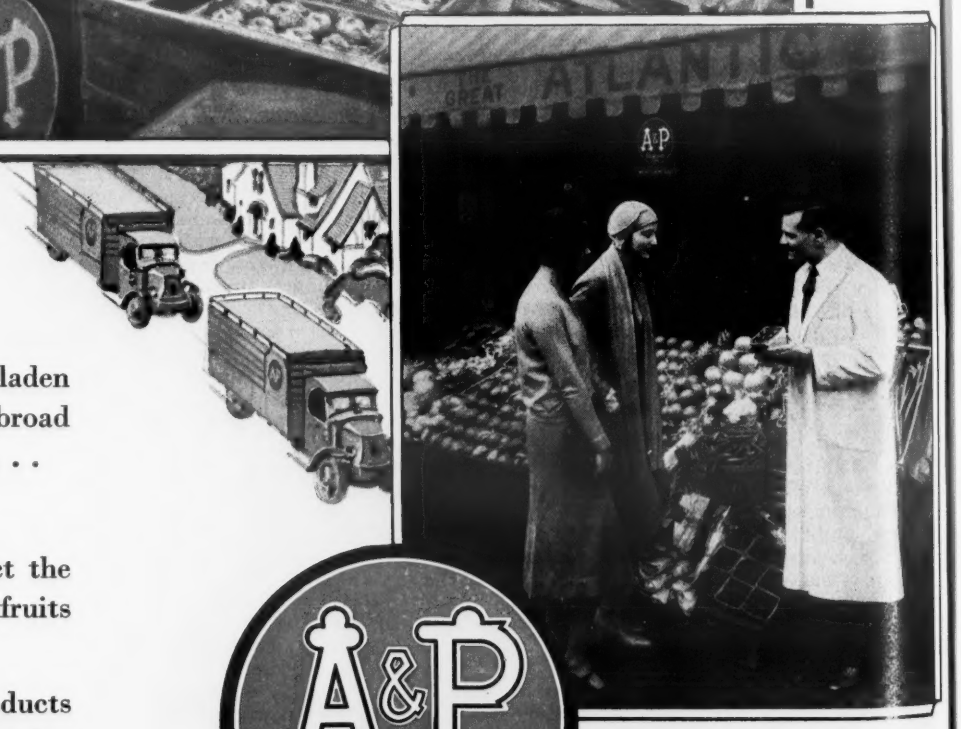
Street.....

City and State.....

Sun-Ripened Treasures from ORCHARD *and* GARDEN



Trucks being loaded for rush delivery to your nearest A&P Food Store.



Rushed to your nearest A&P Food Store fresh!

GREAT ORCHARDS lying snugly in sheltered valleys—laden with ripe fruits . . . garden farms that stretch their broad acres on and on in a profusion of fresh green vegetables . . .

Here A&P's produce experts do your shopping for you.

Hundreds of these buyers—men who know how to select the choicest at just the right stage of perfection—order your fruits and vegetables for you.

And then, fast trains and swift motor trucks rush these products to the A&P Food Stores in the shortest possible time . . . to arrive there fresh and appetizing.

Come to your nearest A&P Food Store today. Look at this tempting assortment of fresh fruits and vegetables. And if the low prices surprise you—simply remember that A&P's cost-saving, low-profit distribution methods do reduce your food bills.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859
"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

(Continued from Page 51)

America in Hollywood. Under his supervision scripts are read before being produced, and later the pictures are previewed with the idea of further assuring the maintenance of the best possible standards in this great medium of mass entertainment.

Supplementing the self-guidance which the industry thus offers to motion-picture producers generally, is the practice obtaining at Hollywood under which producers submit films prior to release for preview by representatives of various religious, civic and welfare organizations.

Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, acting as organized women's representative at Hollywood, takes an active and leading part in this preview work. She serves as contact between the women of the nation, whose activities are expressed in organization work, and the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of the United States, conveying whatever constructive criticism there may be offered direct to those responsible for motion-picture production. Mrs. Winter, formerly president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was nominated by members of various public-welfare, civic and religious organizations meeting informally last year. The preview work being done, with Mrs. Winters' coöperation, by welfare and other organization representatives, has resulted in a splendid task of public education. Increasingly there is being built up a wider appreciation for the better pictures. Films that might have been dismal financial failures without informed public opinion to encourage them have met with gratifying success, aided by the notices recommending these pictures sent out by these organizations to their memberships.

The constructive criticism and coöperation of organizations such as these have aided the motion-picture industry in formulating the Production Code made necessary by the advent of sound on the screen. Sound brought new dramatists, new artists and new dramatic material to the motion-picture industry, and it was found necessary to formulate additional and new principles of self-regulation which would guide the making of silent, synchronized and talking motion pictures. The new code, therefore, ratified by the board of directors of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, on March 31, 1930, provides among other things:

That every effort shall be made to reflect in drama and entertainment the better standards of life;

That law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed;

That sympathy shall not be created for the violation of the law;

That the sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld;

That adultery shall not be explicitly treated or justified;

That scenes of passion shall not be introduced when not essential to the plot; sex perversion or any inference of it is forbidden on the screen;

That crimes against law shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice;

That the use of liquor in American life shall be restricted to the actual requirements of characterization or plot;

That ministers of religion in their character of ministers of religion should not be used as comic characters or as villains—and other standards framed to maintain the motion picture as a medium of wholesome entertainment.

The cinema of tomorrow will, as it must, reflect the contributions of science and technical progress to the development of the screen, the greatest possible artistry, a high sense of public responsibility on the part of the industry, and a standard of public appreciation that will encourage only the better things in the motion-picture art.

More Money Means Bright Days Ahead!

ALL aboard for a good vacation! Bright days are coming, carefree and happy! Worries and cares "all left behind with the daily grind" of home duties or business activities!

What woman is not prettier, younger and more cheerful for a little change—a few days in the old home town renewing ties of former years—hours by the side of old Ocean or in the mountains, breathing the fresh, invigorating air, or spent in visiting other parts of our wonderful land.

It costs money—yes, of course—but why should any woman miss these joys when a little time devoted to the Girls' Club will bring her the necessary dollars? Other women are doing it; why shouldn't *you?*

And the Girls' Club profits are yours from the very beginning. There is no tedious learning period as Mrs. McKay, one of our Oregon members, found to her surprise and delight. Her first day's work brought results which were amazing as she tells us in a happy letter:

To my own surprise and delight, by evening I had acquired almost five dollars and some real self-confidence. Oh, the joy of that day! It had been so easy. As I returned home, I felt that I held in my hand the key to a brighter future. Club dollars jingled merrily. I couldn't help but hum "No more worrying." My little girl speaks truth indeed when she says that the best thing Club work did was to make mother young again.

That is what extra money does for any woman. Mrs. Rector, of Nebraska, is not only a member of The Girls' Club, but she also understands how necessary it is to have pleasure in the home. She says:

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. My husband's salary is needed for living expenses, insurance, building and loan, and such things. Only a very small margin for joyful, happy things.

But Girls' Club dollars have made home a different place as now we have money to indulge in some educational things and some foolish, frolicsome, happy good times. Isn't that worth while?

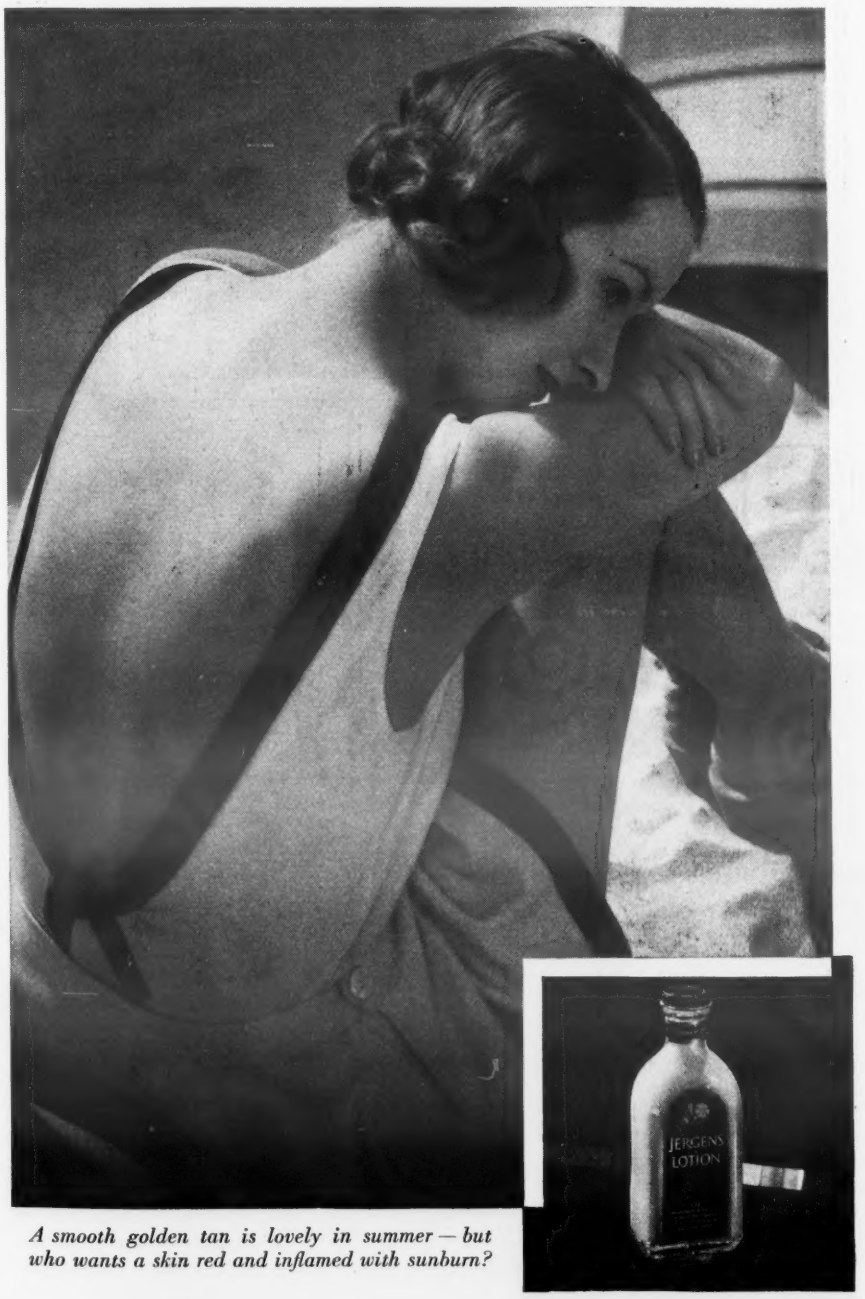
Dollars for Happiness

DON'T you want your spare time to bring in some of these dollars which will mean so much? Nice, crisp bills which can be changed into whatever you wish—pretty clothes, good times, travel, health, happiness and freedom from care?

If you do, just pick up your pen, fill out this coupon and *mail it today*. No expense, no obligation on your part. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
819 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Smoothly tanned, Yes! sunburned, peeling...No!



A smooth golden tan is lovely in summer — but who wants a skin red and inflamed with sunburn?

SUNBURN is a burn from light and not from heat, but the effect on your skin is the same:—redness, inflammation, peeling—in severe cases, actual destruction of tissue.

But tan actually *protects* your skin from sunburn. Tan is the formation of dark pigment in your skin cells, which enables your skin to resist the chemical action of strong sunlight.

Use Jergens Lotion to fight off the damaging effects of sunburn and to acquire, gently and painlessly, that smooth, becoming coat of summer tan!

Because of two famous ingredients, used in medicine for generations—Jergens Lotion is wonderful for protecting your skin against the burning effect of sunlight. It helps your skin to tan softly, evenly, keeping that lovely silky smoothness that gives a sun-browned skin its special charm.

Use Jergens Lotion all summer long both *before* and *after* exposure to bright sunlight. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

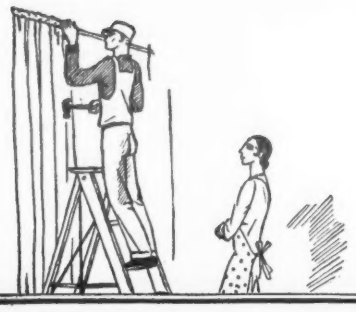
Jergens Lotion

FREE · · NEW TRIAL BOTTLE · BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3013 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 3013 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

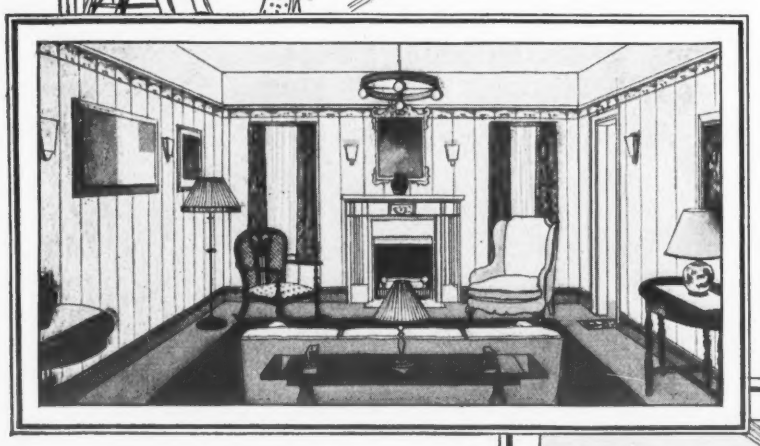
*City*_____ *State*_____



A Living Room With Personality

By WALTER A. CARTER

Manager, Interior Decoration Department, Stewart Dry Goods Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky



GOOD taste in interior furnishing costs no more in the long run than bad taste. And an experienced decorator can carry out the wishes of a client who has either, at a great saving. The individual for whom a home or room is to be decorated supplies the keynote, through her personality and her general ideas about color, fabrics and styles of furniture; frequently it is only after the homemaker has discovered that those ideas are not definite enough to produce satisfactory results and that personality is an elusive thing to express when color is not fully understood, that she turns to the decorator for help.

One such woman was Mrs. Rawlings, who, after several discouraging attempts to work out her refurnishing and redecorating problem by herself, decided to come to us for help.

A visit to her home and a careful study of the plans she had been working on, gave me a better understanding of what she wanted to do with her room. My object was to get her very own ideas to build on. But her one request was to make it colorful, comfortable and livable for a sum not to exceed seven hundred dollars. To begin with the walls and finish attractively with new upholstery and a few new pieces of furniture on that amount of money, seemed an almost impossible task, but that is where she failed, and that is why she came to the store for help.

After careful study of the proportions of the living room, its wall space, exposure, decorations and furnishings, we agreed to submit plans for changes and estimate costs of work to be done. From a spacious hall one took a step down into the living room, eighteen by twenty-eight feet, having east and west windows, with a large sun room on the whole south side; two openings from living room into sun room gave a soft subdued light from that side. The windows on the west were shaded with awnings to keep out the hot afternoon sun. A chain fixture of brass hung from the ceiling in the center of the room and there were six wall fixtures, two over the mantel, and two on the north and south walls.

Overcoming Drabness

WHEN Mrs. Rawlings arrived at the store a complete layout of fabrics for glass curtains, draperies, upholstery, also rough sketches of rooms before and after decorating, with all changes proposed, were awaiting her. The first sketch shown her was of the old room as a whole. It was dull and drab. The paper on the walls was of a dark floral pattern, and the covering on the furniture was of dark mohair. The large rug was plain taupe chenille, and two small rugs of similar color added to the room's drabness. In the center of the room, facing the fireplace, was a davenport covered in dark-blue mohair; back of the davenport was a long narrow table, on it a lamp, books and three or four pieces of bric-a-brac.

On each side of the fireplace a chair was angled at a very awkward position to face neither fireplace nor the davenport. One of the chairs, a wing-back, belonged to the davenport suit, and the other was a cane rocker. In the south wall between the two sun-room doors was a French chair covered in needle-point with a beautiful seat and back of handmade needle-point in dark rich shades of rose, blue, green and ivory. Beside this chair was an oval table, on it a green metal lamp with colored art-glass shade; above this a beautiful oil painting hung from a picture molding eighteen inches below the ceiling.

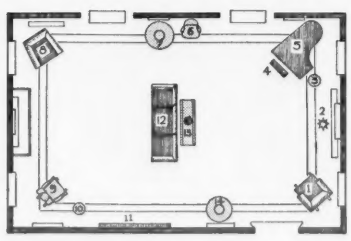
In the southwest corner of the room was a baby grand piano and a bench with a tufted-velvet pad of good color and in good condition. Beside the piano, a large old-fashioned floor lamp—black shade lined with gold and interlined with rose and a four-inch fringe of rose and black. On the south wall over the piano hung a landscape. In the center of the west wall space between the two windows was a handsome copy in oil of Gainsborough's Blue Boy. In front of the radiator on the west wall was a pedestal holding a rubber plant.

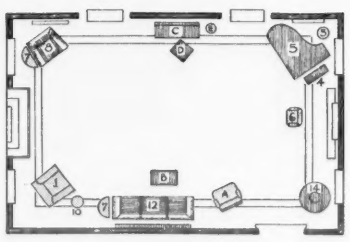
In the northwest corner near the entrance to the hall was an overstuffed rocker belonging to the davenport suit, also covered in dark-blue mohair. On the north wall hung a long narrow mirror in gold frame; near by was a medium-size round table holding a large black vase. On each side of the mirror were a wall bracket of brass and an oil painting. The woodwork in the room was mahogany with the exception

(Continued on Page 56)

Ease and hospitality characterize this new arrangement, in contrast to bleak formality evident in the old, above.

Old arrangement of furniture.





New arrangement of furniture.

FURNITURE IN OLD PLAN

1. Upholstered rocker.
2. Rubber plant and pedestal.
3. Floor lamp.
4. Bench.
5. Piano.
6. Needle-point chair.
7. Oval table.
8. Wing chair.
9. Cane rocker.
10. Floor lamp.
11. Mirror.
12. Davenport.
13. Long table.
14. Round table.

DISCARDED FURNITURE

2. Rubber plant and pedestal.
9. Cane rocker.
11. Mirror.
13. Long table.

NEW FURNITURE ADDED

A. Chair	$36.50
B. Coffee table	37.50
C. Secretary	62.50
D. Chair (unfinished)	9.50
E. Floor lamp	18.75
Total	$164.75

UPHOLSTERING

D. Chair and decorating	$12.00
8. Wing chair	52.75
7. End tables cut	$10.00
1. Chair and new legs	62.25
12. Davenport	94.50
Total	$231.50

OTHER CHANGES AND EXTRAS

Changing mirror from hall	$8.00
Changing floor lamp	4.50
Changing picture molding	6.00
Electrical work	16.50
Four new side-light fixtures	26.00
Eight side-light shields	8.00
Three new lamp shades	24.00
Four pairs picture cords	4.00
Painting and decorating	65.00
Four pairs glass curtains	31.00
Four pairs draperies and fixtures	96.00
Total	$289.00

New Furniture Added Total	$164.75
Upholstering Total	231.50
Other Changes and Extras Total	289.00
Grand Total	$685.25

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces . . . thus cleansing teeth completely.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest-selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

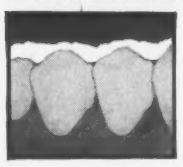
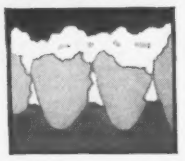
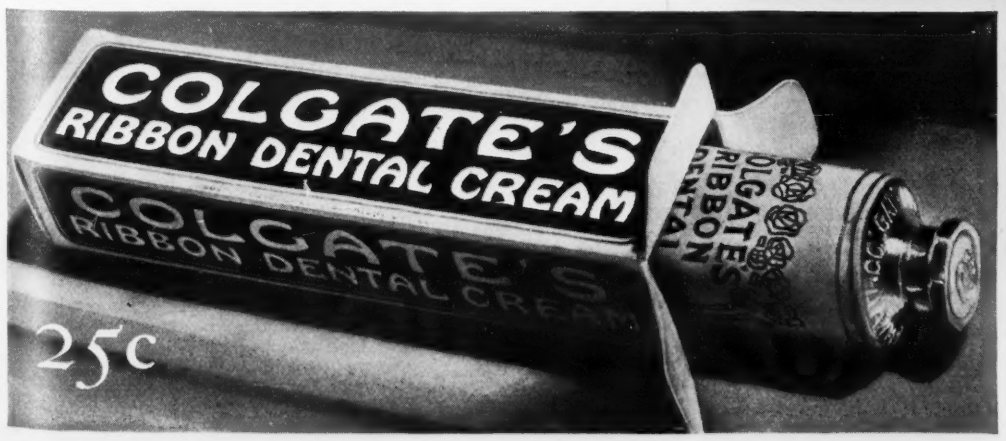


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low Surface-Tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



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Address.....

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . its gloss and lustre . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

To Set or Wave Hair

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

(Continued from Page 54)

of the mantel, which had recently been painted dark ivory. The tile hearth was new. Over the mantel a mirror of questionable period was squeezed in.

After a few minor changes, Mrs. Rawlings accepted our plan.

First, we took the davenport and two chairs, the oval table, a large mirror from the hall to be used in the living room, and the floor lamp by the piano, to the store workroom for coverings and changes. Materials for glass curtains and hangings were selected and put into work to be made while furniture upholstering was being completed. The floor lamp was cut down to junior size, and rewired. Rockers were removed from the upholstered chair and Queen Anne type legs were added, and the chair was covered in multicolored *jaspe* stripe frieze. The wing chair was recovered in red-rust-color antique-weave frieze. The davenport was covered in green-ground tapestry with a floral design in a diamond pattern of red rust and golden brown predominating.

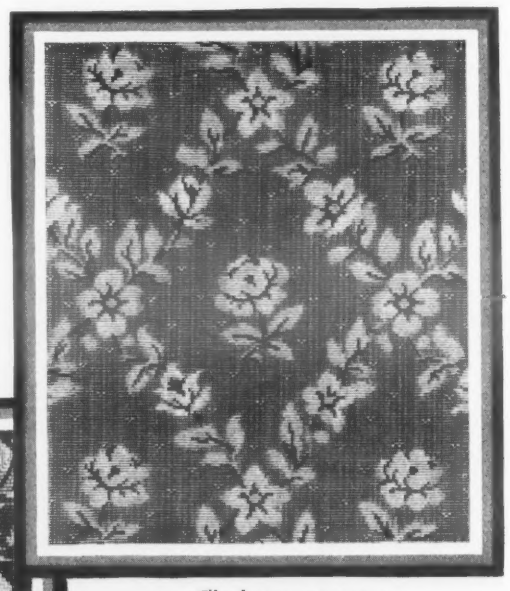
The frame of the hall mirror was removed and four holes were drilled in each corner, six inches in, for screw and glass rosettes. The oval table was cut in two sections and lowered to make an end table for wing chair and one for the davenport. While this was being done in the work-room, the contract for changes in fixtures, painting, and so forth, had been let and work was in progress at the home. All paper was removed from the walls, the ceiling fixture was removed and the opening plastered. The side fixtures were removed and replaced with twin candle fixtures, finished in dull silver with designs outlined in black enamel. The fixtures over the mantel were changed to plugs for electrified antique-brass candles and all were softly shaded.

The picture molding was raised to the ceiling and all woodwork was rubbed down with pumice and oil to change the high polish of old varnish to a soft dull finish. The ceilings were painted ivory and the side walls darker ivory and glazed with Venetian-green glaze.

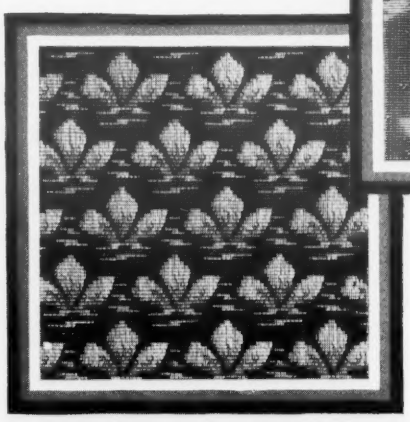
The black vase and the mirror over the mantel were discarded and the small painting was hung there. All the paintings were hung with picture cords of dull-gold silk. The rug was changed for an Oriental rug formerly used in the dining room.

The piano was left in the same corner of the room but turned so that the keyboard faced the window; the painting over the piano was rehung with blind-wire, as was the one over the front radiator. The medium-size round table was placed in the corner near the entrance from the hall, well out from both walls. The old green-metal-base lamp with a new shade was used on this table. A new mahogany Queen Anne secretary and a chair were bought for the south wall space between the two sun-room doors, also a new junior lamp with a gold-pleated shade of georgette over orange silk, interlined with cream silk.

The chair for the secretary was bought unfinished and painted Venetian green and glazed in van-dyke brown and the slip seat was covered with a small-design tapestry. A new leather-laced parchment shade was bought for the other floor lamp, placed by the upholstered chair near the davenport. A new occasional chair was placed on the east side of the entrance from the hall, after being covered in modernistic velvet of blue, rose and red-rust and tan. Then the store delivered the old furniture with its lovely new coverings, also mirror,



The davenport tapestry.



Tapestry used on desk chair.

tables, lamp, electrified candles and new shades.

The mirror was fastened to the north wall, giving us reflections of the sun room through both doors. Under the mirror we centered the davenport. About two and a half feet from the davenport, and near the front entrance, we placed a new coffee table with a black marble top. At the east end of the davenport we placed half of the oval table as end table. The low upholstered chair was placed in the northeast corner near a window. The high wing chair was placed in the southeast corner and beside it was the other half of the oval table.

The glass curtains, made very full and hung to the bottom of the window apron, are ivory-colored gauze. Soft draperies of antique-gold satin were French-pleated and hung from gold-painted poles with wooden rings.

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Everywhere, women are numbered among the most enthusiastic users of the new Chevrolet. For the new Chevrolet is a *SIX* —and six cylinders make a wonderful difference in the pleasure and satisfaction you get from your automobile.

Six-cylinder performance is smoother, quieter, more restful! You can ride for hours at a time without strain or tension —for there is no annoying vibration—no disturbing mechanical noise.

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Roadster or Phaeton	$495
Sport Roadster	$555
Coach or Coupe	$565
Sport Coupe	$655
Club Sedan	$625
Sedan	$675
Special Sedan	$725

(6 wire wheels standard)

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

A Boy's Red-White-and-Blue Room

By SCHUYLER WHITE

Illustrated by Robert McQuinn

Simple, sturdy furniture and a painted, polished floor, suitable for a boy's room.

MORE often than not, a boy has very decided opinions about the type of things with which he prefers to be surrounded. Just take a look about his room and you can tell at a glance what are his interests. If he has a hobby—and what boy hasn't at least one?—it is in his room that you will find its outward and visible sign.

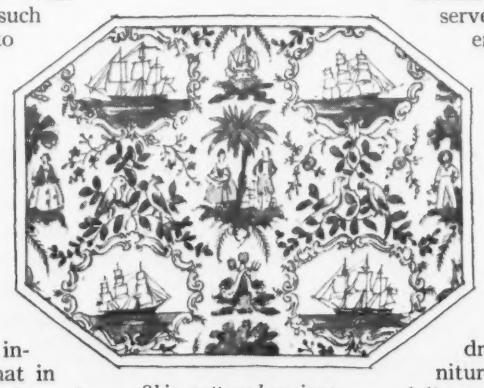
The boy's room is in some respects more important than some other rooms in the house, because it is here that much of his time is spent in studying, reading, or just fooling about with his possessions, and the background of his room plays a most important part in his development and character building. If he is to realize, then, some of the hopes and ambitions of his parents for him, it is imperative that the same care be given to the decoration of his room that is given the living rooms of the house.

If it is true that environment in early life is a tremendous factor in later life, how true it is, also, that a deep interest in, and an appreciation of, a gracious mode of life can best be inculcated in a boy's mind by surrounding him during his most formative period with the very elements which will tend to make him sensitive to the benefits and pleasures of home life.

Therefore, in doing over the boy's room, consult him about it. If the walls are to be painted, find out from him the color he likes best and encourage him to have a preference. If the walls are to be papered, let him see the patterns you are considering and let him help in the selection. After all, he is the one to be considered, because it's his room. If the room is to his liking, he'll want to spend a lot of time in it. And because the room expresses his personality he'll instinctively take care of everything in it.

A Large Attic Room

THE illustration shows how a large attic room, such as is often found in the average American house, can be utilized as a boy's room. Much of the charm of attic rooms lies in the fact that, architecturally, they are more irregular in their layout than any other room in the house. With a little ingenuity and imagination such irregularity can be capitalized so as to produce an effect that is at once both unusual and charming. And in the room illustrated excellent advantage was taken of one feature that has often caused despair—the wide, irregular floor boards.



Ship-pattern hangings.

The boy to whom this room belonged was at an age when he was especially interested in the glamorous and romantic period of clipper ships. Those stirring times had done much to fire his patriotic instincts and it was quite natural that in any decorative color scheme the colors of our own Stars and Stripes should be uppermost in mind. In view of the fact that the room had both south and west exposures, his appeal for a patriotic color scheme met with hearty approval. Accordingly, the walls were painted a soft powder blue. But, mindful of the fact that boys' fingerprints are usually more apparent than those of older persons—who, it is presumed, have reached such years of discretion that they are content with using the door knob to open and close doors—the doors and the wood trim were painted a dark navy blue, which was repeated in the stain of the floors, shellacked and waxed.

The curtains came next, a mixture of both old and new. A toile de Juoy pattern of ships and amusing figures in a soft shade of red on a white ground was discovered among the many reproductions of old patterns which are to be found in any well-equipped upholstery department at surprisingly low prices.

Having settled upon the all-important question of walls, floor and curtains, the exciting problem of furniture and accessories next came up for consideration. And this was where the fun really began. There are certain things that boys must have. One of these is a table. Not just any table, but a real man's-size table with a top large enough to hold a few books, a lamp for reading and studying, and such other gadgets as the average boy is bound to have about.

In the unpainted-furniture section of a department store was found the ideal table. It was a reproduction, a typical Early American piece. This was stained, waxed and rubbed down by the boy himself in a maple finish. A chair to accompany the table was finished in maple. The cost of the table was just under thirteen dollars; the chair came to less than seven dollars. When it was originally decided to turn this attic room into the boy's room, his parents had two things in mind: First, it was considered practical because it could serve as both bedroom and den. So, instead of the ordinary type of bed being used, a day bed was substituted. The day bed, too, was of American inspiration and cost $29.75, exclusive of the box spring and mattress.

The cover for the day bed offered an excellent opportunity to complete the red-white-and-blue color scheme of the room. Accordingly, after a certain amount of shopping around and considering just what would best serve the purpose, a chintz was discovered with a bold pattern of lattice design in crimson on a cream ground. The choice of this chintz turned out to be a very happy one, because, although the design was frankly modernistic, it fitted into the general scheme surprisingly well and gave the room a note of variety which kept it from looking too set. The pillows for the day bed were fitted with covers of red linen, which at night were taken off along with the cover. A chest of drawers was found in the unfinished furniture department, for about twenty-two dollars. By this time the boy had begun to take a deep interest in the outcome of his patriotic impulse. Because it was fun to paint furniture, he decided to paint the chest a nice shade of blue that was a little lighter than navy, but darker than royal blue. This habit of dabbling in paint is rather an insidious one, because usually when one starts one wants to give everything in sight a coat of paint. And so it was with him. Not content with merely painting the outside of the chest, he also painted the inside of the upper compartment and the drawers—but this time in a brilliant shade of sealing-wax red. And just to show that he had some definite ideas about how he wanted his room to look, he painted the mirror which hung on the wall above the chest in the same sealing-wax red.

Additional chairs were the next purchases for this room, which had already begun to take on a very definite charm. An old armchair, which had been picked up in a second-hand shop for what is so often referred to as a song, was upholstered in heavy dark-blue reps. Several chairs with rush seats, like the ones in the accompanying illustration, were bought in the unfinished state. Again the paintbrush was brought into use, with the result that two were painted sealing-wax red and the third one was painted black. These chairs cost about seven dollars each.

A few scatter-size hooked rugs—contributions, no doubt, from those sisters, cousins and aunts who not infrequently prove that it isn't always parents who are responsible for "spoiling" boys—next made their appearance, and the room was now ready to receive the stamp of the boy's personality by the addition of those accessories which indicated in what direction his hobbies lay.

Outdoor Interests

SEVERAL bird prints from Audubon's book were framed with a simple black molding which but enhanced the really lovely colorings of these interesting subjects. Reproductions of old hunting and coaching prints also contributed a nice bit of color, as did the picture of an old clipper ship and an actual model of a sailboat which had been made by the boy himself.

Clear thinking and a neat, well-ordered brain are generally results of both training and a natural aptitude. One of the primary requisites of neatness in thought, therefore, must be a knowledge of the value of neatness in habits.

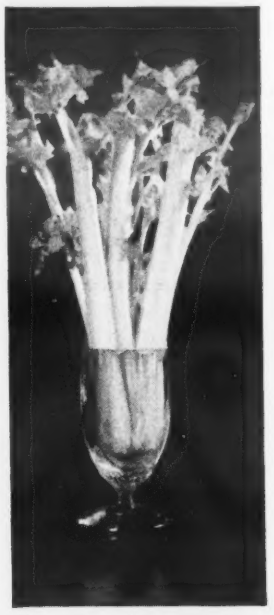
Yes, this is a plea for proper closets—for adequate clothes space—for cupboards wherein may be kept the thousand and one things which we all accumulate. Boys have all the propensities of their elders in keeping things. And, what is more, they hate to be nagged—especially about their cherished possessions, which mean as much as, if not more to them than similar possessions would mean to their elders.

It is, therefore, apparent that the boy must be helped in ways that sometimes are far more effective and practical than the well-known and seldom-heeded curtain lecture. We insist upon having adequate hanging space for our clothes, so it is only fair that the boy also should have a space large enough to keep his clothes in neatly.

Even though a boy does not have so many pairs of shoes as his father or favorite uncle, he should, nevertheless, have shoe racks built in this closet. Don't discourage this perfectly normal impulse by not supplying him with some sort of space where he can keep his things. The average boy of high-school age will undoubtedly refer to these things as "stuff," and that is about as accurate a description as anyone could give of that strangely assorted miscellany of ice skates, hockey sticks, a battered football and other athletic gear, fishing rod and tackle, and tennis rackets, to say nothing of his highly prized golf clubs, without which his life would seem quite incomplete, if not altogether futile.

Frigidaire alone gives you the Hydrator...

Here is an actual photograph of a stalk of wilted celery before being placed in the Hydrator. This celery is unpalatable.



The same celery as it came from the Frigidaire Hydrator the following morning, fresh, crisp, delicious . . . palatable.

..that makes even wilted vegetables fresh

Only Frigidaire offers all these advantages: ends the need of using makeshift covered pans or dishes for vegetables—freezes ice and desserts faster with patented "Cold Control"—stays beautiful because it is semi-flexible Porcelain-on-steel inside and outside—keeps food safely cold regardless of kitchen temperatures

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The Hydrator is a marvelous new moist-air compartment that is now standard equipment on all household Frigidaires. Its design and location in the cabinet combine proper circulation and proper cold with correct moisture for vegetables. It makes celery brittle and delicious. It adds a new crispness to lettuce. It gives tomatoes the freshness and flavor of tomatoes just off the vine. Once you see what it does you'll marvel that a device so simple can mean so much in the kitchen.

The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control"

You'll marvel, too, at the speed with which you can freeze desserts with the aid of the famous "Cold Control." And you'll like the arrangement of the Frigidaire shelves. They are spaced for tall containers and are elevated to a convenient height. You'll appreciate the advantages offered by the Frigidaire power unit. It is extra powerful, incredibly quiet and concealed within the cabinet—out of the way.

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Hear his grateful song when you feed him French's Bird Seed! No need for him now to search for his food 'midst chaff and dirt, as in ordinary bird seed.

French's Bird Seed is a scientifically-blended and laboratory-tested mixture of choice, selected seed.

As an *extra* precaution, it is Air-Washed by a process that "blows out" all trace of harmful dust or dirt.

French's Bird Seed is sold by dealers everywhere. Or, send 15c (the regular retail price) and your dealer's name and address for full-size package (postpaid).

In every package of French's Bird Seed an *extra* treat for your canary—a French's Bird Biscuit FREE.

Tube "A" contains the choicest seed obtainable, just as it is imported. Tube "B" contains sticks, stones, and other foreign matter removed by many siftings. Here is where ordinary processes stop. Tube "C" contains chaff, dust, and fine grit removed by French's exclusive *air-washing* process. Tube "D" is French's Bird Seed—clean and wholesome.

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Another Canary Requisite — French's Song Restorer

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A 42-page illustrated book on the Care of Canaries will be sent to you merely for the asking. Address:

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Please mail me FREE Canary Book.

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Singing Gardens

(Continued from Page 19)

to attract the hummers to other gardens. Always she does so, and is glad of the opportunity. It was she who banded these tiny birds, a thing which was thought impossible even by the Biological Survey, who could not help her with suggestions when she asked for them. Since it could not be done, she set herself to thinking—and did it. Everybody has window sills, and sweetened water is a cheap commodity; everybody likes humming birds and everybody can have them.

The amount of vegetation in a garden will prove a factor in its bird population. One with trees, bushes, clumps of vine, and the like, will have more birds than one which lacks this growth. Hedges will be sought out by catbirds as nesting places; such situations will also attract the familiar brown thrasher, whose russet coat and heavily streaked breast blend marvelously with the lights and shadows in such thick coverts. A shady lawn, with dogwoods growing here and there, and perhaps a few dark-leaved rhododendrons, will echo to the silver rhapsody of the wood thrush when it starts its evening chant of

or perhaps to the sweetly plaintive, appealing note of that lovable avian seraph, the bluebird as it pipes its

How to attract birds is easier to tell than to demonstrate, and one must not expect immediate results from any method. Birds take time to investigate any new thing; they are wild creatures and are naturally shy and retiring until their confidence is won. The nesting box is the strongest asset which the gardener has.

When the first colonists landed on the shores of America they found that the Indians suspended gourds on long poles about their villages, for the use of purple martins. This identical custom is followed today in many parts of the South and these valuable birds take up their abode as readily in these simple and homely receptacles as they do in the most expensive and elaborate miniature dwelling. The nest-box idea has gained steadily in favor as the increase of species which were induced to use them became evident, until today we have nearly fifty varieties which take readily to man-made quarters.

Birds need little to make them comfortable and the only requirements of a nest box are that it should be durable, rainproof and cool. Wood is *the* material, metal being too likely to conduct heat, although good results have been obtained by placing tin cans in well-shaded spots where the sun cannot reach them.

It is hardly possible in an article such as this to give details of construction of bird boxes, but this information is always available at a moment's notice from the various Audubon societies and the Biological Survey at Washington.

Perhaps one of the easiest and most satisfactory birds to have about a garden is the purple martin. It is as much a bird of the asphalt streets and residential avenues as it is of farms and country cabins. A house set upon a twenty-foot pole is the sole requirement. A colony of martins will interest the gardener, and be of invaluable service to the plants and shrubbery.

The enormous numbers of insects destroyed by these wholly insectivorous birds is almost beyond belief.

With birds about the garden, a spirit of protection and solicitude for their welfare will occupy the gardener's mind as a natural consequence. The two paramount evils are the English sparrow and the domestic or semidomestic cat. The sparrows may be reduced by trapping in wire inclosures built for the purpose, or persistently persecuted by shooting them with an air rifle, equipped with a telescopic sight. The cat presents difficulties; it is a great pet with many, but the fact must be faced that it is the bird's natural enemy.

The European starling is becoming a nuisance in many localities. The starlings form huge roosts at times which are extremely annoying, and can only be broken up by resorting to the "water cure." A stream from a three-inch hose directed upon their crowded ranks after they have settled for the night will effectually induce them to seek other quarters.

In return for your protection you will be richly rewarded, for it is really remarkable how quickly the birds will see you as a friend. It is a small thing to place a bath for them in a garden, but it must be elevated and not too near shrubbery where a cat may lurk. Birds delight in bathing, and I have watched cardinals disport themselves in the spray of a garden hose held by a fascinated owner. Close association of many days will result in actually making birds alight upon the outstretched hand. Chickadees will do so with a little persuasion, and their self-introductory

will be reward enough for anyone. I have sat quietly and had kinglets to come within a few inches of my feet as they fed busily on the ground, and redstarts will alight on one's knee and make sallies at passing flies and insects.

Particularly is this tameness manifested in the wintertime. Anyone who maintains a window-sill feeding station knows that the little boarders will actually await the time of feeding. Slaty-gray juncos, or snowbirds as they are sometimes called, together with gentle little tree sparrows, bearing a brownish dot in the center of their ashy breasts, will come all about the provider of the feast; big reddish fox sparrows will hop over one's very feet and aristocratic white-throated sparrows will reward the giver of the crumbs with a cheerfulness which is positively inspiring, no matter how bleak the day. Even in the coldest weather I can never hear the white-throat without visualizing a greeny bower, where the little brown scratcher in the leaves occasionally lifts its white-streaked head and snowy throat to voice that infinitely appealing, softly plaintive

So, whatever the season, your garden may be populous with only a modicum of care and the birds will vie with the flowers in making it an attractive, never-ending source of joy and profit. And, when all is said and done, this is the prime object of any garden; all of them impart joy, and not a few profit. To the great majority, however, the gratification of the senses is the aim, and in considering the upkeep and well-being of plants and flowers, the economic value of having birds about is really beyond computation.

Every gardener knows that the fight against the insect kingdom is never-ending, and to introduce Nature's natural check upon these tiny but destructive creatures is not only logical but necessary. So, by all means, take out a policy in Nature's great company; the premiums are small but the benefits are infinite.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Acknowledgment is made to F. Schuyler Mathews' Fieldbook of Wild Birds and Their Music for the bird songs used in this article.

DOROTHY DIX *tells*

"The Real Truth about Feminine Charm"

"MISS DIX, what IS the secret of charm? Girls no prettier than I am are happily married with dear little homes of their own. Won't the right man ever fall in love with me—" EVELYN S—

HERE is the real truth, Evelyn. It is *femininity* in a girl that arouses a man's desire to take care of her, marry her. And this adorable quality of true womanly charm can be yours—as it can be every girl's!

But first of all, you must *feel* your own dainty, captivating femininity before you can impress others.

Confidence of Charm

Clothes can help to give a girl this happy confidence of charm. Especially all the dainty, most *feminine* part of a girl's wardrobe, her lingerie, negligées, hosiery.

Lovely, soft, colorful underthings, lacy and shimmering—they make you feel so utterly feminine. Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—*for confidence is contagious.*

Girls sometimes say, "It is so difficult to keep lovely underthings looking wonderful—frequent washings take away color and charm."

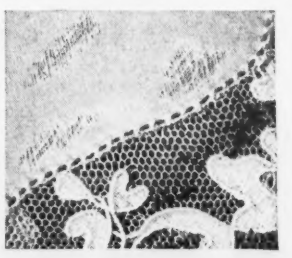
It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps do take out some of the color along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux. *Lux is made especially to keep colors vibrantly alive,* to preserve the soft, dainty texture of sheer fabrics.

Your Surroundings, too

Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie bring you confidence of feminine charm, but your *surroundings* can help you! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell, when they are kept ever lovely with Lux. DOROTHY DIX

"COLORFUL, lacy underthings—they make you feel so utterly feminine!"

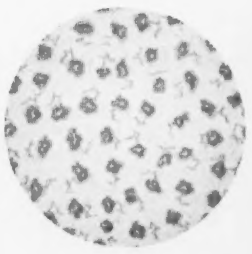
Lace-trimmed lingerie after 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all the charm of new!



Similar lingerie after 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged, lustre impaired—color off.

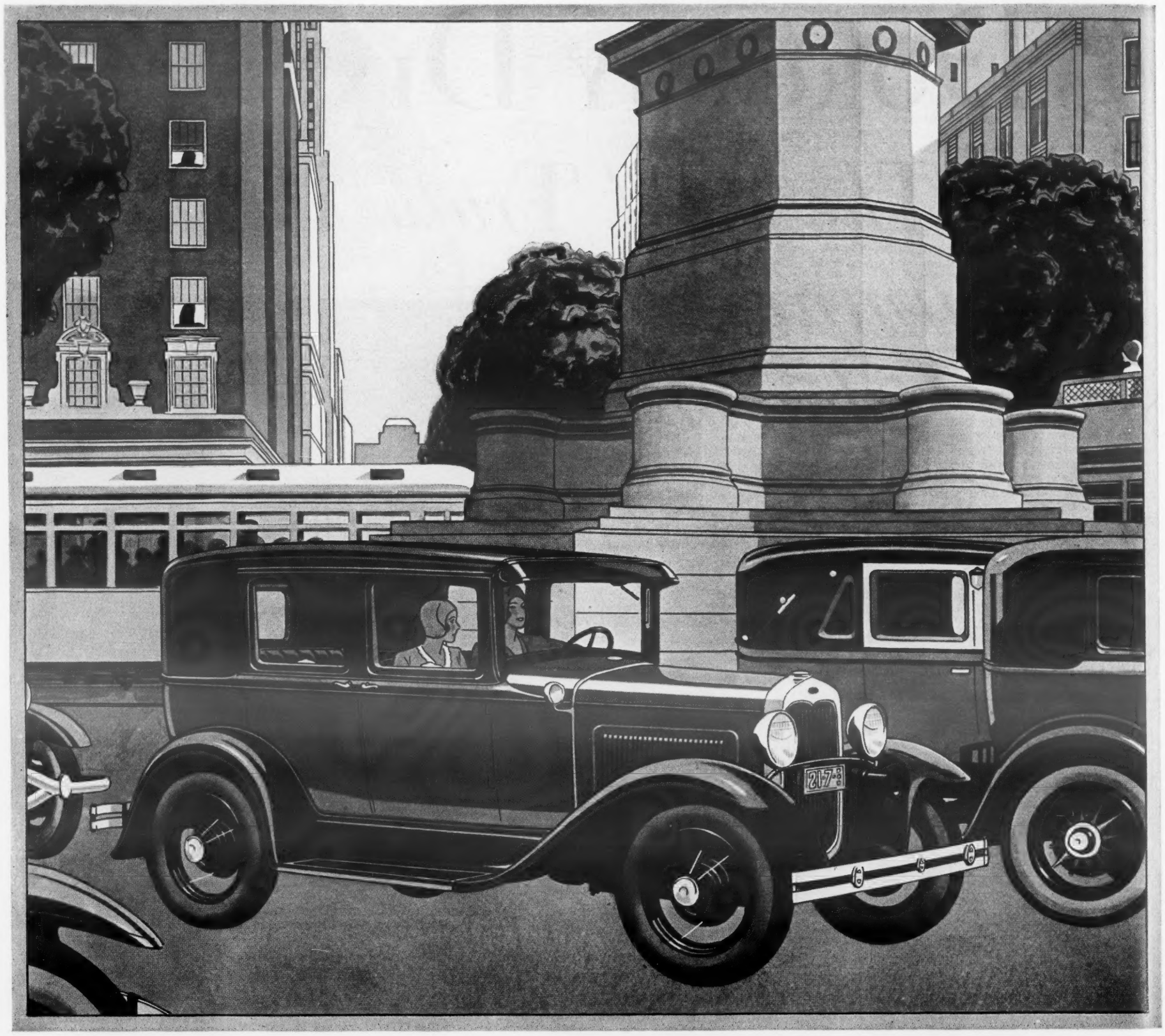
MEN adore the girl who is truly feminine . . . clothes can help you to have this charm!

(Right) Sample of printed silk washed 12 times in Lux—color fresh, unfaded, live! All the glamour of color surrounds you when a dress is kept lovely with Lux.



(Right) Same silk washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap — undeniably faded. Not actually ruined, but its original lovely appeal has been lost.

if it's safe in water . . .
it's just as safe in **LUX!**



THE NEW FORD DE LUXE SEDAN

An easy car for a woman to drive

THE new Ford is a splendid choice for the woman motorist because it is so reliable and easy to handle. Particularly in heavy traffic, you will appreciate its quick acceleration, alert speed, effective four-wheel brakes, and ease in steering, shifting gears, turning and parking. Another factor that contributes to your feeling of confidence and security in driving the new Ford is the Triplex shatter-proof windshield. This reduces the danger of flying glass, a frequent cause of injuries in automobile collisions. The Ford Motor Company has provided it for you on the new Ford as a contribution to greater safety on every highway. « « « « «

Ford

Feelings

(Continued from Page 21)

Cosy, breathlessly smiling, slipped away. "I'll be within call," she said.

"Now why?" Harriet said to herself.

Harriet's illness prolonged itself for a fortnight. Cosy read to her in a swallowed voice that made two words out of three inaudible, she put wet glasses down on mahogany or dripped their contents on rugs, she ran on errands and brought invariably the wrong thing with a devoted sweetness and timidity that nearly drove her sister mad. She forgave impatience seventy times seven. With every pulse of her good little being she longed to please, and could not see that the only way to please Harriet was not to care whether she were pleased or not. Through it all Harriet felt the unspoken plea. It pressed on her sore conscience until she swore with the pain, but she still said Cosy was making her a visit. A good long visit.

"I will come to it in time, but not yet. Let me get well first," Harriet demanded of whatever power it was that drove her; but when she was well it was no easier. Meals with Cosy's cramped nerves and averted eyes and desperate efforts at companionship came three times a day, and evenings with Cosy under the other lamp, pretending to read, were interminable. Cosy never really read or really talked; she was waiting too terribly for something to be said.

DURING the illness Doctor Powell had evidently seen a good deal more of Cosy than he had of his patient. He was still dropping in on her, Harriet presently discovered. One Sunday afternoon she actually went for a drive with him. Harriet stared after her with shocked eyes. Cosy had loved her Ned unquestionably; and yet, seven months later, she could encourage this complacent booby.

Cosy kept right on seeing the man, but flamed miserably if Harriet came in when he was there. Doctor Powell was jocose with Harriet; evidently enjoyed her as a character. He was like a child playfully tweaking the mane of a lioness. The lioness looked at him gravely and waited, while Cosy visibly lost pounds. The situation grew so tense that finally Harriet went over to town to talk with Barbara.

"If at fifty-two Cosy is going in for gentlemen's attentions, then my house is not large enough for us both," she declared. "There is nothing to laugh at, Barbara!"

Barbara still laughed. "If she married him she would be off your hands," she pointed out.

"But why should she marry him?" Harriet wanted to know. "She can't possibly care for him, and she has a home for life with me—I suppose."

"But have you told her that?" Barbara asked, and so let in a great light.

"She must know she has it," Harriet protested, but feebly. Of course poor little Cosy did not know it, since Harriet had persistently refused to say the words.

"OH, THAT is the silliest thing yet!" Harriet burst out. "No, I haven't asked her, but she ought to know that I'm going to. I will do it tonight." She rose heavily. "Perhaps she won't be quite so wearing when it is settled and off her mind. But why I have to live with an utterly uncongenial person just because we had the same parents—well, it is too much for me!"

"Aunt Cosy is really fond of you," Barbara said.

"And, considering the way I treat her, that is plain stupid," returned her mother.

Barbara put fearless young arms about her. "Doesn't it mean something to be loved?"

"It's a nuisance," said Harriet, but she smiled and kissed a cheek. "I don't mind it from you, Barby."

"You bet you don't," said the clear-seeing Barbara.

Doctor Powell's car was leaving the house as Harriet arrived, and gave her an opening. She had meant to begin about a home for life, but irritation at the doctor's waved hat—waved humorously, as though the very sight of her were good fun—started off at the other end of the problem.

"Cosy, what on earth do you want of that man!" she exclaimed.

Cosy turned scarlet. "He seems to—to like me," she faltered.

HARRIET sat down to it. "Well, what if he does? After a real man like Ned, how can you even look at a stuffed shirt like Powell? You can't care for him—possibly."

Cosy, sunk down in a sofa corner, murmured a shaken "No."

"Then why in Cain! You've got a home here for life—you understand, of course, that I expect to share my home with you always." There it was, clearly out, spoken past undoing. Harriet looked for a glow of relief, but Cosy only shrank deeper into her corner.

"I know," she murmured.

That was startling. "You have understood it, then?" Harriet asked rather flatly. "That this is your home?"

"Oh, yes." Suddenly Cosy was sobbing. "It is so kind of you, so good. I ought to be so thankful—oh, Harriet, I have tried to be! But I can't, I can't!"

Tears exasperated Harriet. "Can't what?" she demanded loudly.

"Live with you," Cosy gasped. "We are sisters, and it is only right, and I do love you, but oh, I can't live with you all my life! I'll die! I'd even rather have Doctor Powell!"

Harriet was silent with a blank stillness that lasted until Cosy had cried herself out. When she spoke, her voice was surprisingly mild.

"So you don't want to live with me, Cosy."

Tears burst out afresh. "It is terrible of me! But you are so strong, and you scare me so—I have had indigestion after every single meal! Nothing I say is the thing you want said—and that is my fault of course, but it makes me even stupider than I am. Oh, I do appreciate it, your wanting me! If I could only do something for you! I'd die for you, Harriet, willingly, but I can't, I can't stay!"

"YOU needn't, Cosy." Harriet was gentle, kind. "What would you like most to do? Think it over."

Cosy needed no time to think it over. "Oh, if I could go back to my own little house! My friends are there, and my church, and my sewing club—I have a real place there, even without Ned. If I just had enough for the least little meals, the barest possible ——"

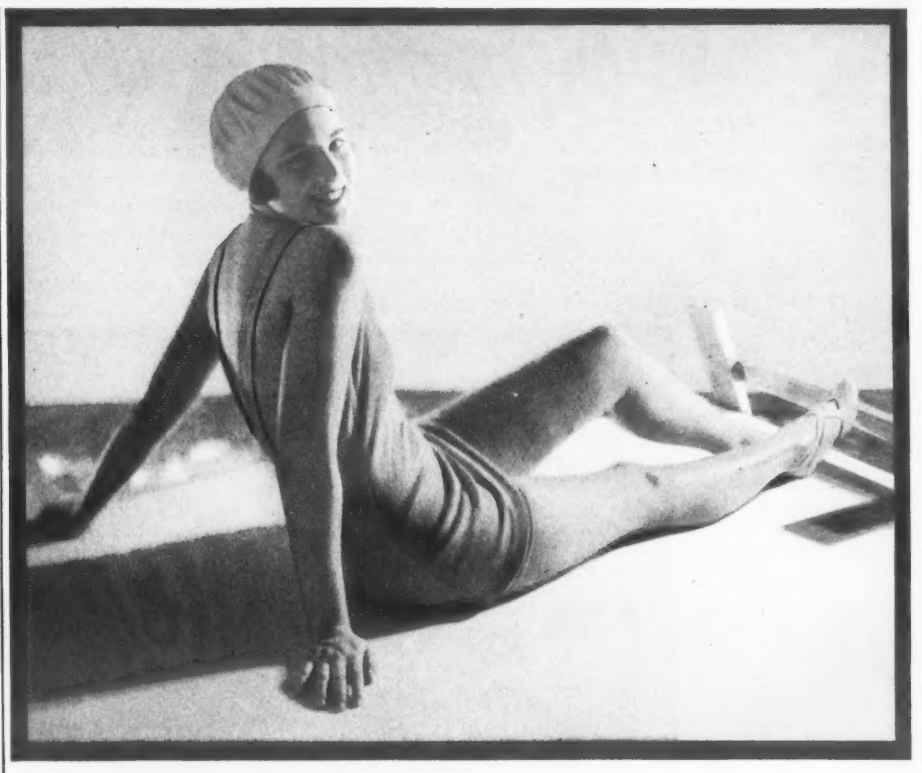
Harriet rose. "We're two old fools," she said, a hand on Cosy's shoulder. "Of course that is what you want."

Cosy put a tremulous arm about her. "But it isn't treating you right—my own sister! Sisters ought to live together," she faltered. "Perhaps I could do better, now that we have talked it out. I shall feel so mean if I take your money and then leave you all alone."

"We can visit each other," Harriet comforted her.

Barbara, coming out a few days later, found her mother in a philosophic mood.

"Conscience!" she said. "All rubbish. Look what it has been doing to me all these months. So afraid of hurting Cosy's feelings that I nearly killed her!" She sighed. "It's a funny thing, Barby—since she went, mostly I'm so relieved that it isn't decent, and yet, in a way, you know, I sort of miss Cosy!"



Cool that fiery Sunburn

INSTANTLY *with* HINDS CREAM

APPLY Hinds Honey & Almond Cream freely, but gently . . . feel the instant relief from painful burning. Apply a little more. Your sunburn is cooler at once. Try it again in a little while . . . and again the last thing at night. Hinds Cream will give blessed relief to the most violent sunscorch . . . it will make your skin cool and supple and comfortable again. It offsets the ravages of wind and sun, too, and keeps your skin soft and fresh. Rub on Hinds Cream before you go out into the sun if you would like a glorious tan without the painful burn. Or, if you prefer to keep your skin creamy-white all summer long, Hinds Cream with powder over it will help prevent burning at all. All drug counters carry this soothing lotion.

Refine the texture of your skin with Hinds Toning Cleanser

This extraordinary new liquid cleanser will clean your pores thoroughly, will make them exquisitely fine, will tone your skin and refresh it. Used together with the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream, it will keep your skin radiant and young. Hinds Toning Cleanser is 60c at all drug counters.

A. S. Hinds Co., *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company, Bloomfield, N. J.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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Oh, memories that bless and burn . . .

Sometimes, when lights are low, they come back to comfort and at the same time sadden her—those memories of long ago, when she was a slip of a girl in love with a dark-eyed Nashville boy. They were the happiest moments of her life— those days of courtship. Though she had never married, no one could take from her the knowledge that she had been loved passionately, devotedly; those frayed and yellowed letters of his still told her so. How happy and ambitious they had been for their future together. And then, like a stab, came their parting . . . the broken engagement . . . the sorrow and the shock of it. She could find no explanation for it then, and now, in the soft twilight of life when she can think calmly, it is still a mystery to her.

Are you sure about yourself?

How often some trivial gesture, habit or fault alters the course of human affairs. On every side you hear of engagements broken for trifling causes. Of marriages that ride into the divorce court on the strange complaint "incompatibility."

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: Stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

LISTERINE
ends halitosis

Being antiseptic, Listerine checks food fermentation. Being also a remarkable germicide,* it attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

***Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. (Fastest time science has accurately recorded.)**

Blowing Clear

(Continued from Page 5)

"Tide's turned," he observed. "Haul in. Might as well go now."

Hazen looked about him. The fog was as thick as ever, even thicker if that were possible.

"Go!" he repeated. "Go where?"

"Home. . . . Which had you rather do—have me give you a little gas and let you follow me in, or come aboard here with me and have my craft tow yours?"

Hazen's answer was prompt. "If it is all the same to you, I'm strong for the second proposition."

Heath drew the Ruth alongside and Hazen scrambled into the other boat.

John—or Huyler—or Hi—Heath volunteered no remarks. Hazen regarded him with growing interest. He was broad-shouldered and thickset, his hair—as much of it as could be seen below the sou'wester—brown and shot with gray. His face, except for a short mustache, was clean-shaven and tanned to a deep red. His blue eyes were keen and had the sailor's pucker at their corners. Hazen guessed his age to be in the late thirties. His replies to his passenger's questions were crisply curt, although their tone was pleasant enough.

"What is your boat's name?" Hazen asked.

"Sarepta."

"Sarepta. . . . That's an odd name. A woman's, isn't it?"

"Um-hm."

"Did you name her for a relative of yours?"

"No—woman that kept house for me a spell, afore Lorenzo took the job."

"You must have liked her, if you named your boat after her."

"I didn't."

"What? Didn't like her? Well, then, I don't see ——"

"Oh, when you got used to Sarepta's ways—the woman's I mean—you could get along with her, after a fashion. That's how I get along with this tub. . . . Sit a little nearer this way, will you, Mr. Hazen. There's shoaler water along here."

SAMUEL HAZEN was not a particularly nervous man, but he was nervous now. To find the channel at all, seemed to him, under the circumstances, a miracle; to keep in its half mile of windings, impossible. Yet John Huyler Heath continued to smoke, and steer with one hand. Jack, the dog, had curled up in the bow and was sleeping peacefully. It was a marvel of blind navigation, and Hazen, in spite of his nervousness, could not help but admire.

A quarter of an hour later the Sarepta slid alongside a wooden pier. Heath seized the rail of the steps and held the boat motionless.

"Here you are, Mr. Hazen," he said.

"Hello!" hailed Capt. Ben Hopkins. "Here you be, eh? Glad to see you, Mr. Hazen. Your folks was gettin' a little mite scared about you. I told 'em there wan't nawthin' to worry over. Oh, hello, Hi! That you?"

Heath grunted. "Um-hm," he said. "Say, Ben, you keep gasoline here, don't you?"

"Why, sure we do. Want some, do you?"

"No. Just wondered if you kept it, that's all."

"Course we keep it."

"Um-hm. Well, next time one of your boarders goes out with fog comin' up don't keep it all; let him have a little mite. . . . So long."

The Sarepta was moving away from the wharf. Hazen, on his way up the steps, turned and shouted.

"Wait! Wait, Mr. Heath! Don't go yet. I haven't paid you for bringing me in. Wait!"

"Nothin' to pay."

"But—there must be. There's just got to be. You—why, I don't know what might have happened if you hadn't —— Wait, I tell you! I must do something. Can't I give you —— Oh, *wait!*"

The skipper of the Sarepta caught hold of a wharf pile and arrested her progress.

"Well," he drawled, "you might give me that cigar you offered me a spell ago—that is, if you can spare it. . . . Tut, tut! one's a-plenty. Much obliged."

"But, I say ——"

"All right. So long."

He gave a shove and the Sarepta moved off into the fog, her engine popping and banging. Hazen shouted once more.

"I'm not through with you yet," he called. "I'll be down to see you tomorrow morning. You understand?"

He meant it and he kept his word. But when, at nine o'clock next morning, his car stopped before the Seven-up shanty by the beach, a plump, red-faced person whom he guessed to be Mr. Lorenzo Weeks answered his knock and his question. No, sir, Hi was not in. He had gone off coddin' at six that morning and would not be back until late afternoon.

Hazen went back to the Inn to find a telegram urging him to return to his New York office at once; an urgent matter of business required his presence. So he took the afternoon train, promising himself that, the following summer, when, as he meant to do, he again vacationed in Nauticook, his first act of that vacation would be to renew acquaintanceship with John Huyler Heath.

The next summer, however, Mrs. Hazen, her daughter, her maid and her husband—to name them in order of importance as appraised by her—motored in Europe. The summer following that they were at Seal Harbor. The third found them at Bretton Woods.

And so on. Many years were to elapse before that acquaintanceship was renewed.

"Never"

said Alix when asked when she planned to take life's greatest step, and the wary bachelor relaxed his vigilance. Read what happened to him in

Marriage is a Compromise

By

Graeme and Sarah Lorimer

In the AUGUST JOURNAL

On Sale July 15

II.

THE Sarepta, having delivered the Ruth and her owner at the Inn pier, moved on up the harbor. The harbor was long, narrow and, for the most part, shallow, with an occasional spar-buoy marking the edges of the sand flats. John Huyler Heath threaded his way between those buoys, picking up one after the other as easily as if there had been no fog. He could have located them quite as readily in the middle of the night, could have found his way in that harbor if he were blind, for its every twist and curve were etched in his memory. For eight years, and, with very few and rare exceptions, every day of every one of those years, he had gone out to the Razor Bank, where the cod and haddock were wont to feed, had gone there in the morning and returned in the afternoon just as he was returning now. So far as his expectations went—he never bothered himself with the future to any great extent—he expected to follow that same routine until he was too old and feeble to handle a boat. Unless, of course, he should die before old age came upon him. Of the two alternatives, old age or death, the latter was preferable. His opinion of life was that it was pretty much of a mess. He summed it up in two words: "All nothin'."

When the group at the Sheet Anchor Club, a Nauticook institution of long standing, dating back to the days of square-riggers and deep-sea captains—when his fellow members of that club discussed politics and business and total abstinence and local scandal he listened, but he seldom took part in the argument. It was, the whole of it, all nothin'. When Lorenzo Weeks, who was susceptible to such things, attended a revival meeting and came home suffering agonies of repentance for past sins, and fear of punishment to come, he either walked out in the middle of the lamentations or, if his mood was more patient just then, offered the penitent a cigar.

OF COURSE Hi Heath's reputation was, among the pious and respectable, anything but good. He went fishing Sundays. He swore if he felt like it, smoked when he felt like it, and wore the sort of clothes which were the most comfortable.

John Heath was not unpopular in town, he was scrupulously honest, he paid his debts on the nail and his word was as good as his note, but the conservative element disapproved of him. He was blunt, irreverent and skeptical. He was "different" and difference invites suspicion.

John Huyler Heath was a native son of Nauticook, although by the majority he was counted as an outlander. He was born in the village and lived there while a lad, but his father, a Banks fisherman, was lost at sea and the boy and his mother moved away. The accepted story was that they moved to a Maine coast town, but few ever knew the name of that town and those few did not trouble to remember it. Nauticook lost track of Sarah Heath and her son, and it was not until a year early in the nineties that the son called himself to its attention.

Then he stepped off the train one day, carrying a shabby canvas-and-leather valise, made a few laconic inquiries at the post office and rented a tiny third-story back room from Mrs. Obed Keeler, whose husband was a lobsterman.

Then he went out, bought a tin of corned beef and half a pound of crackers at the grocery store and sat on a stone wall in Smalley's field, looking out over the harbor and eating his luncheon. Below him was Joshua Burgess' fish shanty, and old Joshua, who was what Nauticook calls a "codder," was just bringing his catboat up to the landing. The meal eaten, Heath tossed the empty can over the wall and walked down to the shanty. Josh was pitchforking his catch from the boat to beach. He looked up and saw the stranger approaching.

"Hello!" hailed Joshua, sociably.

"Hello!"

"Nice day, for this time of year."

"Um-hm."

This rather discouraging beginning shut off the Burgess conversational tap for the moment. He went into the shanty and came out with a cleaning knife and a board. Then, sitting on the edge of the small wharf, he proceeded to clean his fish. Heath watched him for a moment, then he, too, went into the shanty, emerging with another knife.

"What you cal'latin' to do with that knife?" demanded Burgess.

"Clean."

Which, without waiting for permission or remonstrance, he proceeded to do with skill and dispatch.

"Humph!" grunted Joshua. "You've cleaned fish afore, ain't you?"

"Yup."

It happened that Joshua's assistant, his hired man who usually went with him on his codding trips, had resigned his position and moved to Ostable. Burgess watched this volunteer aide for a while and then observed, "You're pretty smart at that job, I must say. You're a stranger here, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Thought I'd never seen you afore. Stoppin' in town a spell?"

"Hope so."

"Eh? What d'you mean—hope so?"

"Hope I can stop."

"Why can't you, if you want to?"

"Can't unless I get a job."

There was more of this, a great deal more, but when John Huyler Heath went back to his room at the Keelers' he had engaged to go out codding the following morning with Joshua Burgess.

"I'm just takin' you on trial, you understand that," cautioned Josh. "If you make good I'll pay you twelve dollars a week. If you don't make good—why, that'll be all there is to it."

"All right."

HE MADE good, and he worked for and with Josh Burgess until the latter died. During the latter part of this association he was virtually a partner in the fishing business and was earning sometimes as much as thirty-five dollars a week, the greater part of which he saved. When Burgess died he bought the boat and shanty, partly with cash and partly with his note, and went "boat fishing" alone. When the note came due it was paid. Later on he built, on the top of the low sand bluff at the rear of the shanty, a little four-room house, built it with his own hands. Nauticook watched that dwelling grow, watched it at first with amusement and then with grudging admiration. John Huyler Heath was no "jackleg" carpenter, he was, so his work demonstrated, a very capable one. He furnished it with second-hand furniture, selecting each item with care, apparently paying little attention to the condition the piece was in, for some were almost total wrecks rescued from attics and barn lofts. Nauticook chuckled when those purchases were made, but not when it saw what he made of them.

"Godfreys!" exclaimed one casual observer, as he watched the refinishing of a chair. "Say, that's goin' to be mighty pretty when you've done with it. You hadn't ought to waste your time coddin', Hi; you ought to do cabinetmakin'. Did you ever learn the trade?"

"Um-hm," absently.

"Oh!" with a marked increase of interest, "you did, eh? I didn't know that. Where did you learn it?"

Heath looked up and then down again.

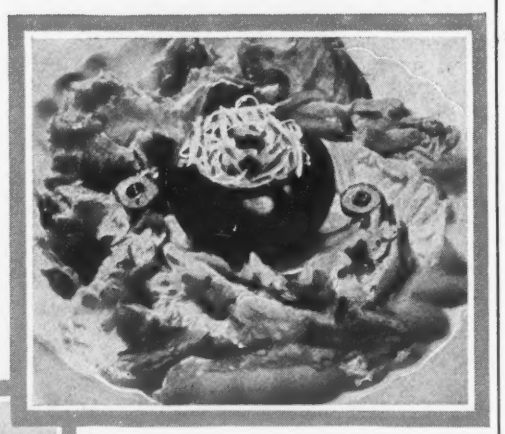
"Of a cabinetmaker," he said. Questions dealing with his past life, where he had been and what he had done during his years of absence from Nauticook, he never answered, nor did he drop so much as a hint concerning those years. Of course there were plenty of surmises, one of which was that he had been in state's prison and had learned cabinetmaking there.

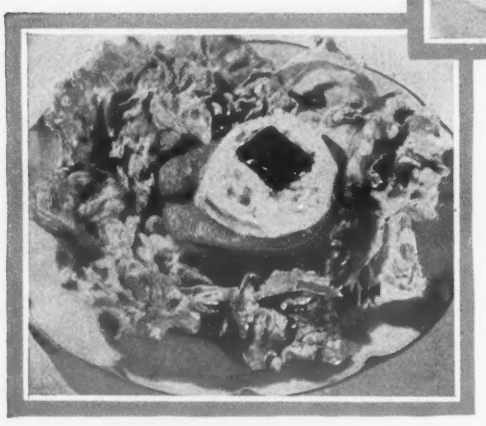
When the little house was finished and furnished he transferred his belongings from the garret room at Mrs. Keeler's. Then he hired Sarepta Blake, a widow, as cook, housekeeper and laundress. This arrangement ended in a month. Sarepta declared she couldn't stand it no longer and had resigned. When this statement was

A *Sprightly* *French Dressing*

(AT RIGHT) *A new note in stuffed tomato salad! Use shredded cabbage and chopped olives for stuffing and marinate in French Dressing. Add additional chopped olives to the dressing just before serving. Delightfully refreshing for a hot summer day!*

(BELOW) *Add Roquefort Cheese to your French Dressing, when you serve this pear and cream cheese salad. Crush the cheese with a fork and stir into dressing just before serving. Either fresh or canned pears may be used. Garnish with cube of jelly.*





. . .and some lively ways to *Vary it*

It's the brilliant flavor of the salad dressing that makes your salads appetizing. The spicy tang of a well-seasoned dressing tones up the simplest salad . . . gives it *sparkle!*

Mustard is your most important flavoring ingredient. Leave out mustard, and you have a dull affair! And Colman's gives you the *best mustard* flavor!

Colman's has an unusual, pungent spiciness unrivalled by any other mustard. It is milled from a flavorful little seed that grows only in Lincolnshire, England. No other mustard has its racy tang!

Whether you make your own dressings, or buy them ready-prepared, always add a dash of Colman's. It does such wonders for your salads.

Recipe for the best French Dressing you ever tasted

½ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon sugar; ½ teaspoon Colman's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne:

Place all of the ingredients in a bottle or cruet and shake vigorously; chill. Shake again just before serving. A little onion juice, garlic or Worcestershire sauce may be added if desired.

One of the most tempting summertime fruit salads is made from balls of honeydew melon and cantaloup, and cubes of fresh peach. Finely diced candied ginger added to your French Dressing gives an intriguing flavor.

By appointment to His Majesty The King

L-7-30

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Please send me this month's set of free recipe cards.

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repeated to her late employer—as, of course, it immediately was—he smiled.

"Sarepta's contented now, isn't she?" he asked.

"Says she is."

"That's good; so am I."

He hired Lorenzo Weeks, who had formerly cooked aboard a coaster, in her place. Lorenzo was forty-two and single.

So "Hi," "Lo" and later Jack—the dog—lived together in the little house and that house became known as "Seven-up." Nauticook by this time was taking Hi Heath for granted, as a queer but unimportant part of itself. It ceased to wonder where he had come from or why. Miss Clara Simms, the village librarian, who, being surrounded by literature every day, was of a romantic turn of mind, vowed she was sure the strange creature had a story if he would only tell it. "He gets books from the library here," said Miss Simms, "and—I know it sounds almost too ridiculous to believe—some are books of poetry. A boat fisherman reading poetry! Oh, there's a secret mystery gnawing at that man's heart."

This diagnosis of the Heath chest complaint was widely quoted and laughed over.

NEVERTHELESS, in this particular instance Miss Simms was right. There was a secret hidden in the soul of John Huyler Heath. He had deposited it there when he left Fox Harbor, the Maine coast town where he and his mother had gone after leaving Nauticook, where she had died some years later, and where he had confidently expected to live out his life. No one in Nauticook knew it except he, no one should ever know it—from him, at least.

When a young man of twenty-two, he had fallen in love with Ella Barbour whose father was the Congregational minister in Fox Harbor. Ella was pretty, vivacious, fond of a good time and a social favorite. She liked the boys and the boys, a good many of them, liked her. John Heath, working hard at his trade of cabinetmaking in the furniture store, was one who liked her very much indeed. The townspeople estimated him as an earnest ambitious youth, steady enough and honest, but quiet and rather peculiar; by no means the sort of fellow likely to stand high in the favor of a pretty bit of fluff like Ella Barbour.

Therefore when the young couple, without saying a word about their plans to anyone, took the train to Boston and were married there before a justice of the peace, Fox Harbor was greatly surprised.

FOR a time the young couple lived at the parsonage. Then the Reverend Samuel died suddenly of a heart attack. Ella was hysterical and frantic with grief for a week after the funeral. Then she went to New York to visit a married friend, a girl whom she had known when at boarding school in Bridgewater. She left, announcing that she would be back in ten days. It was more than a month before she did return.

Meanwhile John Heath had been busy. He rented a small house on Seaview Street, superintended the moving of his own and his late father-in-law's household goods to that house, worked as hard as ever in the furniture store—there was a rumor that he might be taken into partnership at the end of the year—and spent his lonely evenings painting, paperhanging, carpet laying and scrubbing. When, at last, his wife came home the new house was ready for her.

For two more years the Heaths lived in that house. To all outward appearances they were happy.

In June of that year Ralph Condon came to Fox Harbor, Mr. Condon was thirty-two, dashing, handsome and with money to spend. He was—or had been—the traveling representative of an Attleboro, Massachusetts, jewelry house, but having been hurt in a railway accident the previous fall and in the hospital in consequence, was now, as he expressed it, getting his strength back. His sojourn in Fox Harbor was planned to be but a fortnight. But in August, he was still there.

The Heaths first met him at the Odd Fellows' Ball on the eve of the Fourth of July. He and Mrs. Heath danced together several times. The following evening they met again during the exhibition of fireworks in Town Hall Square. On Sunday he dined with them. John invited him, at Ella's suggestion. Thereafter he dined and called there frequently.

By the end of that month people were beginning to talk. By mid-August the talks were emphasized by head shakings. There were whispered ominous prophecies. What was the matter with John Heath? This thing was getting to be an open scandal. If it kept on. . . .

On a day in the third week of the month Heath's employer sent him to Boston on business. He wrote his wife every day of his absence, he always did that. She did not write him, but he did not expect her to do so. He returned on a Saturday evening, after being gone six days, and found his home dark and its doors locked. He climbed in through a window and, having lighted a lamp, saw a note addressed to him lying on the dining-room table.

Then he read the note.

She had gone away. She was sick to death of living in a dead-and-alive place like Fox Harbor, sick of washing dishes, sick of being poor, sick of it all. She had a chance to see a little of the world and she was going to see it. Their marriage was a mistake, she knew when she married him that they were not suited for each other, but he had coaxed her into it, and she had been sorry ever since.

ALL that night and the following day and night John Heath spent alone in that house. On Monday morning George Collins, one of Fox Harbor's younger members of the legal profession, was surprised, when he came down to his office at nine o'clock, to find a man standing by the door. He was still more surprised when he recognized that man.

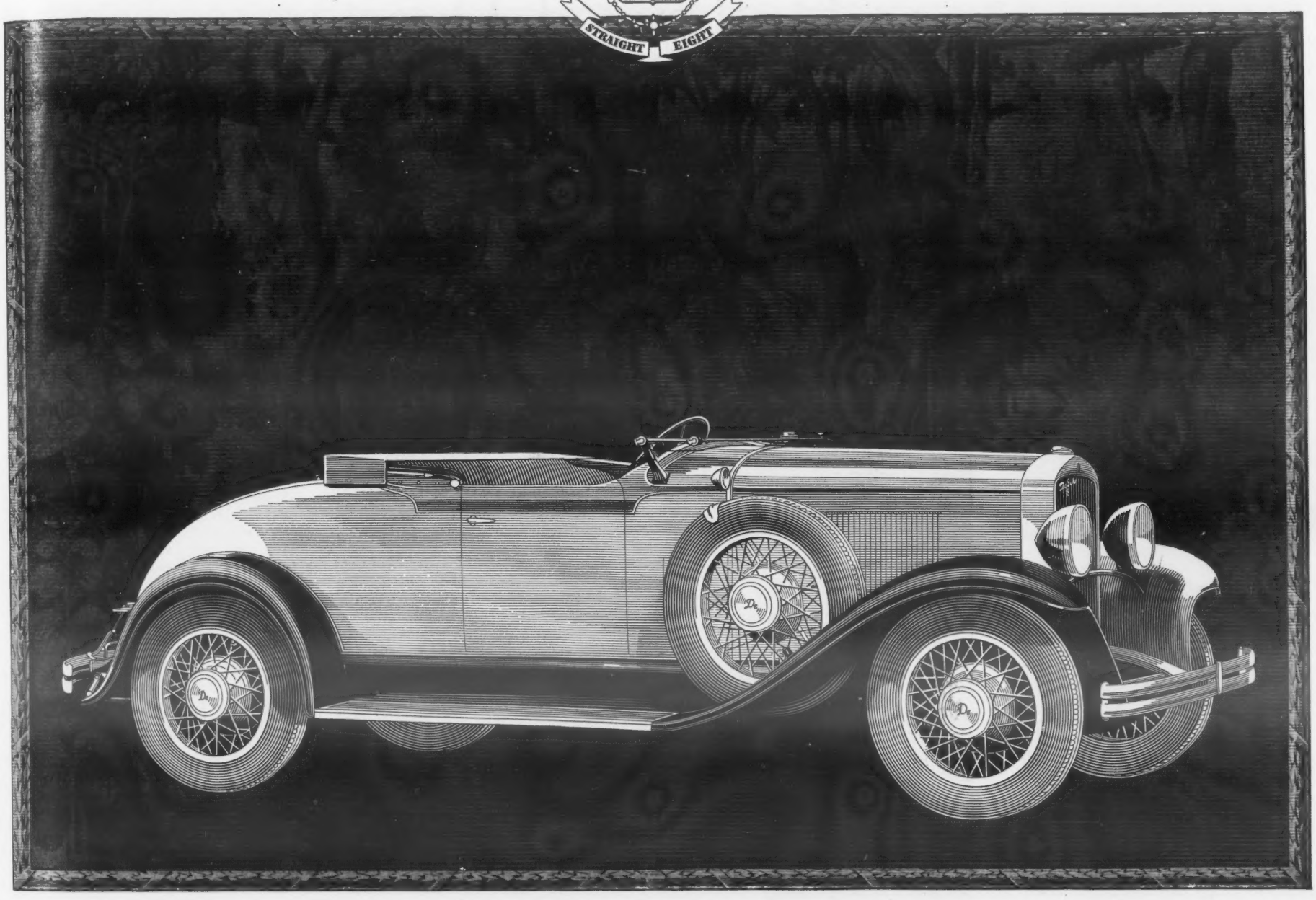
For more than an hour the pair were together in that office. Collins listened, exclaimed, swore and expostulated. He would have advised, but his counsel was peremptorily brushed aside. John Heath's mind was made up. He absolutely rejected any suggestion that the runaway couple be traced or followed. He did not wish to know where they had gone. He was going himself and at once and he seemed to have no more knowledge of, or interest in, his own destination than in theirs. The one point upon which he was firmly insistent was that all his property, real and personal—not that inherited from the Reverend Samuel, but his own—be sold immediately for what it would bring and that half of the proceeds, after all debts were paid, was to be set aside and kept in case his wife should claim it. His own half he would send for sometime.

He took the eleven o'clock train. Collins never saw him again.

AS FOR John, he was trying to forget, adopting most of the stereotyped recipes for forgetfulness. From Fox Harbor he went to Portland. There he did nothing at first, except wander about the streets. Then he applied for, and obtained, a job in a desk factory. He worked in that factory until the next Saturday night. Then, with his week's wages in his pocket, he started on another tour of the streets, stopping at various saloons along the route. He did not go back to the factory on Monday.

From Portland he went to Boston. In Boston, on one of the wharves, he met an old friend of his father's, skipper of a Gloucester-owned mackerel schooner. This man, whose name was Cobb, spent the evening with him along the water front and, a little after midnight, assisted his young acquaintance aboard the schooner and gave

(Continued on Page 69)



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"Smooth Skin a Girl's most Appealing Charm," *say* 45 Hollywood Directors

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LOIS MORAN, *charming Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin marvelously smooth."*

FAY WRAY, *delightful Paramount star, says: "It helps give the skin a wonderful smoothness."*

Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

BILLIE DOVE, First National's appealingly lovely star, says: *"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether or not she is a motion picture star. I use Lux Toilet Soap and find it delightfully pure and refreshing."*

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MADGE BELLAMY, *ever so popular a star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin smooth as a rose-petal."*

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CHARMING SKIN—smooth and clear and soft! The girl who has it attracts people wherever she goes. There's a subtle appeal in it that always sets hearts to beating a little faster.

"People *love* the beauty of smooth skin," says George Fitzmaurice, First National's famous motion picture director. Like 44 other leading directors he has found this out from long experience with gauging just what it is about a girl which will most surely touch the hearts of millions of people.

. . .

"To a screen star," he goes on to say, "a flawlessly smooth skin is a supreme necessity. Her public adores it—her director demands it. No art of the make-up man can simulate skin-beauty under the merciless test of the close-up. Every star I know has rarely lovely skin."

But lovely skin never remains "rarely lovely" unless it has the most intelligent care. And the charming Hollywood screen stars long ago found out that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin exquisite.

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use this delicate soap—and every one of the great motion picture studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

The Broadway stars, too, have long been enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap—so daintily fragrant and white. And now, in the capitals of Europe, the beautiful screen stars have eagerly adopted this soap which keeps the skin of their sister-stars in America so flawlessly smooth.

NEVER WERE the lovely actresses more appreciative of Lux Toilet Soap than since talking and singing pictures have become so popular. There are more close-ups than ever in the talkies—and every close-up demands a practically perfect skin if a star is to hold the public heart.

If you aren't one of the millions of women who are using Lux Toilet Soap, you'll be delighted to find how smooth and soft it keeps your skin.

It is made just as are the finest toilet soaps of France—and its caressing lather is luxuriously generous, no matter how hard the water.

Use this dainty soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo, as the stars of stage and screen do. Order several cakes—today.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢

(Continued from Page 66)

him a berth there. Next day he suggested that Heath go with him on the fishing cruise. John accepted; it was somewhere to go and something to do. He remained aboard that schooner, as one of its crew, for more than a year.

When he tired of mackereling he joined another Gloucester schooner making regular trips to the Banks for cod. This life was rougher than the other, but there was adventure in it and he liked it better. There were two years of this.

In the fall of the fourth year he happened to pick up, in a reading room of the Gloucester Seamen's Friend Society, a weekly periodical which printed society news of various summer resorts. He was not particularly interested, except in the pictures, reproductions of photographs. One of these showed the long stretch of Nauticook harbor with the village of Nauticook in the foreground.

HE REMEMBERED Nauticook well. He had spent his boyhood there, and there, as he remembered it, he had been happy. He was anything but happy now. He had not taken a drink since coming ashore, had declined all invitations to do so. There was no particular reason for those refusals; his abstinence was merely a whim. One of his mates had taunted him with not being able to keep off the stuff and he, conscious of the truth behind the taunt, had determined to test his will power.

The picture of Nauticook gave him an odd thrill. He was almost homesick. Moreover, the past forty-eight hours of clear-headedness had set him thinking. He was weary of the life he was leading, bored with the company of his tough associates, eager to welcome any sort of change. Nauticook and its memories appealed to him. He wanted to see the place again.

Well, why not? The following morning he alighted at the Nauticook station.

Now, eight years later, he was still there. The happiness he had come to seek he had not found, of course, but life was as endurable in that neighborhood as anywhere else, perhaps more so—for him. Life everywhere was "all nothin'."

So this was John Huyler Heath's secret mystery. Miss Clara Simms was, you see, not such a bad diagnostician.

III.

MR. LORENZO WEEKS was sitting in the kitchen of Seven-up, a pan of potatoes between his knees, a paring knife in his right hand, a pipe in his mouth, and a small book—or booklet—propped open on the table before him. He was a short, fat man, with a round face, a fleshy nose and small blue eyes with sandy lashes. His round head was covered with curly, grayish-red hair, except at the crown where there was a shiny bald spot about the size of a small saucer. From the tangle of curls surrounding it that bald spot bulged, nude and conspicuous, like a sand dune rising from a thicket of scrub pine. It was as symmetrical as a tonsure and, for that matter, Mr. Weeks' head and figure resembled those of the convivial monk in a painting. He could have posed for the portrait of Friar Tuck.

Not that he had ever heard of Friar Tuck or, if he had, would have in the least approved of that jovial cleric. The resemblance between the two was outward merely. Friar Tuck was, according to the Robin Hood tales, a person of free and easy conscience whose enjoyment of the fleshpots was unhampered by the conviction that he was a sinner.

Lorenzo Weeks knew only too well that he was a sinner. Each revival meeting he attended—and he made it a point to attend every one held in Nauticook, whether at the Baptist or Methodist churches or the Come-Outer Bethel—made that knowledge more certain. He came home suffering agonies of contrition.

"I declare to man, Hi," he wailed, in a candid moment, "I'm gettin' desperate. I don't believe there ever was a human so lost in sin as I be. Why, I never began to realize how many kinds of sin there was till lately. Never began to realize it, I never. Seems as if about everything I ever done from the time I was born up to now was wicked. Every new preacher that comes to this town is all loaded with a fresh list of sins and every last one fits onto me as if 'twas cut to measure. They keep hollerin', 'Repent, repent!' Well, I do repent, don't I?"

"Sounds so."

"Yes, but it don't seem to get me nowhere. The more sins I repent of the more there is ahead of me. The feller they had there tonight was hollerin' about the sin of gluttony. Said that a body who enjoyed his vittles was set on a vain thing. Nice news, that is, to have sprung on you—and right after supper too. Oh, you needn't laugh! Suppose you'd just found out that all your life long you'd been set on a vain thing and never knew it. How would you feel?"

"Like standin' up, probably. There, there, Lo, don't worry! Lay off eatin' for a spell, if you think it'll ease your conscience."

"But, consarn it, I like to eat. I never knew that there was anything sinful in eatin'. And from now on every square meal I stow away will taste wicked to me. Just my luck! I wisht I hadn't gone to that meetin'."

He continued to eat as heartily, however, and to repent between meals, apparently finding pleasure in both exercises.

FROM the beach below the cottage came the sound of shrill barking. Mr. Weeks was too engrossed in his reading to hear or heed it. The barks drew nearer. There was a scratching at the door. Lorenzo looked up.

"Eh?" he ejaculated. Then, placing the pan on the table, he went to the door and opened it. The fuzzy dog jumped about his knees.

"Shut up, Jack!" he ordered. Then leaning out in the fog he shouted, "That you, Hi?"

There was no answer, so Lorenzo took a floppy cap from the nail by the door, pulled it sideways on his head, with the brim over one ear, and hastened down the slope to the fish shanty and the little pier. The Sarepta was drawn up beside the pier and John Heath, pitchfork in hand, was tossing his catch from the boat to the planking. Weeks panted alongside.

"That you, Hi?" he repeated. "Say, why don't you say somethin'? 'Tis you, ain't it?"

Heath said something then.

"No," he replied, calmly.

"Eh? . . . Why, 'tis too! I can see you."

"Can you? Then I guess it must be."

AN HOUR or so later, when Heath came out into the combined kitchen, living and dining room, supper was ready. The pair took chairs opposite each other at the table.

"Goin' up to the club tonight, are you?" asked Lorenzo.

"No."

"You *have* got one of your off streaks, and that's a fact," Lo declared. "I could tell it the minute I see you down there to the wharf. Aw, come on, Hi! Why don't you walk along up street with me far's the club?"

"Where are you goin'?"

Lorenzo seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Oh, I didn't know but I'd drop in at the Bethel about eight or so," he said. "Seems they're havin' a sort of—er—what you might call a special meetin' there tonight. That new minister they've got there now wants to get acquainted with his congregation."

"Thought you was a Methodist."

"Well, I am. I've been a Methodist now for most two year. I was a Baptist afore that."

"Then what are you doin' at Come-Outer meetin'?"

Hands always Lovely

on less than 5 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

Fashion Editress of **Femina**, Smart French Magazine says:

"NO WOMAN knows better than the smart Parisienne what a lovely asset her hands can be! With her unerring instinct for all the little artifices that accentuate her charm, she was quick to appreciate the flattering brilliance of the new liquid polish.

"I find four decided advantages in this delightful liquid polish. First, it is so easy to apply that it saves much precious time. Second, just one application keeps the finger tips sparkling for days and days. Third, it does not peel or discolor. Fourth, it will not make the nails brittle.

"Delicately perfumed—the colors range from colorless through the pinks and reds to garnet—clear and sparkling as red wine!

"The nails can be kept beautifully groomed with less than five minutes' care each day. Scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then, with an orange stick, wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover, soften and shape the cuticle. A good cuticle remover is also a fine cleanser for the under-nail tip."

A generous size bottle of the new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in six smart shades, including the 3 new reds—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢. Perfumed Polish Remover, 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together, 50¢ (Natural, Colorless or Rose). Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢. The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. On sale at toilet-goods counters everywhere.

NORTHAM WARREN
NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser —to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*** Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around the base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. Then use fresh cotton —freshly saturated—to cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. ***Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.*** Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. Then use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip. You will find the delightful Cutex preparations at toilet-goods counters everywhere!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. OJ-7
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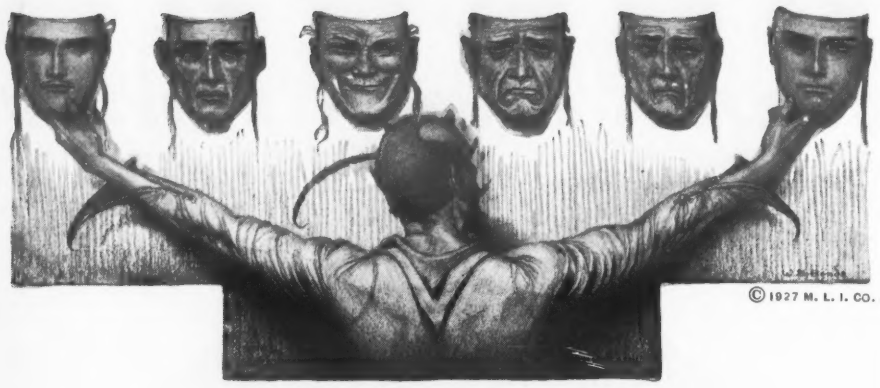
So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ *perfumed of course*



The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their actual condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor*. If the early stages are neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730-J.

NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

"I thought maybe I'd just stop in a minute, bein' as they asked me to," said Mr. Weeks.

"Who asked you?"

"Oh, just some of 'em that belong."

"Which ones?"

"I'd just as soon tell you. No reason why I shouldn't. 'Twas Huldy Bascom, seems to me 'twas. Yes, 'twas Huldy asked me; I remember now."

"O-oh!"

There was a significance in this monosyllable which Mr. Weeks seemed to find irritating. His round face flamed.

"What do you mean by talkin' that way?" he demanded shrilly. "There ain't no harm in Huldy Bascom's askin' me to church sociable, is there?"

"Maybe not."

"Maybe! . . . I—I declare if you ain't enough to —— *Now* what are you sayin' to yourself?"

"I wasn't sayin' anything. I was just thinkin'."

"You ain't got no business to think. Think it out loud. What was it? You tell me."

"I was thinkin' you ought to be careful, Lo."

"Careful! Careful of what?"

"Women. They're on your sin list, ain't they? They ought to be."

THE outside door closed with a vindictive slam. Heath took from his pocket one of the cigars Mr. Samuel Hazen had tossed him from the Inn pier that afternoon, lighted it, and resumed his reading.

He read for half an hour. Then he threw down the paper, rose, and began pacing up and down the room, his hands in his pockets.

Lorenzo Weeks was correct when he declared that his employer was having one of his "off streaks" and was down in the doldrums. He was—away down. Ordinarily at this hour he would have been lounging in the room of the Sheet Anchor Club, playing whist or euchre or listening to the salty yarns of his fellow members. He never spun yarns, himself—he talked as little at the club as elsewhere—but he enjoyed listening. When asked a question he answered it by a yes or no, if possible. When appealed to for an opinion he gave it in a few brief words, or shut off further appeal with a curt "Don't know." Cap'n Bailey Briggs' pet name for him was "The Sea Clam," and the sea clam is a large, tough bivalve found in the flats near the edge of deep water.

The Sea Clam had no desire to be subjected to the prying process this evening. He did not care for cards or company. He was restless and discontented and blue. It was his birthday—no one knew it save he and no one else should know it—but he knew it. He was thirty-eight years old and so far his life had been just what he so often called life in general, "all nothin'." Bar accident there were many more years ahead of him, and they, too, would be "all nothin'."

HIS chance encounter with Samuel Hazen was partially responsible for his discontent and low spirits. Hazen, during their hours in the fog, had casually spoken of his family, of his wife and daughter, his business, his interest in the world's affairs. Ordinarily John Huyler Heath would have paid little heed to these references, but today—with the consciousness of his thirty-eight drab, useless years heavy upon him—he had heeded and was envious.

What had he—Hi Heath? Nothing. What would he ever have? The same nothing. He was not in the least envious of Hazen's wealth. It was those other possessions—affection, love, interests that were worth while. Who cared a continental about him? Nobody. Who would ever care? The same nobody.

He had been in Nauticook a long time. He was growing sick of it. Yet he knew perfectly well that he would soon grow just as sick of any other place.

His bedroom was a ten-by-eight apartment, with just room enough for a bed, a dresser and a chair. He undressed, blew out the lamp and lay down. Before he slept he had practically made up his mind to go away from Nauticook, for a time at least—possibly for good and all. Why not? Who cared a hang? Might as well go as stay.

He woke from a dream-troubled sleep and tossed and tumbled for a time. Then he lit a match and looked at his watch. It was quarter-past one. After another fruitless attempt at slumber he decided to get up, go into the living room and read.

HEATH lighted the lamp on the dining table. Propped against the base of that lamp was the evening mail which Lorenzo had brought from the post office. There was very little of it—the night mail seldom amounted to much. A circular from an installment house, the weekly Item in its wrapper, and one bulky letter. Heath picked up the letter and glanced at the envelope.

It had traveled, that letter; its date was nearly a fortnight old.

The handwriting of the address was unfamiliar. On the back of the envelope was printed: "If not delivered in ten days return to Rev. H. H. Coxley, Coleville, Ohio." John Heath knew no one in Coleville, Ohio; had never before heard of the place. He remembered no one by the name of Coxley. He sat down in the rocker and tore open the envelope.

The letter was a very long one. He began to read.

Dear Mr. Heath: You and I are strangers of course. You have never heard of me, nor I of you until very recently, less than a week ago, to be exact. My reason for writing you is an urgent one. The ways of the Lord are indeed beyond human understanding, but that they are true and righteous altogether we know. The task has been laid upon me to convey to you a message and I hope and pray that His guiding hand may lead you in the right path and His wisdom make clear to you your duty, whatever that duty may be.

Before disclosing the message which I am appointed to convey to you I feel, my dear sir, that I should warn you to prepare yourself for a great surprise—a shock. I trust, and devoutly pray, that your spirit may be made strong to hear it. It is an amazing thing which I must write you. I will write it now, without further preliminaries. I have been in charge of the First Presbyterian Church here in Coleville for nearly fifteen years. About two years ago a Mrs. Condon began attending our Sunday services ——

THE hand holding the sheet of note-paper dropped heavily upon the table. The paper fell from its fingers. Heath leaned back in the rocker. After a long interval the paper was again lifted.

She was a newcomer to the town, a widow with one son, a young boy. She, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by the boy, Raymond, came quite regularly to our gatherings. Occasionally I, on my weekly round of pastoral calls, dropped in the small cottage where the pair lived. During our acquaintance she told me very little of her history. Mr. Condon, her husband, she said, had died suddenly, some years before in the West somewhere, but, from other hints she dropped, I inferred that her life with him had not, for some time before his death, been happy. I think I never heard her express regret at his loss; in fact, she almost never mentioned him. She was not a strong woman, nor had she, I inferred, means beyond a bare living. For a time she worked in a dressmaker's shop here in Coleville.

Last week she died, of pneumonia ——

Again John Heath leaned back in the rocker before continuing his reading.

The day before her passing she sent for me. She was weak, but conscious and rational and seemed perfectly aware that she could not recover. The woman whom we, of the church society, had engaged to stay with her during her illness, she sent from the room, and then—after I had promised her that I would reveal nothing of what she was about

(Continued on Page 72)

inconspicuous

MODESS COMPACT

ITS THINNESS PERMITS SNUGLY FITTED FROCKS

THE material of afternoon and evening frocks is so sheer and revealing of the slightest unsmoothness of line, that the concealing thinness of Modess Compact is timely and welcome to those to whom the niceties are important.

This indiscernible thinness is attained without loss of efficiency or comfort. Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material, the same gracious softness and pliancy which have so commended Modess to women. Yet it is thinner by half.

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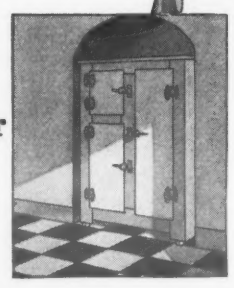
Police the danger spots *in your home*

Refrigerators—coolers—drainpipes—garbage cans—toilet bowls—sick-room equipment—all these are *danger spots* in every home that need constant policing to keep them free from dirt, germs and odors.... And Clorox, because it has positive germ-killing power, destroys germs and odors. In every drop there are billions of active units of oxygen eager to cleanse, deodorize and disinfect.



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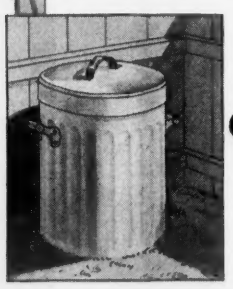
Washed regularly with a Clorox solution, your refrigerator or ice box will be well guarded. The walls and shelves will be made clean, sanitary and odorless. The drainpipe too, of an ice refrigerator, will be made equally sanitary.



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Clorox, when added to strong suds, makes light work of cleansing garbage cans and at the same time destroys odors and aids in preventing the breeding of flies. Clorox works wonders all over the house! Use it in laundry, kitchen and bathroom to bleach, remove stains, destroy odors and kill germs. Order a trial bottle from your grocer today!

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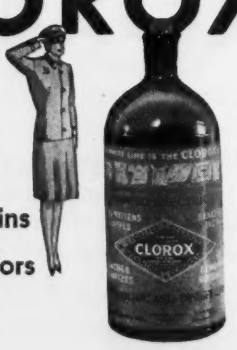

bleaches
removes stains
destroys odors
kills germs

(Continued from Page 70)

to tell to anyone in Coleville; she insisted upon that—she told me a little of her life story. She spoke of her parentage, of her marriage to you and of her desertion of you, her lawful husband, for the man Condon. She had, I fear, suffered greatly. Verily, the wages of sin is death. Oh, my friend, if we weak mortals ——

The minister's sermonizing filled another long paragraph. Heath skipped it hurriedly. His trembling fingers impatiently turned the page. He began again at the following:

But she told me more. Something she had never told anyone, not even her partner in the great sin—Condon. In her desk was a slip of paper with your name and the name and address of the lawyer, Mr. Collins. She begged me—made me promise—to write you, in his care, and give you this message. She bade me tell you that her boy, the lad Raymond, was born in April of the year after she left you. And, so she said and said again and again, he is *not* Condon's son, but *yours*. You, my dear Mr. Heath, are his father.

THERE were three sheets of the letter—six pages—still unread. He set himself to read them. Amid the moralizing, the spiritual quotations, and appeals to his duty as a forgiving Christian, certain sentences remained in his memory when the first reading was finished. Ella Condon—as she was known in Coleville—was buried in the Coleville cemetery. She had money put aside which had defrayed the expenses. . . . The boy, Raymond Condon, was, at the time the letter was written, still in the cottage he and his mother had occupied. The woman—nurse or whatever she was—would remain there with him for a time, a month perhaps. The Reverend Mr. Coxley expected, devoutly hoped, to hear from him, John Heath, before that month was over. Ella Heath, on her deathbed—Mr. Coxley varied the term by referring to it as her "bed of repentance" and "couch of sorrow"—had pleaded with the minister to urge Heath—"the poor child's father"—to take charge of their boy. Raymond was alone in the world. For God's sake, for her sake, for the sake of those days when they had been so happy together, please, please don't let him starve or grow up in an institution. She knew he would not; being the John Heath she had known, he could not. She had been a bad woman, but he was a good man. Please, oh, please.

Mr. Coxley added his pleas and pleases to hers. He should pray each day and night for a reply to this letter, a favorable reply. Meanwhile, my dear, dear friend, he remained, and so forth.

When Lorenzo Weeks, awakened by the alarm clock, emerged from his room at five-thirty that morning, the lamp on the table was extinguished and John Heath was nowhere to be seen. A yell from the door was answered, however. He was down at the fish shanty and would be up when breakfast was ready.

HE KEPT his word, but his breakfast was limited to two cups of coffee. Lorenzo, very much worried by his haggard appearance and lack of appetite, would have questioned, and again suggested the doctor, but the Heath manner did not encourage either question or suggestion. He declared himself all right and gruffly bade his cook stop talking. He departed, in the Sarepta, for the fishing grounds immediately after breakfast and—which was as astonishing as any portion of his extraordinary behavior—did not take the dog with him.

For hours he sat in the stern of the motorboat, miles from land, his fishing lines trailing unheeded over the side. The luncheon which Weeks had prepared remained untouched in the pail. When he returned at four o'clock in the afternoon he left Lorenzo to clean and ice the few cod in the box and, without waiting to wash or change his clothes, walked uptown to the telegraph office. There he wrote and left for transmission the following night letter:

REV. H. H. COXLEY,
COLEVILLE, OHIO.

Can you meet me, with other party, next Tuesday at two o'clock at Grant House, Boston? I will pay fares and expenses. Do not mention my name to other party. Am not promising anything about matter in your letter, so do not count on it. Wire answer to me here at Nauticook, Mass.

J. H. HEATH.

IV.

THE Grant House was, at that time—it has been torn down since—an old-fashioned hotel on a cross street near Scollay Square, in Boston. In its day it had been prosperous and popular, a favorite stopping place for New England sea captains and their wives and families. Some of Nauticook's old-timers still patronized it. John Heath, forced to appoint a meeting place in his telegram to the Ohio clergyman, had chosen the Grant House offhand because its name was the first he remembered.

On the following Tuesday, at five minutes to two, John Heath entered its rather seedy portals and walked to the desk. The clerk, also somewhat seedy, pushed the register toward him and assigned him a room.

"Um-hm. . . . Got anybody name of Coxley stayin' here?"

The clerk consulted the index. He ran a finger down the list. "Ah, here we are. Rev. H. H. Coxley, Coleville, Ohio."

"That's right."

"His room is 308. Third floor. A young man by the name of—er—Condon is with him."

"Young man? You mean a boy, don't you?"

"Why, possibly. I ——"

A bell boy, the style and condition of his uniform corresponding to that of the plush upholstery in the Grant House lobby, conducted Heath to the room on the fifth floor. He pocketed the quarter handed him and turned to go.

"Heave to, son," ordered Heath.

"Eh? . . . What did you say, sir?"

"Wait."

Sitting at the shaky little desk by the window, John Heath hastily scribbled a note on the hotel stationery and inclosed it in an envelope.

"Know where room 308 is?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"If there's a man name of Coxley in that room give him this. Don't give it to anybody else. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Will there be any answer?"

"No."

THE boy departed. Heath threw his hat on the bed and sat down in a chair by the window, looking down into the narrow street below. His mind was busy with a problem, a problem to which he had as yet found no answer.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said John Heath. "How d'ye do, Mr. Coxley? Mind shuttin' the door? Much obliged."

"My dear Mr. Heath," said the caller, offering his hand. "I am very glad to meet you. Very, very glad indeed."

"Thanks. Have a chair."

Mr. Coxley sat. He had had no opportunity to form a mental picture of John Heath and the reality seemed to surprise him a little.

"You are an older man than I expected to find, Mr. Heath," he said.

"Thirty-eight last week."

"Oh! . . . Is that all? I ——"

"Look older, eh? I shouldn't wonder. Well, before we say anything else, Mr. Coxley, I guess likely I ought to thank you for all the trouble I—and the rest—have put you to."

"Not at all. I did only my duty as a Christian."

"Well, you're away ahead of a good many Christians, at that. You brought the—er—other party along, I understand."

"Yes, Mr. Heath. Raymond is waiting in my room now. I should have brought him up here with me but for your note."

"Yes, I wrote I didn't want you to. I don't."

"But, my dear sir, I trust that you ——"

"Don't trust nothin'—yet a while. I'm as far from makin' up my mind as I was in the beginnin'."

"But you sent for us."

"I know. Maybe if I waited another day I shouldn't have sent. Or I might have. I told you in the telegram that I wasn't promisin' anything. I ain't now. Anyhow I'll pay all the bills, that much you can bank on."

He turned back to the window. Mr. Coxley fidgeted nervously in his chair.

"Perhaps," he ventured, after a moment, "you may like to have me tell you more about your—er—about Mrs. Condon. I ——"

"No," sharply.

"Oh, I see. . . . Well ——"

"Tell me somethin' about the—the boy. What sort of boy is he?"

"HE IS, I think, a very good sort of boy. Good-looking, well-mannered, bright, up in his studies. He is popular among his schoolmates, or so we gather."

"Of course you haven't told him anything about me—who I am?"

"Not a word. Naturally he supposes that—Mr.—the other man—was his father."

"Does he remember him?"

"Only as a child remembers."

"What excuse did you give him for bringin' him on here?"

"I—er—well, from something I said, Raymond inferred that I was obliged to take a trip to Boston on business."

"You didn't say whose business?"

"I—er—no, I did not. I asked him if he would like to go with me and he said he would."

"Queer youngster if he didn't. Well, Mr. Coxley, as I said in the beginnin', I'm very thankful to you. You are a good man, there's no doubt about that."

"I did only my ——"

"Yes, yes; I know. . . . And now, of course, you expect me to say what is goin' to be done next. . . . Well, I can't tell you."

"But, my dear Mr. Heath!"

"Hold on! Mr. Coxley, I won't ask you to put yourself in my place, for," bitterly, "I wouldn't ask that of a dog. All I want you to understand is that this thing has come onto me like a stroke of lightnin'. I didn't know, until I got your letter, that—that she was alive, or had been alive up to a few weeks ago. I didn't know there was a child, to say nothin' of its bein' my child. . . . Look here," sharply, "you're sure about that? This boy *is* mine?"

"Your wife said so. She said it over and over again. He was born eight months after she left you. She gave me the date of his birth, the spring of 1893. She repeated it, made me write it down. I am sure she was speaking the truth. She worshiped Raymond. If you could have seen and heard her, when she mentioned him, as I did, you ——"

"Yes, yes. . . . Well, where was he born?"

"I ASKED her that. She told me, but I cannot remember, except that it was a town in New York State. I am sorry—it was remiss of me, perhaps—but I did not make a note of it as I did the date, and she was so very weak I could not press her."

"The boy would know, wouldn't he?"

"Why, of course. That didn't occur to me. I will ask him."

"You needn't. If I ever want to know I'll ask him myself, maybe, sometime or other—that is, provided I—Hmph! Born in '93. That makes him eleven year old."

"Yes. He is rather small for his age, but he was eleven on his last birthday; he told me so, himself."

"Who? Oh, never mind!"

(Continued on Page 74)

Any food containing starch leaves a residue chemically like glue on your teeth. Coffee, other beverages, fruits, tobacco, many things stain the enamel. That is why there are two gentle polishers, added to cleansers, in DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste*

Why your teeth really need *this* DOUBLE POLISHING

IT DAILY RESTORES THE NATURAL BRIGHTNESS DIMMED OR STAINED BY FOOD AND DRINK

Not scouring, but two gentle polishing actions—added to cleansing—in a dentifrice unlike any other you've known

SMOKING is not the only thing that discolors teeth. Many foods do it. Some beverages stain.

Sticky deposits are left by every meal you eat.

That is why cleansing, alone, fails to restore or keep the natural smooth brightness of your teeth.

It is for this reason that DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste adds *two* gentle polishers to its pure vegetable cleansers. Safe double polishing is *combined* with cleansing.

This brightens teeth in a way that will surprise and delight you!

The two finest dental polishers known were perfected for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Each is far softer than enamel. But together they polish away the discolorings and deposits. A single polisher would have to be too harsh for perfect safety.

No other tooth paste is like this. And you will see the difference in results—in improved appearance.

All other good results that any dentifrice can safely give are also provided: protection for the gums, acid neutralization, and stimulating refreshment for the whole mouth.

Try it. All good stores have two sizes: big 25c tube, double-quantity 40c tube; greater actual volume of tooth paste than any other standard make at these prices! Guaranteed by the makers of DR. WEST'S Toothbrush—and already the most sensational success in dentifrice history.

Your teeth *need* this double polishing, which is safe but quick. Get some DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste today—and see what it does for your teeth!

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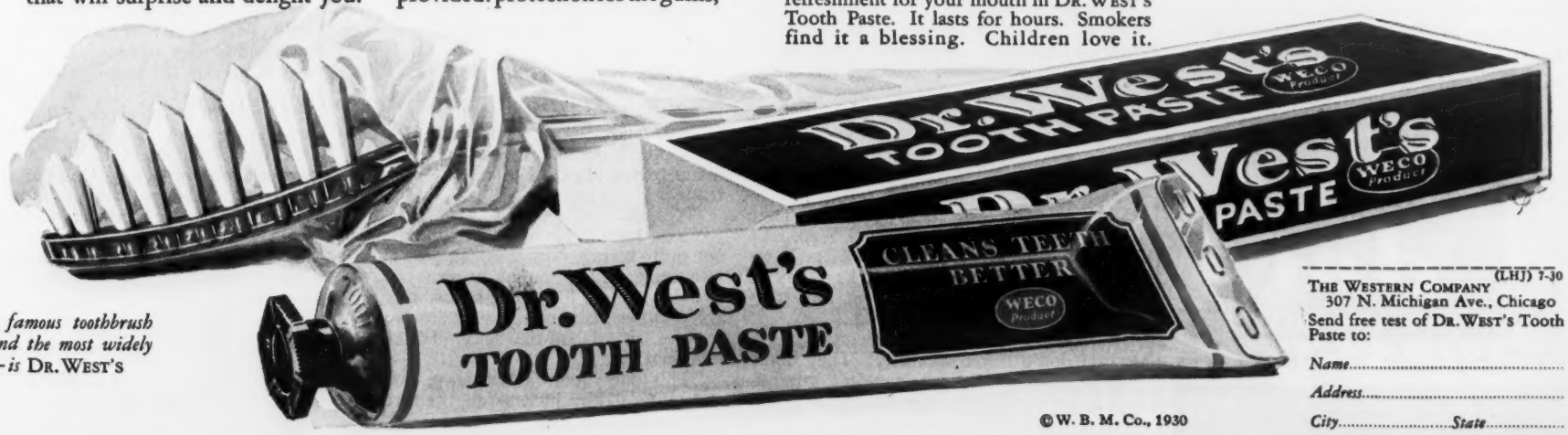
There is the coolest and most delightful refreshment for your mouth in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. It lasts for hours. Smokers find it a blessing. Children love it.



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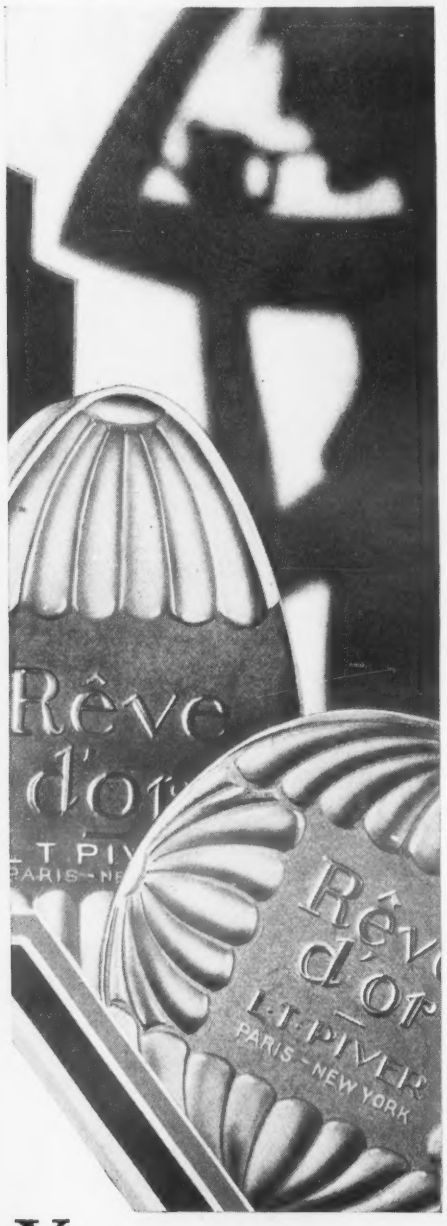

Your new femininity—of graceful silhouette—of sheerest lace and gleaming satin, *is irresistible.*

Now, enhance it yet more, with REVE D'OR—newest of French fragrances—created for the new Mode alone. Subtle, delicate, alluring,—it radiates the very essence of your new, feminine self.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created REVE D'OR for the new mode. It is here in America in REVE D'OR *Face Powder,* in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee* (*an "after sun-tan tint"*) at $1—REVE D'OR *Perfume,* $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—REVE D'OR *Toilet Water,* $2.50—*Talc,* $1—*Bath Powder,* $1. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

Rêve d'or
(Golden Dream)

PRODUCT OF PIVER···PARIS

(Continued from Page 72)

"But I'm glad to answer your questions, Mr. Heath. You were about to say?"

"Nothin' much. I was wonderin' who he looked like."

"He is the image of his mother."

"Mr. Coxley, will you do me one more favor? Will you go away now, and leave me till, say, half-past five? Then, if you'll come back again, I may have some sort of plan figured out. Will you do that?"

"Certainly. But, really, Mr. Heath——"

"I know. It ain't your worry, but it's got to be mine. See you here at half-past five."

When the clergyman again entered that room John Heath's manner was much more businesslike.

"Mr. Coxley," he said, "I haven't figured this through to the end, but I have figured it part way. I've got to see the boy."

"Naturally. And, having seen him, I am sure ——"

"You mustn't be. All either one of us can be sure of now is that I'm goin' to see him. We'll all want somethin' to eat pretty soon; he will, anyhow, if he's like the average youngster. The dinin' room in this place is downstairs somewheres, I suppose likely. You and he meet me just outside the door of it at quarter-past six. Will you do that?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed. But—but who shall I tell him you are? Shall I say ——"

"YOU can say I'm an acquaintance of yours named Heath and, if you want to, that I've asked you two to supper. That'll be enough to start with. When, or if, it is needful to say more I'll say it."

His son! He could not grasp the fact. He did not believe it; he tried to, but it seemed too impossible for belief.

The pair, the parson and the boy, stood together by the door of the dining room, looking in. John Heath, from his station in the shadow of the pillar, looked at Raymond. He was a good-looking boy, sturdy, although rather short for his years, dark haired and dark-eyed. His profile, as he peered into the lighted dining room, gave Heath a start; it was like a portrait cut from the pages of his own past life.

Heath was by no means a sentimental person. Nevertheless, it was nearer twenty-five than fifteen minutes after six when he stepped from behind a pillar and walked toward the couple awaiting him. Coxley saw him coming and spoke to his companion. Raymond turned. Father and son faced each other.

The minister—who was distinctly sentimental—was a good deal agitated. His greeting was hurried and nervous.

"Oh, here you are!" he stammered. "I—er—I was beginning to fear I had made a mistake in the time. Raymond, my boy, this is—er—er ——"

"My name's Heath," broke in John, extending a hand. "How are you, young fellow?"

Raymond and he shook hands.

JOHN HEATH signaled to the hovering head waiter, followed the latter to a table at the far corner of the room, motioned to his companions to be seated, and sat down himself.

"Well, Raymond—that's your name, isn't it—Raymond? How about it? Hungry, are you?"

Raymond, to whom head waiters and hotel dining rooms were novelties and a bit overpowering, stammered that he didn't know, he guessed so.

"I guess so too. When I was your age I could eat in my sleep. . . . Well, let's see," consulting the menu: "What'll we start with? There's Little Necks—they've quahogs, of course. Ever eat any quahogs?"

"No, sir. I—I don't think so."

"I don't think so either. They don't grow thick in Ohio, I shouldn't wonder. Soil ain't right for the trees, they tell me. There's soup though. Soup's always good—when it is good. Suppose we get under way with some soup. And after that ——"

He ordered a liberal meal and then led the lad to talk, asked him questions concerning his school and sports, if he liked baseball, if there was any good fishing out West there, what time he got up on the morning of the Fourth of July, if the circus ever came to Coleville. Only once, when the boy mentioned his mother, was he interrupted; then Heath changed the subject. A keener and more worldly wise person than the minister would have understood that he was drawing the boy out of his shell, trying to get him to speak naturally and without reserve, sizing him up, so to speak.

AFTER the ice cream Heath rose and suggested that they adjourn to "somewheres out in the front hall."

"Well, Raymond," he said slowly, "you and Mr. Coxley have had quite a trip together. Had a good time so far?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's right. Mr. Coxley told you he had to come to Boston on business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Um-hm. He didn't tell you what the business was. 'Twas to see me. And he didn't tell you who I was. Now I'm goin' to surprise you. I'm a—well, I'm a kind of—of relation of yours. You didn't know that, did you?"

The boy was surprised, there was no doubt of that. Heath did not wait for a reply.

"Yes, I'm your relation. About the only relation you've got, I shouldn't wonder; and you didn't know you had one, of course. Well, you have, and 'twas to see me, and let me see you, that Mr. Coxley brought you on here with him. That's so, ain't it, Mr. Coxley?"

"Yes. Yes, Mr. Heath. You see, Raymond, your mother ——"

Heath broke in. "Never mind that," he ordered, quickly. "Mr. Coxley had heard about me and so he wrote me a letter about you. Bein' relations so, I thought we ought to get acquainted. And now we are acquainted, eh?"

"Yes. . . . Yes, sir."

"Um-hm. Well, I live about a hundred miles from here at a place called Nauticook. It's right on the edge of the salt water. You never saw much salt water in your life, I guess, did you?"

RAYMOND'S eyes sparkled. "I saw it this morning," he declared. "Mr. Coxley took me down to the wharves, where the ships and things were. I saw it then."

"Did, eh? Well, that was only a little mite of it. Where I live you can see it as far as you can look. There's more salt water to look at than there is anything else. I go out on it every day, earn my livin' that way. Like boats, do you?"

Coxley put in a word. "He has never seen many," he explained. "This morning's experience was a novelty for him."

"Sure. Well, Raymond, if you come down to Nauticook along with me I'll show you a lot of boats, all kinds and sizes. Ever do any fishin'?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I go fishing at home. I like to catch fish."

"There is a river near us," explained Coxley.

"Well, if you come down to Nauticook I'll show you some reg'lar fish. Big fellows, pretty nigh as big as you are. I go fishin' every day. I'm a fisherman by trade."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, I am." He hesitated, apparently not quite certain how to continue. Then, after an instant's thought, he went on: "I live down there in a little house, just me and another man and a dog. Like dogs?"

"Yes, sir. I had one once. His name was Spot."

"This one's name's Nuisance, but we generally call him Jack. Well, the three of us, Lo Weeks and me and Jack, we live in this little house right close to the shore. You'll think it's a funny place, I guess likely, when you see it. More like campin' out than reg'lar housekeepin'. If you've been used to livin' in a big house ——"

"He hasn't, I assure you. Not at all, not at all." This from the minister. "You will remember, Mr. Heath, that I wrote you ——"

"All right, all right. . . . Well, Raymond, this is what I've got in my mind: I was wonderin' if you wouldn't like to come along down to Nauticook with me and—er—sort of visit—for a spell. Go out fishin' with me sometimes, and learn to swim, maybe, and about boats, and—oh, I don't know—lots of things. How would you like that—think?"

The boy obviously did not know what to think. He looked at the speaker and then at Coxley. The latter tried to help.

"I think you would enjoy it, Raymond," he said.

Raymond said nothing. He was very solemn. John Heath rose.

"You two think it out together,' he said. "The train leaves at half-past seven tomorrow mornin'. I'll be in my room all evenin', Mr. Coxley. I'll be waitin' for you there. Good night, boy."

HE TURNED and walked away. The minister hesitated; then, bidding Raymond wait where he was, he hastened after him and caught his arm.

"Mr. Heath," he protested, "I—really, I don't feel that such a responsibility as this should be left to me. Or to the child either. After all, you are his father and it is for you to ——"

"To order him to go, you mean? Well, maybe that'll be needful, but I don't think so. I hope not. I was ordered around consider'ble when I was a boy by folks that hadn't any right to do it, and it didn't make me care too much for the orderers. I didn't say much then, I didn't dare to, but I've always remembered. If—mind you, I'm still sayin' if—he and I are goin' to pull together he ought to start without prejudices. I saw his eyes shine when I told about the fishin', and the dog and the campin' out. He'll be willin' to go, I guess, if you tell him you think he'll have a good time. But, look here, Mr. Coxley, don't you drop the least grain of a hint about my bein' his father. He isn't to know that, you understand."

"But you have already told him you are a relative of his. He is only a boy, but he is certain to ask questions."

"Probably he will. If he does, tell him I'm a—well, a kind of uncle. That'll do as well as anything."

"But—but why that? He will have to know the truth some day."

"Why will he? I don't know how this is goin' to work out. You don't. Nobody can. I don't know how he and I will get along together. I tell you this much: if I had been asked to pick out a man to bring up a boy the way he ought to be brought up, I'd have picked pretty nigh anybody but myself. He is a decent kid, or seems to be. I've been a pretty rough hand in my time. Am yet, so far as that goes."

IT WAS unusual for the Reverend Coxley to find himself at a loss for words, but he was in that situation now.

At the door of the elevator John Heath turned once more.

"Coxley," he observed, "if I was you I wouldn't tell him it's his duty to go with me. A boy that age don't know what duty means and he don't like the sound."

Lorenzo Weeks received a telegram the following morning. It was short, but to the point:

COMING ON NOON TRAIN BRINGING COMPANY WITH ME HAVE PLENTY TO EAT
J H HEATH

(To be Continued)

The MONITOR TOP

has established a record of trouble-free service unequalled *in the entire history of electric refrigeration*

SEALED IN STEEL

The Monitor Top—just look at it—scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet one of the most amazing—one of the most revolutionary—triumphs of modern engineering.

Scarcely bigger than a hat box—yet sealed within it is the *entire mechanism* that will operate a General Electric Refrigerator year in and year out, without a thought, without a worry, without so much as a drop of oil from you.

In the Monitor Top—*sealed in steel* and *permanently* oiled—is a mechanism so remarkable, so unbelievably efficient, that the General Electric Refrigerator has established a record of trouble-free service *unequalled* in the entire history of refrigeration. Picture the comfort, the convenience—the *economy* in owning such a refrigerator!

Why not look at a General Electric Refrigerator this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. You'll find a model exactly suited to your own particular needs—a refrigerator of such quiet, efficient, and economical operation as you never dreamed of—ready to go to work for you tomorrow morning! Write for our illustrated booklet. Section J-7, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

• • •

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS • ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS

"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult

. . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

DR. N. G. PAYOT

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPANSE, PARIS

Mme. N. G. Payot finds that Palmolive Soap complements her own "physical culture of the face" and her good preparations in keeping skin lovely.

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, Parisian beauty specialist to the elite.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

You have probably heard of Mme. N. G. Payot

Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. N. G. Payot. And in this country you no doubt know her reputation as a beauty expert.

Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 19,800 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.

A soap that touches your face *must be pure.* Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

5197 A

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

***Directed by* MARGUERITE ASPINWALL**

A YOUNG Sub-Deb I know told me the other day that she could hardly wait for July and August to come, because those were the two best party months of the whole year, from a girl's point of view.

"It isn't that winter dances and bridge or luncheons aren't good fun, too," she explained seriously. "But they always have to be saved for times when they won't interfere with studies and school; Saturday nights, or holidays, you know. You've got to plan them so far ahead that there's no real, jolly, spur-of-the-moment excitement left.

"Besides," she added, "they're apt to be more formal then. The little crowd I play around with in summer all like the informal parties we plan at the last moment. We wear sports things mostly; sweaters and skirts for the picnic kind of affair, and sleeveless tennis dresses of some thin stuff for dances on hot evenings. But we always have wonderful things to eat. I don't mean elaborate or too-rich food, of course, but everything *good* of its kind, and well planned. And we do have gorgeous times."

Frocks and Charm

HERE are two charming dresses I am sure the Sub-Deb will want to add to her summer wardrobe. The one on the left, Design No. 1443, by Paul Poiret, is a one-piece sports dress with yoke back and front, and pleats extending to the bottom of the dress. The neck is finished with a smart little round, flat collar, and the dress is equally attractive with long sleeves, showing turned-up cuffs. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. It is sure to be becoming to both dark and blond young Sub-Debs, and the snug little belt at the natural waistline adds just that new, up-to-the-minute touch the girl of today loves, and wears so well.

1443 *Paul Poiret* 1441 *Drecoll-Beer*

"Ocean," the becoming, utterly bewitching afternoon frock, Design No. 1441, by Drecoll-Beer, is a lovely thing for garden parties, bridge, summer luncheons, or even very informal dances at home or at the club. It is made in one piece, with a V neckline that is finished with a narrow collar tied in front. The skirt has a panel in front and two circular flounces at the bottom. It may be worn sleeveless, as we are showing it here, or with short sleeves. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

Having described these gay little summer dresses, I want to add a word to you eager, beauty-loving girls who write me such charming letters and are so full of enthusiasm for "our page." Doubtless you all realize that even the prettiest frock in itself is not enough to make a girl lovely and attractive to the eye. The accessories must be just right as well.

Stockings in the right shade, smart pumps or slippers, a becoming hat in one of the new shapes—all these are desirable, too—but there is even more to consider. Are you sure that the way you are arranging your hair at present is the most becoming one you can find for your particular type?

Then there are your hands. There is so much one does in summer which keeps the hands conspicuously in evidence. And last month, you will probably remember, I had an article on this page about personalities in fingers. If you haven't already written to us for our two new Sub-Deb leaflets; Bobs or Long Hair? and Fingers Tell Tales, I still have a supply of them and I should like every one of my Sub-Debs to own these little booklets. Just drop a line to the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and inclose a two-cent stamp. You will be sure to find your own type somewhere in their pages.

Red Mules

AREN'T the two gay, very effective little mules shown on this page just the thing for a girl's room—particularly in summer? The straps at the back are reënforced with steel which holds them tightly in place at the heel so there will be no clattering as you walk about your bedroom.

Either of these mules would go charmingly with a printed kimono in which red predominates, a plain red silk or crêpe de chine negligee or one made of red-and-white-check silk. The last mentioned could be banded with plain red, and the effect would be altogether enchanting and cool for hot weather.

An Impromptu Fourth

IF YOU haven't already decided on a Fourth of July party, here is a gay little spur-of-the-moment dance which can be planned as late as the day before, yet still be a success.

The necessary ingredients are: One fair-sized lawn where your guests can dance; several dozen sticks of red, green and blue "fire" to provide carnival atmosphere and illumination in one; a buffet supper to be served from a big table on the piazza and eaten at small candle-lighted tables either on piazza or on lawn; and—most important of all—a congenial, fun-loving crowd of girls and boys in light summer dresses and white flannels, respectively.

Ask two of the boys to undertake the responsibility for keeping the flares burning; replacing them with new colored "fire" as the first lot burns out. Your first light, when the guests start dancing, should be red; then an eerie, green witch fire; next a stage-moonlight effect of blue; and so on, back through red and green again. Care should, of course, be taken to set the lighted flares well back from the area reserved for dancing, so there will be no danger of light frocks catching fire from sparks or sudden windy gusts blowing the flames hither and yon.

Music can be provided by turning on the radio indoors loud enough to be clearly audible on the dancing green; or a volunteer orchestra may be utilized if you have some good banjo, uke and guitar players, with perhaps a drum or a saxophone for extra good measure. Often boys, in particular, belong to school or college banjo and mandolin clubs, and are glad to show their skill.

After supper a display of fireworks may be set off, if you choose, or a

(Continued on Page 79)

COURTESY THE DANIEL GREEN COMPANY

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 65 cents.

His Majesty, *THE BABY*

That momentous day when the new baby arrives is the day the whole house changes. What a difference he makes! Meals grow cold to his cry. Footsteps tip to his slumber. Even the hot-water faucets sputter with new-found energy. Only the best of service will do for His Tiny Majesty.

And then . . . you realize how vastly important are the labels upon so many things you buy. The milk for his bottle. The soap, the olive oil, the snowy talcum for his bath. The cod-liver oil, the liquid petrolatum, the milk of magnesia the doctor prescribes. They must be, as never before, the finest and purest in all the world.

Four generations of physicians have prescribed Squibb Products for babies, as standards of purity and efficacy. And since 1858 mothers, ministering to the health of their families, have trusted implicitly in the name of Squibb. From babyhood, through youth, the familiar Squibb label has ever been a guarantee of the highest quality any preparation can have.

Many, indeed, are the safeguards that surround the making of the Squibb Products which you use in your home. Behind them are the same care and high skill that are employed in preparing the most delicate Squibb vaccines and sera for professional use.

Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and whenever emergencies arise, you may turn to them with full assurance—for they contain The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. At all reliable drug stores featuring service and quality products.

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB'S OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clear body and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder, exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

(Continued from Page 77)

general "sing" to the accompaniment of the "orchestra" may wind up a jolly evening in just the right way.

A Disguised Party

HERE is another impromptu party for a summer evening, that is quite "different" and is guaranteed to keep your guests in gales of appreciative laughter.

Have you ever tried what can be done with ordinary stage make-up to disguise yourself so effectively that it's going to be hard for even your best friends to be sure of identifying you? Particularly if all they can see is your head stuck through a slit in a heavy curtain that entirely conceals the rest of you from view.

We have all read in popular mystery stories how the detective hero can change his personality and appearance with clever make-up; but just how easy is it to do in real life?

A very jolly and interesting party can be staged about this idea, giving each guest a supply of rouge, powder, mascaro for the eyelashes, lipstick, and some ordinary lampblack for shadows—and a tube of cold cream for obliterating false starts and giving one a chance to begin the transformation over again.

Divide your guests into two companies—one acting as audience and trying to recognize the various members of the other company as they one by one peer through the slit in the curtain.

Each disguised guest must allow the audience two minutes by the appointed timekeeper's watch to study his or her head, and at the end of that time guesses are written down on slips of paper provided the audience beforehand.

Of course, when one side has had its turn at disguising its members, the tables are turned and actors become audience.

Enjoy the Thrill of Earning Your Own Money

Girls' Club dollars will send you on a happy vacation.

Dear Manager: When I saw a nifty little hat for $3.00, I was determined to earn it for myself. And in five days I wore it out of the shop. How wonderful it is to earn your own money and buy your own things. —Bessie S.

Dear Manager: Let me tell you about the fun I had last week. A friend and I went to a show and later had luncheon in a cute tea room. I paid for everything with my club earnings—and did I feel important? I wore my Club pin too. —Anna B.

Dear Club Manager: My mother's birthday came about two weeks after I had joined The Girls' Club. But by that time I had earned enough money to buy her a lovely pair of candlesticks. When she showed her gifts to the neighbors who came to visit, they thought mine the nicest of all. —Ruth Y.

"MY THRILL mail!" That's what I call the hundreds of letters from rejoicing Girls' Club members that come to me every week. For ——

They tell so glowingly of vacation trips . . . of adorable new clothes . . . of parties and gifts, all paid for with money earned in The Girls' Club.

Membership in our club is open now. So I'm introducing these club members, who will give in their own expressive way some of their "earning thrills."

Make it Your Club Too

I KNOW that you also will enjoy the pleasant work . . . the rewards to be won in our Girls' Club. Besides a delightful blue-and-gold club pin, you may win a banjo uke for your parties . . . a desk lamp for your room . . . a colorful waterball for the beach. And others!

Why delay joining a single day? It's so easy to drop me a note saying, *"Dear Manager: Please tell me about The Girls' Club."* And give me your age too. *This is very important.* Then I'll send you the details without expense or obligations. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
829 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

ANY of these booklets will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FINGERS TELL TALES. A little discussion of different types of hands, the characteristics they indicate, and simple rules for the care of each kind. Price, 2 cents.

BOBS OR LONG HAIR? Twelve charming coiffures from Paris for the Sub-Deb. New suggestions for bobs, for long hair and for growing bobs. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB CROCHETS HER HATS. Three smart, simple designs and directions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

RAINY-DAY SMARTNESS. Containing suggestions and smart, practical fashions for the Sub-Deb's rainy-day outfit for all sorts of occasions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES AND WOOL PURSE. Price, 2 cents.

A TRAVELING BEAD CASE. Directions for making. Also six smart new designs for stringing your own bead necklaces. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.

IF YOUR BABY IS A BOTTLE BABY

READ:

BOTTLE babies sometimes have a pretty hard time of it. They gain slowly—nothing seems to "agree" perfectly. Mothers can't help worrying.

In thousands and thousands of cases like this, Eagle Brand has come to the rescue. Again and again this marvelously digestible food agrees when all else fails. Many a baby, literally starving to death because unable to digest his food, has been saved by Eagle Brand. Countless mothers and doctors, during the 70 years that Eagle Brand has been in use, have written to express grateful praise of this remarkable milk.

What is Eagle Brand? Simply pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting vitamins—the same food elements that are supplied by pasteurized Grade A milk. But here is the difference: Eagle Brand is so easily digested that it is comparable to mother's milk in this respect. It is so readily and perfectly assimilated that every drop of it goes to nourish the infant—to build firm bones, strong muscles, healthy tissue.

Your baby—is he thriving on his present food? If not, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare"—containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors—orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. "The Best Baby"—a beautiful little book, illustrated in color for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Mail the coupon today.

Eagle Brand
CONDENSED
Milk

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. J. 4, Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is.....months old.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly.

NEW ‹‹‹ *Lime* FLAVORED QUICK SETTING GELATIN

This Cooling Royal Flavor Makes Possible Delicious New Summer Dishes

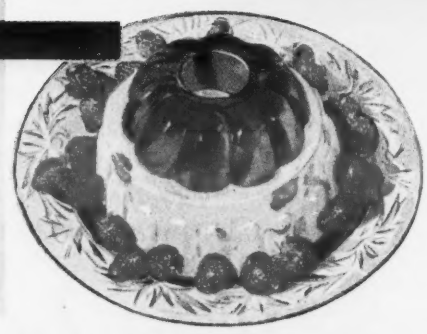
ROYAL LIME FRUIT SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup thinly sliced cucumber and 1 cup sliced fresh fruits (honeydew melon, fresh pears or peaches). Pour into mould. Chill. Serve garnished with chicory, lettuce or curly endive, curls of ripe olives and finger-shaped pieces of Royal Cheese Salad, made as follows:

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert, as instructed above. Add 1 teaspoon salt and chill. When it begins to thicken, beat in 2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese which has been mashed. Mix in 1 cup cream, whipped, ½ cup finely chopped canned pineapple, drained from juice, and 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Mould in square, shallow pan.
Serve with mayonnaise.

[redacted]

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Pour in large mould to half fill; chill until firm. Dissolve another package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water. Chill until it begins to thicken; whip until frothy and add 1 cup cream, whipped, with ⅛ teaspoon salt and few drops vanilla and almond extract. Add 1 cup cut strawberries. Pour in mould of firm gelatin; chill. Garnish with whole strawberries.



[redacted]

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill ½ cup of gelatin in small pan; when set, cut in cubes. Fill parfait glasses two-thirds full with remaining gelatin mixture. Chill. Before serving, whip 1 cup cream with few grains salt; add ½ cup macaroon crumbs. Pile on lime gelatin in parfait glasses. Garnish with cubes of lime gelatin.

FOUR months ago, we gave to the women of America a marvelous new quick setting gelatin—that jells nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

Today, we are introducing a new flavor . . . the luscious coolness of juicy limes.

Piquant, refreshing . . . this new lime flavor makes possible a wide variety of tempting dishes—garnishes, appetizers, salads and desserts.

So easy to make, too. Without a bit of fuss. For Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the time you have heretofore allowed. In fact, with modern electric refrigeration, it is ready to unmould in an hour . . . or less. Making gelatin in summer used to be an ordeal. It took hours to set. And often it was still soft and liquid when dessert time came.

But this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin always jells on time.

You prepare it in 3 minutes—just before your meal is put on to cook. When you're ready to serve, there's your gelatin . . . perfectly set . . . tender and quivery.

Serve it tonight for dinner. But remember—all gelatins are not alike. Ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert—the *quick setting* kind. In the red box—the same color as the famous Royal Baking Powder can.

Six flavors to choose from: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange . . . and a brand-new flavor—Lime.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Blood of Our Blood

(Continued from Page 23)

and the angel of God had said, "I am with the lad," and had saved him. Vincent's mind traveled rapidly down the history of his faith. Surely it was the church which had placed the curse on the child out of wedlock. And not God in the church but men.

"My abbé," pleaded the voice, "you cannot leave me in the Cradle! You cannot leave these others to die here! For of ourselves we are pure. Think, my abbé."

"Aye," whispered Vincent de Paul, "I have thought and, God forgive me for my past sins of omission, I'll make these babes my own!" He bent and kissed the baby girl and she smiled at him. He gathered her to his heart and left the house.

That afternoon, in response to the abbé's call, the Ladies of Charity gathered in the drawing-room of one of his patrons. When he came before them, he was bearing in his arms a wailing baby.

"A dead baby in the gutter is little more to us of Paris," he began abruptly, "than a dead cat. Suffering children are so common that they mean no more than suffering kittens. Whole families of children are born, live and die in the streets of Paris and we do not bother our heads about them. My sisters, God has sent us a messenger to tell us how wicked we have been." He held up the naked baby. "Behold an *exposée*, snatched this morning from a beggar."

A murmur as of protest rose from his audience, which contained some of the most aristocratic women of France.

The Countess de Joiny spoke for them all when she said firmly:

"My dear abbé, surely you aren't asking us to find money to take care of exposed bastards."

"Supposing," suggested the abbé, "that we call them merely foundlings. The other word is offensive."

"And so it should be, our dear spiritual father," smiled the countess.

A dozen heads nodded vigorously.

"And no matter what our own feelings are," continued the countess, "it would be impossible to raise any sum at all commensurate to your usual large ideas of charity, Abbé Vincent."

HE LOOKED from one protesting face to another. "And this," he said slowly, "is the sort of Christianity you show when you come to grips with the fundamental law of life, the law of fruitfulness. God will continue to send babies in or out of wedlock. But *you* will sit in judgment on *Him*. You will have none of the little ones that arrive outside *your* law. My sisters, I'm ashamed for you!" He was silent for a moment. But he knew his women. "Come," he said, "let us visit the Cradle. Evidently I've not been able to paint you a true picture!"

Obedient but unrelenting they followed him.

He had trained them well in the disbursing of charitable funds. And when they had gone over the little black house in the Rue St. Landry, the bad management alone of the place gave grounds for deep indignation.

"But why take so many?" protested the countess.

Before Madame Obry could reply the Duchess de Angny, one of the younger ladies, suddenly clutched the countess' arm. "Look! Look!" she cried. "Oh, I am nursing a baby of my own!"

Three women had come into the room, three draggletails, three harlots, three sewer rats, three anything that is diseased physically, spiritually, mentally. And these three proceeded to bare their terrible breasts to the helpless atoms in the cribs.

The young duchess broke the spell of horror by rushing to one of the wet nurses and snatching the babe from her arms. "No! No!" she shrieked, "it shall not touch you!" And then looking from the tiny tragedy in her arms to the tragedy of motherhood which would have suckled it, the duchess burst into tears. "Bastard or no," she sobbed, "this must not, must not be!"

It was the touch of nature which made them kin. From that moment, the Ladies of Charity took over the Cradle.

It was a hard struggle, yet the abbé left it to the ladies while he concerned himself with the problem of how actually to care for young babies. The feeding question was a basic difficulty.

THE ladies finally raised enough money to make possible a small experiment. The details were followed as worked out by the abbé. They rented a little house near the gate of Saint Victor where it was possible to care for twelve babies. These were selected by lot from the Cradle and taken only as rapidly as decent wet nurses could be found. For two years Vincent de Paul watched the work here closely, observing the individual children with eager interest. At the end of that time he felt that he knew enough about the care of children to justify his going ahead on a larger scale.

Again he called the Ladies of Charity together and pleaded with them to raise funds sufficient to care for all the foundlings of Paris! The women rallied nobly to his appeal and pledged themselves to five hundred livres a year.

At first, this sum was sufficient. But Vincent de Paul was at least three hundred years ahead of his time, and his plans developed far beyond so paltry a sum.

Very shortly the little house at Saint Victor's gate was used only as a receiving station where babies were kept until they could be sent to wet nurses in the country. The abbé would not permit these to be paid for their services unless they could show by a certificate from their priest that they were in good health and that the babies were living.

Taking one thing with another, the expenses by 1642 had become so alarming that it looked as if the whole venture must fail. And then Vincent de Paul took a step which lifted the exposed children of France from the gutter to the care of the state. He made arrangements for an audience with Louis XIII, who was then very ill.

The abbé told his story to the king as he had told it to the ladies, and added an account of the struggle to obtain funds.

"You are asking the impossible, my abbé, if you ask the treasury of France to support its bastards," said the king. "Indignation and laughter and horror could combine to kill any such suggestion."

"Let them be called foundlings, sire," pleaded Vincent.

"CALL them by that or any other name," returned Louis, "and the fact remains that your God as a Father is excessively prolific and exceedingly careless of His little ones."

"He is your God also, Your Majesty," said the abbé gently, "and His ways are unknowable even to a king."

"So they are," came grimly from Louis. "I speak freely because he's not my God. I hope I shock you, my abbé."

"I've worked among your galley slaves, sire!" smiled Vincent de Paul. "I cannot be surprised at what any man may say. But you will permit me to suggest that though you be our gracious king, you cannot remove yourself from the Fatherhood of God. You are His child."

Louis raised himself painfully on his elbows and his eyes were tormented as he looked deep into the abbé's. "You believe that! Do you believe it strongly enough to make me believe it? Look at me, my abbé. I lie here *alone! Alone!* Not even God is with me! What boots it to be king if one must die alone? And I've not been a wicked man!"

He had not been, indeed, as Vincent de Paul well knew.

"I lie here dying and you come here asking me to save your babies," the king went on, dropping back to his pillow. "You ask me to father the undesired babies of France, me who—have you any idea what thoughts I think when I drink the wine and eat the bread at communion?"

"Nay, sire," interrupted the abbé, "I must not know! What I ask you is to make the statesmen of France see that with every exposed child lost, they lose a soldier or a mother."

The king did not speak for a long moment, then his smile was very poignant. "My abbé, I'll bargain with you! I'll hoist the foundling onto the shoulders of the state by granting by letters-patent four thousand livres a year to your organization but—on one consideration. You are, in the months to come, to help me to die believing in your God of love."

Vincent de Paul dropped to his knees by the bedside. Hot tears stung his eyes as he kissed the frail hand which picked at the coverlid.

"All that a heart full of love can do, I will do, sire!" he said brokenly.

The king smiled contentedly.

II.

THE poignant bargain was kept. Louis at once gave a royal grant of four thousand livres a year. And three months later he died in the arms of Vincent de Paul.

The little dauphin became Louis XIV. His mother, Anne, became regent. And more touched by this royal grant than she had been by any appeal her late husband had made to her in life, she gave in the young king's name an additional eight thousand livres to the foundlings' home.

Thirty years later, Louis XIV made the Cradle foundation a legal part of the civic charities of Paris. He was not, however, merely charitable. In his royal edict he said that he considered also "that their protection and safeguarding is to our advantage inasmuch as some of them may become soldiers, workmen and inhabitants of the colonies." It looked as if pauper babies were going to have actual value!

Because of Vincent de Paul, France was two centuries ahead of England in her attitude toward the destitute child. In common with the rest of the world, England exposed her babies, and it was not from the church that her first foundling asylum came, but from a layman. The Foundling Asylum of London was incorporated by royal charter in 1739 through the efforts of Captain Thomas Coram. He stated in his petition that his purpose was "to prevent the frequent murders of poor helpless children at their birth and to suppress the inhuman custom of exposing new-born children to perish in the street."

In four years' time, 15,000 children were received in the asylum and of these only 4400 lived to be apprenticed out. England had no Vincent de Paul!

But a force that for a time was to be more potent than either church or law to prevent infanticide was rising in England. The invention of the steam engine and its harnessing to the new weaving and spinning machines were to have tremendous weight in saving the babies. When factory owners discovered that machines made it possible to use a large amount of the cheapest labor in the world, that of children, these were set by thousands at factory jobs. It was a cause of rejoicing to certain members of Parliament and to certain economists that, for the first time in history, England had learned how to make children useful.

No one was going to expose a baby when that baby within four years could be helping

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by Ruth Miller

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to support the family! And as if this were not a sufficient check on infanticide, the government produced another quite as potent. Although there was work for children, the machines had thrown countless adults out of employment. Parliament met this by amending the Poor Law which gave doles to the pauper. The new amendment gave the married man with children a larger dole than the single man. So from another angle, the new-born babe was valuable.

The fact that children could be useful to industry profoundly affected the attitude toward the foundling. It was, of course, ritually and legally unclean, but because it was useful, it had a right to live.

There was, however, one powerful and dissenting voice to this opinion. An English curate, thirty years old, in a rural parish of Surrey, an unknown, gentle young man, of the scholar type, uttered a theory that convulsed England and America. He said that the foundling and the pauper child had no right to be born! But that being born the best thing to do was to let him die! The young curate's name was Thomas Robert Malthus.

MALTHUS had come to his opinion neither lightly nor stupidly. As a young boy he had heard much of the talk of the problems of the London Foundling Asylum, had attended with his father, Daniel Malthus, several of the art exhibitions given as benefits for the asylum by British painters. The death list of the babies had made a profound impression on him. Even as an adolescent boy, he was convinced that it were better had these foundlings never been born. But he kept his opinion to himself until Parliament put a premium on pauper babies. Then in a discussion with his father he made his astounding statement.

Daniel had spoken with approval of the plans of one Robert Owen for building ideal workingmen's communities. But Thomas shook his head—a handsome head, covered with curly chestnut hair above humorous eyes and a fine mouth.

"It's all wrong to relieve the misery of the poor," said Thomas Malthus.

"What!" shouted his father.

Thomas smiled. "I mean it! The fewer the mouths there are to feed, the greater the happiness of the common people. Misery and poverty reduce the number of babies. That's the one fact that makes life possible for any of us!"

The father could only open and close his mouth so violent was his opposition.

"Take the Poor Law," Thomas went on, "if that had never been, hundreds of children never would have been born to endure the horror of the mills."

Daniel Malthus found his tongue. "Horror! The mills are the blessing of the modern child."

FOR the first time Thomas showed excitement. "A blessing! Father! You'd better visit one of those blessings. Go up to Yorkshire as I did last summer and visit a mill employing, say, five hundred of these fortunate infants. Let me paint the picture: Some of the children come from homes near the mills. They work only sixteen hours a day. See them, ragged, dirty, hungry. Observe that mite of five whose task is to sweep the cotton from beneath the machines. Watch the overseer lash her when tears of exhaustion slow her pace. But that lashing is nothing to what she'll get at home if she loses her job! She has a home! But what of those hundred or so starvelings who run up and down the aisles, picking up cotton or cleaning the machines? They are pauper children, recruited from the workhouses. They get no wages. They are not fed decently because it's cheaper to let them die and get new ones. They sleep in relays in filthy beds that never grow cold. There is no separation of girls from boys. Some of them have tried to run away, and so are working in chains. Mercifully, many of them will die and be buried, secretly. Many of them will commit suicide, many of them——" Suddenly Thomas broke down and wept.

There was silence for a moment. The younger man wiped his eyes and went on in his usual calm manner. "Better had they never been born. The Poor Laws only produce more children, more lambs for this slaughter. Misery is Nature's agent for reducing the population. And unless population is controlled, the food supply of the world will prove inadequate. God's command to be fruitful and replenish the earth ought to apply not to people but to food.

"No! It is better to limit the births. That's the answer both to infanticide and to poverty."

DANIEL leaned toward him. "Is it possible that a son of mine is advocating abortion?"

"No! No! Abortion is murder. Moral restraint is the answer. The will of men and women to produce only the children they will and can rear in comfort."

The father eyed his son thoughtfully. He could not agree with him, yet he could see the novel intellectual force of his theories. He could be proud of a son whose brain worked so originally.

"Go over to your desk, my boy," he exclaimed, "and set down your ideas. They're not so shocking when one understands the corollaries. Set them down and I'll get them published for you."

Thus it came about that Thomas Robert Malthus published his Essay on the Principle of Population as it Affects the Future Improvement of Society.

The essay roused a furor of interest. There were violent protests. There were enthusiastic agreements. But there was no discounting the importance of the essay. Darwin and Wallace were to crystallize their theory of evolution around Malthus' statement of the struggle for existence. Pitt dropped his new Poor Bill because he was so profoundly influenced by Malthus' attitude on relief.

Nevertheless, "he was the best abused man of his age." It was claimed that he defended smallpox, slavery and child labor, that he was against charity and marriage. His statement that passion on the one side and reason on the other were the qualities in many by which God works out His design was held up as a model of the obscene and the blasphemous.

NEVERTHELESS, the publishing of Malthus' Theory that the child has a right *not* to be born made a tremendous impact on the mind of the average man and woman and contributed as much as any single event in the history of the world to the lessening of infanticide. But it was a matter of deep chagrin to Malthus that his high ideals of chastity and continence should be perverted by Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill and other reformers in England and America to an attitude on sex that to Malthus was utterly wicked and in the long run extremely harmful to the race.

During these three decades succeeding the publishing of Malthus' essay, more and more children were employed in British factories and not infrequently the horror of their predicament pricked through society's many preoccupations. Actually a bill did pass Parliament reducing the hours of children in cotton factories, but it was not enforced. The day of the exposed child, indeed, had passed, thanks to the church. But the church was slow to produce a champion of that child who suffered a thousand deaths to the exposed child's one. But in 1801, the year that Thomas Robert Malthus published the first revision of his essay, a boy was born who was to defy Malthus' philosophy, desert his own class traditions and who was to show the children of the poor to Parliament through the eyes of Christ.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mrs. Morrow telling the story of the child's struggle for existence. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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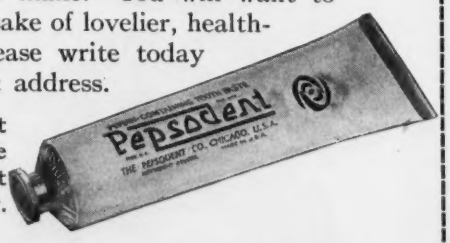

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PHOTO. BY WILLIAM SHEWELL ELLIS

They may be put together in half a minute or less.

Hows and Whys of Making Muffins

By EVELYN G. HALLIDAY and ISABEL T. NOBLE

University of Chicago

LIGHT, fluffy muffins served piping hot, so hot that the butter melts as soon as it touches them, are a greater delicacy than the ordinary run of cakes and not nearly so much trouble to make; in fact, once the ingredients are measured, they may be put together in half a minute or less.

In making muffins, as in making all members of the batter-and-dough series, the inexperienced cook has three chances to spoil the product: one is in the proportion of ingredients she uses, one in the way she puts the ingredients together, and the third in the temperature of baking.

To obtain the proportion of ingredients called for in our recipes, one must use measuring utensils of standard capacity, and the same technic in measuring that we do.

One can easily find out whether or not one's cups and spoons are of standard capacity.

A standard cup holds one-quarter of a quart of liquid, hence four cupfuls of water measured in such a cup just fill a standard one-quart measure. Standard tablespoons have one-sixteenth the capacity of a cup; therefore, sixteen tablespoonfuls of water measured in a standard tablespoon just fill a standard cup. Similarly a standard teaspoon can be shown to have one-third the volume of a standard tablespoon.

Even with cups and spoons of standard capacity the quantity of material measured is more or less dependent upon the technic employed. This is particularly true for flour. We have found, for example, that a cupful of the same flour might vary in weight from ninety-six to one hundred and thirty-four grams, a difference of over four tablespoonfuls, depending on how it was packed. Our procedure in measuring flour is to sift it once just before using it, so that it has no chance to become repacked, dip it up gently by heaping tablespoonfuls, place it lightly in a cup, and level off the surface with one sweep of a spatula.

The Importance of Speed

IF THE measure required is slightly less than one cupful, we fill the cup as just described, then remove the number of tablespoonfuls of flour necessary to give the required measure. If the measure needed is slightly over one cupful, we measure the fraction of a cupful by tablespoonfuls—unless small measuring utensils for fractional parts of cupfuls are available. To measure by tablespoonfuls we dip the spoon in the sifted flour, bring it up heaping full, and level off the surface with a spatula in the same way as the surface of a cup. Similarly we measure the teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the tablespoonfuls of sugar. In measuring the melted fat we are careful to see that the spoon is emptied completely.

One precaution should be observed in choosing the fat for our muffin recipes, in all of which the fat, if used, is turned into the cold milk-egg mixture just before combining the wet and dry ingredients. As one can readily understand, the fat used must be of such a nature that it will not solidify when it strikes the cold milk. It should, in fact, remain a liquid until the ingredients are combined. Most fats used in the household and all cooking oils answer this requirement, but if for any reason a fat is chosen which solidifies before the ingredients are combined, the muffins will not be a success.

Measuring and choosing the ingredients are not the chief considerations in making muffins. More important than anything else is the speed with which the ingredients are combined. The difference between success and failure is a matter of a few seconds. A muffin batter readily loses gas, hence if we take too long to combine the ingredients we stir out so much gas that the muffins are soggy and tunneled and rise unevenly, with knobs on top.

Unfortunately we can give no one stirring time which can be counted on to give equally good results under all conditions, for the optimum beating time varies with the individual's rate and vigor of movement and with the type of baking powder used. A general rule, however, which works fairly well for everybody and for all types of baking powders, is to stir as fast as possible and to stop the instant the dry ingredients are just dampened. This does not mean stir until all lumps are out and a smooth batter is obtained, but just what it says—until all dry ingredients are dampened.

As we stir, this takes about seventeen seconds, beginning to count the time with the first stroke made after turning the mixed liquid ingredients all at once into the dry ones. When a tartrate baking powder is used, stirring only "to dampen" gives optimum results, and any further stirring is harmful. With phosphate and S. A. S.-phosphate powders, however, a few extra strokes—such, for example, as we are able to give in three seconds' additional stirring, making a total of twenty seconds for our whole combining period—give the best product.

The type to which a given brand of baking powder belongs can be ascertained by looking at the label on the can. On it are stated the names of the ingredients used in the powder, including the ones which fix the type—namely, the cream of tartar or cream of tartar plus tartaric acid in the tartrate powders; the calcium acid phosphate in the phosphate ones; and the sodium aluminum sulphate plus calcium acid phosphate in those commonly designated as the S. A. S.-phosphate type.

Muffins should be placed in the pans as soon as one stops stirring them. In doing this, handle the batter with care, taking it up by spoonfuls and placing it lightly in the pans. Rough handling will cause loss of gas and therefore tend to make the muffins heavy.

A Basic Recipe

STANDING in the pans before baking for half to three-quarters of an hour does no harm to muffins provided they are covered with a damp cloth—first placing a plate over the pans to protect the muffins from the cloth—and set in the refrigerator. Allowing muffins to stand is sometimes a great convenience, for by so doing they may be prepared before the rest of the meal is started and baked just in time to be served hot.

A great variety of muffins can be made from the one foundation recipe—here called "Plain Muffins"—by the simple expedient of substituting Graham flour or corn meal for part of the white flour, by using cream in place of milk and melted fat, and by adding half a cupful of finely cut dates, raisins or nuts to all save those made with corn meal.

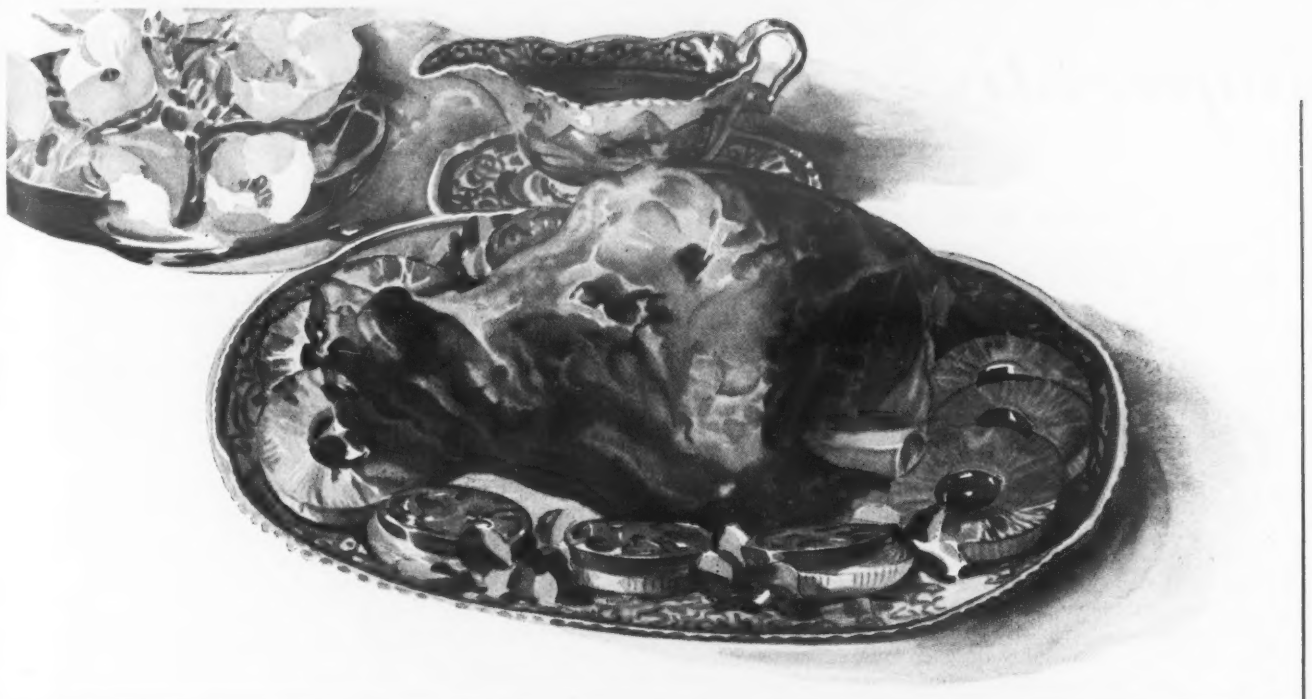
To make sure that the latter ingredients are well distributed throughout the batter without extra stirring, we mix them thoroughly with the dry ingredients before adding any of the liquid.

Although the proportions of baking powder, sugar, egg and salt are the same in our various types of muffins, we have for convenience repeated these proportions in all recipes, thus making each complete in itself as far as ingredients are concerned. These foundation proportions may readily be memorized. The order of work, however, is too long to be repeated for each type of muffin; therefore, it is given but once, with notation of the variations required for the different kinds. As a consequence, the directions are a bit complicated and apt to confuse the inexperienced cook. Therefore, we advise her to pick out the kind of muffins she wishes to make, read our directions carefully, then write some abbreviated ones for herself.

Before writing these, she should decide what type of flour and what type of baking powder are to be used and whether or not dates, raisins or nuts are to be added. For future convenience it might be well to make these notes on cards and file them in her recipe filing case.

A sample of the sort of directions we mean is given at the end of this article in an abbreviated recipe for Graham

(Continued on Page 97)



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A Coöperative Play School

By

MRS. W. RUSSELL TYLOR

THE immediate urge for our coöperative play school began with the uprooting of a little girl of two and a half years from an ideal suburban home, surrounded by a flower garden with ample space for play, a sand box and a large porch. She was brought to an upstairs city apartment with no provisions for outdoor play except a bare lawn. The happy little children she had known were not to be found. It was the hottest September weather and she was very unhappy. But there was a ray of hope, for next door was a vacant lot full of weeds. The owner was found and his consent secured to have this lot developed into a playground for little children, with a flower garden around it.

Work was started immediately. Weeds were removed. The garden was plowed up and the center space cleared as well as possible of glass, cinders, stone and other kinds of rubbish. Large packing boxes, crates, sand, a swing with back and sides, and cedar posts soon took their part in building up the equipment. Little children from the neighborhood began to drift in. The packing boxes held the sand. The crate became the "home" for many a "mother and father" game, or "wild animals" found their refuge therein. The sturdy cedar posts held up the swing. A two-by-twelve-inch board twelve feet long was placed against the crate. It became a bridge, a runway, or a springboard, and as it was two feet above the grass at its highest point the danger of a high fall was avoided.

Little children think it quite an achievement to balance themselves in merely walking up and down. As courage increased the board was used for its swinging quality, and two or three children would rise and fall in rhythm. Such fun! One might fall but it was only "Humpty Dumpty trying to break his crown" and was passed off with laughter. This board gave easy access to the top of the crate. The older children tried jumping off first from the edge and then from the center over the edge and down—a far and high jump in one. It is quite remarkable what little folks will do when apparatus is built low enough for them so that they can depend on themselves to build up their courage and develop their own initiative. The swing with the back and sides adds a feeling of security, and full attention can be placed on the actual showing off and keeping up of the rhythm. The request, "Swing me, swing me, please," is soon changed to "Look, I can swing myself now."

Knowledge Through Play

MORE apparatus was added. More children came and with them problems of adjustment. The mother of the little girl could not always handle the situation. The idea of financial coöperation was advanced to many of the parents whose children participated. This met only with a half-hearted response, as many parents could not see any money value in "play." Then another plan of part ownership and coöperative supervision was suggested. Mothers from a wider area were interested, and a fee of five cents a day was charged to help buy new apparatus. This hardly paid for the wear and tear of the equipment, but it gave a sense of ownership to the mothers and a great satisfaction to each to know that her child was in safe hands, while happily learning to give and take as well as to share things with his fellows.

One rule was made adamant, and that was that no child could come to the playground with the slightest cold. It has certainly helped in holding down contagious disease. During rainy days or very severe weather we kept our children at home. Our share of supervision came only every two weeks, and the time we gained when home alone fully offset the time we spent in supervision. This supervision also gave each mother an opportunity to compare her "wonderful child" with others of equal merit. Some mothers enjoyed every minute of their time on the playground as there are many joys and tragedies taking place all the time in such a little group, and a tactful mother will find great pleasure in helping to guide the ship aright.

As time went on we discovered that, although we studied some of the problems of behavior encountered, we did not fully master them.

Some of us could not play; our minds and bodies had become frozen with adulthood. The constant changing of personnel made some of the little children feel insecure. Some mothers did not enjoy taking their turn. Children invariably display their worst behavior the day their own mother is supervising. We felt the little ones understood us better than we them and, although they seemed happy in the opportunity the playground offered, we felt they might advance more rapidly under a trained teacher.

This year twelve mothers combined in earnest. We found a young woman who enjoyed the outdoors and who had excellent training. We ourselves assisted in taking our turns in supervision. What a change took place immediately! If only we could have had scientific tests to show the advancement our children made! To have the same person on the grounds every day seemed to mean so much. The teacher could see each child as an entity. She began working and tried to help them overcome their difficulties by teaching them to master themselves, through the medium of knowing and mastering inanimate objects and Nature about them.

We purchased more toys, selecting them for their durability, hygienic qualities, and for their power to awaken and hold the interest and to meet the demands of the development of the children. Mechanical toys, such as interest an adult are taboo, as a child soon tires of a toy which does the same thing over and over again. He usually ends in taking it apart and bestowing upon himself the wrath of the fond giver who bought it really for himself. To facilitate the pleasure of children in making their own toys we installed a work bench, good tools, plenty of lumber and nails. What possibilities such a bench does hold! Both boys and girls vie with each other in making doll furniture or perhaps aeroplanes or boats. How much more fun for the children to make a simple although perhaps crude toy than to have it given to them all finished. Did you ever see a child of three years use a saw, or one of two years use a hammer and nails? Try it! See how much they can do. It is surprising. Many a parent in our group had a real surprise.

For an adult, play often means idle relaxation. For a child it means gaining knowledge, getting acquainted with all the new material he is constantly associated with. Having this in mind we equipped long shelves in the apartment living room with clay, calcimine, tempera paints, crayons, chalks, unprinted newspaper, blunt scissors, paste, colored papers, large paint brushes, beads, pegs and peg boards, books with fine illustrations and musical instruments. These materials are free for use whenever the urge presents itself. On rainy days or severe weather our children would play in the living room and dining room upstairs.

When the weather permits the group is always outdoors. Little children enjoy games which enable them to master locomotion. A balancing beam which is a two-by-four resting on two sawhorses or two packing boxes affords great fun. Two-year-old children learn to climb ladders on the climber, the mothers standing by patiently perhaps for two hours the first day the attempt is made. Some learn to climb so fast and with such assurance it gives their parents great joy. The climber was made by nailing one extension ladder on four cedar posts at a height of four feet six inches above the ground. The other ladder rested against this horizontal one and on the ground. The earth beneath all our apparatus has been removed for about twelve inches and refilled with excelsior, sawdust and sand, thereby making a soft springy bed to fall upon.

The climber is a busy place. The little children climb up the slanting ladder onto the horizontal one and then back down again. More courageous ones drop between the rungs onto the soft bed below. This is quite a hard task, as it requires muscles and steady nerve to go down slowly so as to avoid striking the rungs with the head or face. They soon learn to hang on their knees. The rungs give additional security for toes so that swinging with head down is quite a feat. The little children do not like to be outdone by the older group so they cautiously try their stunts on the slanting ladder before they attempt the higher horizontal one.

Mind and Muscle

THE "multiple climber" or modified "jungle gym" was designed with the idea of producing greater pull or stretch as the child climbs up. The lower bars are comparatively close together. They advance three inches in space with each crossbar. The increase is not enough to be noticed but we feel it gives an opportunity for greater variety of movement, since more muscles come into action. Awkward children may start to fall but quickly catch another bar and with a sense of satisfaction they find themselves masters of the situation.

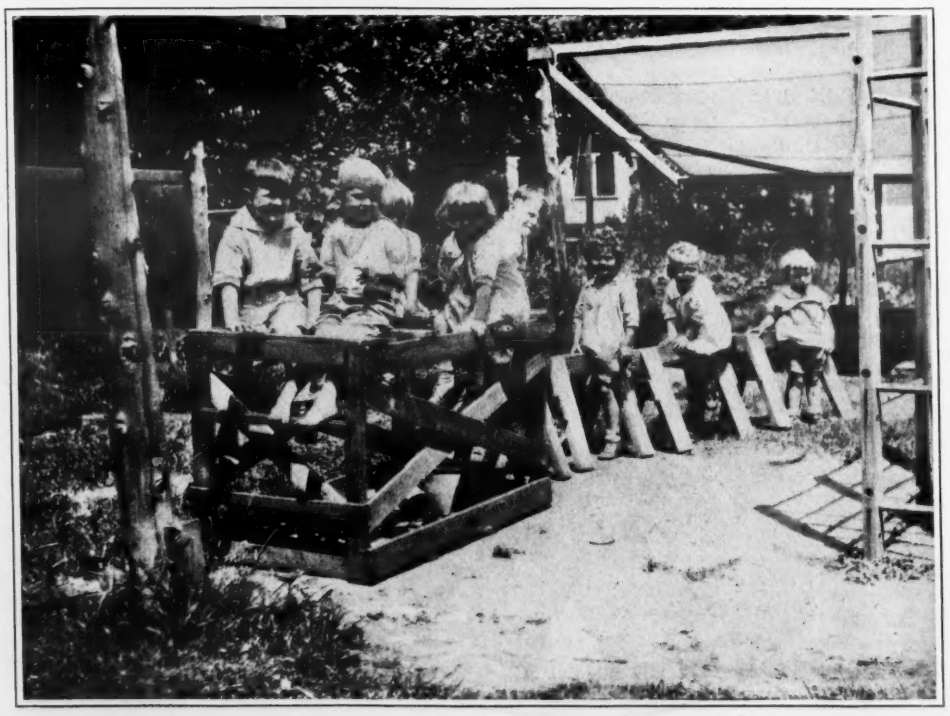
Two table tops were made of one-by-four-inch spruce flooring securely nailed to three boards underneath. Four small sawhorses twenty inches high served as legs for the table tops. What opportunities for social play removable tables hold! The table tops can also be used as a stage with the small packing boxes as seats. Little children love to act out the Mother Goose rimes or their bedtime stories.

The seesaw and a commercial apparatus with a trapeze and rings and a swing afford plenty of opportunity for balance and new stunts. The children learn to wait for their turn. The trapeze seems best for actual play and muscle development. We have used the principle that if a child falls he is immediately invited to try again, and in so doing he is taught the correct way. This teaches courage, and children soon learn to try again of their own accord and master the situation.

We do not rely entirely on apparatus. We also play games, using singing games quite often. We have music for songs and for body rhythm. Thus we get a certain grace and poise, and aim to retain a relaxed body which is a child's natural inheritance. We take the little group to see a house in construction, or a street in the making, or a lumber yard with its planing mill; in fact, many industries within our reach are visited.

We have also a "traveling library." Each child brings a favorite book which is left on the shelves for two weeks, then others are brought to take their place. We have a book period so that the children can have access to each other's books or listen to a good story or have an opportunity to tell their own stories. Thus their little world reaches out beyond the mere commonplaces round about them.

Our aim is to develop an all-round child, not one of great physical endurance and perhaps slow heavy movements, but one who coördinates quickly between mind and muscle, one who has quick reactions to new situations, who has physical courage and flexibility and grace of movement. Our choice of toys and free play material helps to build up the finer muscles and to develop creative ability. Our children learn to do by doing. It is just as vital to a child to create his own toy as success is to any undertaking of his parents. If he learns to master his little problems and has the satisfaction of gaining power and control of himself he will carry this spirit throughout his life.



OUR AIM IS TO DEVELOP AN ALL-ROUND CHILD

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PEACH BAVARIAN

1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup peach juice
½ cup cream, whipped
1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened and drained
2 or 3 drops bitter almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add peach juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 6.

VARY THIS Bavarian by using desired flavor of Jell-O and substituting for peaches and peach juice: 1 cup berries, crushed and drained (strawberries, blackberries or raspberries may be used); 1 cup berry juice and 4 tablespoons sugar.

OR ⅓ cup orange marmalade; ¾ cup water and ¼ teaspoon salt.

CARROT AND CABBAGE SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup raw carrots, grated or finely chopped
1 cup raw cabbage, finely shredded

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in carrots and cabbage. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

VARY THIS salad by substituting for the carrots and cabbage: ½ cup cabbage, finely shredded; 1 cup celery, finely chopped; ½ cup cucumber pickles, finely chopped; 2 or 3 pimientoes.

OR ¾ cup carrots; 1 cup cabbage, finely shredded; 4 tablespoons green peppers, finely chopped; dash of Cayenne.

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MARSHMALLOW WHIP

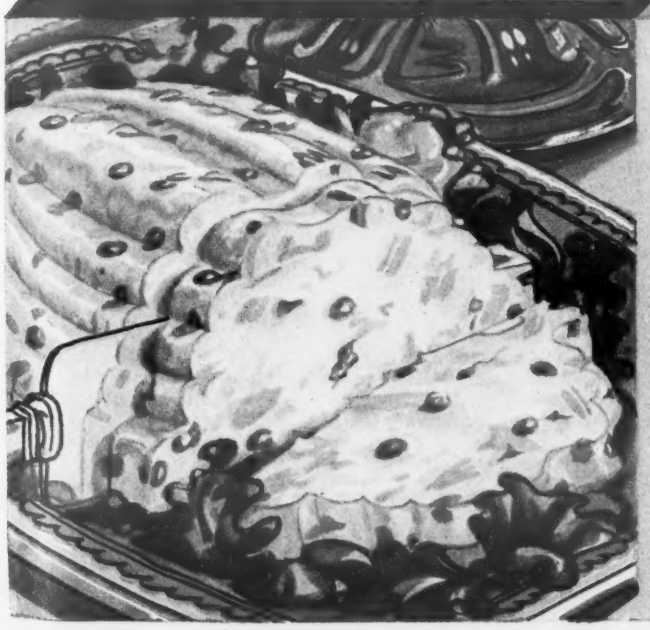
1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water or fruit juice
6 marshmallows, finely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice-water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Add marshmallows. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses or pour into mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6. Use this simple recipe, with variations, *often!*

VARY THIS whip by substituting for marshmallows: 1 cup strawberries, crushed and drained; ⅓ cup sugar.

OR 1 cup pear pulp.

OR 1 cup fig jam.



JELLIED TUNA WITH MAYONNAISE

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup tuna fish, flaked
1 cup peas, fresh-cooked or canned
2 tablespoons pimiento, finely chopped
½ cup Hellmann's Mayonnaise

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water, vinegar, and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in remaining ingredients. Blend. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

VARY THIS entrée by substituting for tuna fish and peas: 1 cup salmon, flaked; 1 cup celery, diced.

OR 1½ cups shrimp, halved; ¼ cup green peppers, chopped.

(All measurements on this page are level.)

These are just a taste of the good things that the new booklet tells about! Get it!

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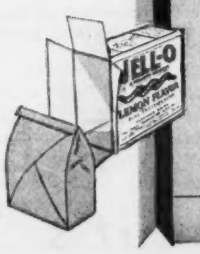

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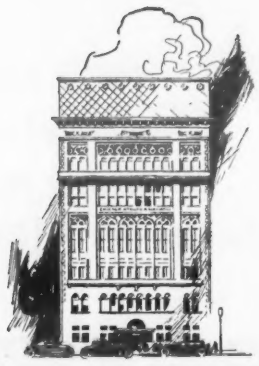
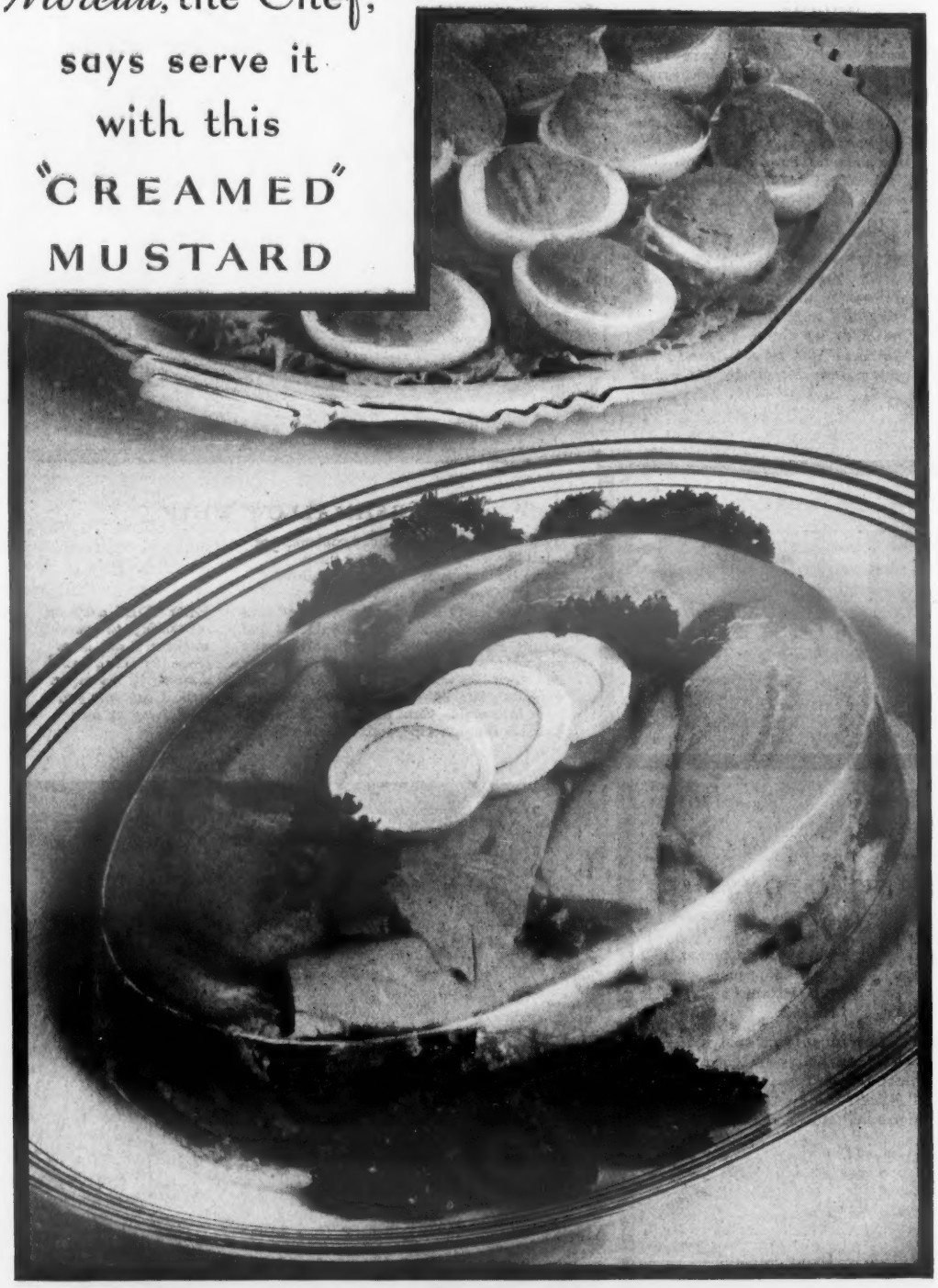


Jellied Chicken Bellevue at the Cold Buffet of Chicago's famous C.A.A.

Moreau, the Chef, says serve it with this "CREAMED" MUSTARD



THE Chicago Athletic Association . . . noted for its exclusive membership, its high social standing . . . is famed also for the excellence of its cuisine.

Among the most prized recipes of Moreau, past master of cookery, is the one for "Jellied Chicken Bellevue" shown on this page. And Moreau's advice is that you serve this delicious dish with French's Prepared Mustard!

Moreau is right in preferring this mustard, because French's is so much *better* than ordinary prepared mustards. "Creaming" of its quality ingredients gives it more subtle, piquant flavor . . . a certain zestful goodness that no other mustard has!

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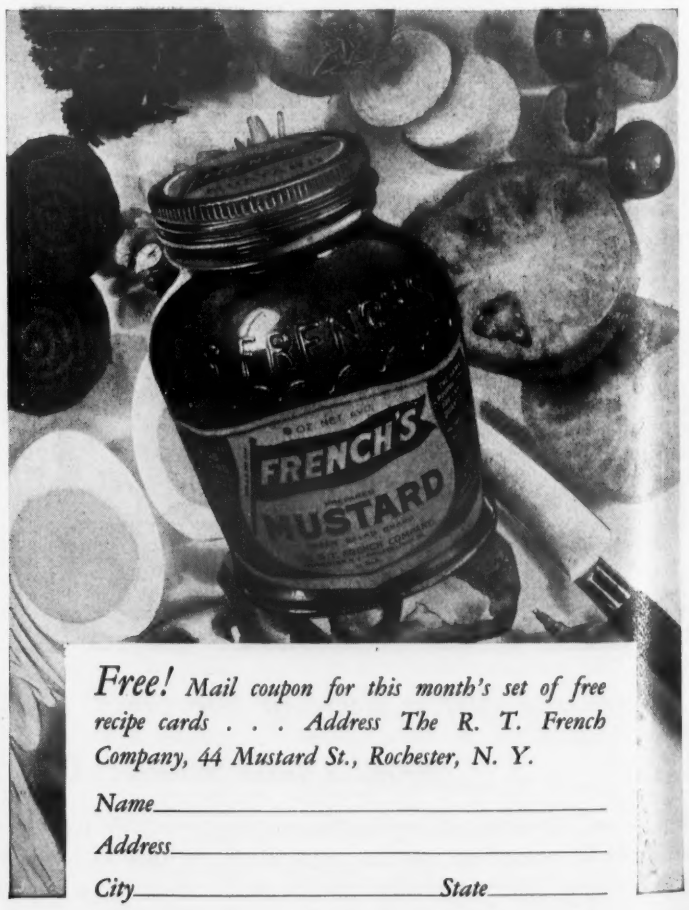
(RECIPE FROM MOREAU, CHEF OF THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION)

Jellied Chicken Bellevue **Clean, singe, and cut up five-lb. fowl. Place in a kettle with just enough boiling water to cook. Add one small onion, one carrot, and two stalks of celery. Season well with pepper and salt. Four teaspoons sherry flavoring and a few chopped pistachio nuts may also be added, if desired. Simmer until meat is tender enough to drop from bone. Remove meat carefully and let stock boil down to one-half its quantity. Slice chicken and arrange in light and dark layers in a mould. Strain stock over chicken. Chill until firm enough to slice. When ready to serve, unmould on bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of hard boiled egg and parsley. Serve with French's Prepared Mustard.**



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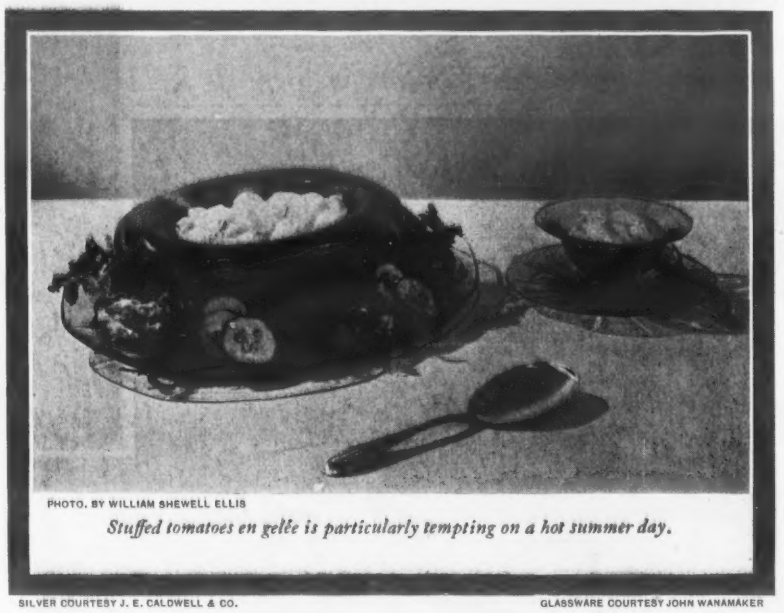

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM SHEWELL ELLIS

Stuffed tomatoes en gelée is particularly tempting on a hot summer day.

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Galantines and Gelées

By CAROLINE B. KING

BEFORE I begin to describe these exquisite and altogether fascinating dishes, it may be fair to warn my readers that one serving of them will be very likely utterly to ruin the family appetite for ordinary warm-weather food—but, be that as it may, I must write of them, for they are too tempting to be ignored.

Galantines, as you perhaps do not know, for I did not until I began to study them, are almost as old as the history of cooking itself; at least they date as far back as Chaucer, which is putting them in the fourteenth century or thereabouts. Those early galantines must have been wonderful concoctions, for one of them which was very popular was made by boning a turkey, a goose, a hen, a pigeon and other fowls or birds and placing them one on the other in order of their size, topping off with the smallest possible bird, a lark; then the whole flock was rolled tightly in the turkey and trussed and tied in shape and finally boiled for hours and hours, then it was allowed to cool in the broth that formed a jelly about the roll, which was sliced and eaten cold.

Less pretentious galantines were made by boning and rolling in its skin any desired fowl or bird, boiling it slowly, then chilling and masking in aspic jelly—a very elegant dish but one that requires too much effort on a warm summer day, for as the old manuscript recipe describing it remarked saliently, with its elongated *s*'s, "This dish requires six or seven hours in the doing."

Aspic Jelly

BUT it would be a pity to forgo these delightful galantines just because our foremothers made such a long task of them, especially when they are so very well suited to summer entertaining, for bridge breakfasts or luncheons on the porch, or dinners in the open; therefore, I am offering these modern forms of the galantine in the hope that they may be found pleasing and satisfying.

The basis for most of my galantines is aspic jelly. This, made after the old-time method, will also take "six or seven hours in the doing" and will require a knuckle of veal, a shin of beef and a fowl, besides innumerable flavorings. But I find that any rich consommé or other clear soup will answer nicely. Sometimes when I have ample time I make my stock, using a good clear-soup recipe, and after chilling and straining it through cheesecloth, I heat it again and add half an ounce of gelatin softened in half a cupful of cold water, to each quart; then I strain it again through a double thickness of cheesecloth and it is ready for use. Chicken stock, veal stock, fish stock are all excellent for making galantines, but they must be rich and flavorful and well cleared and seasoned.

Canned soups also make very satisfactory aspics, and so do bouillon cubes; the same proportion of gelatin is required. Individual flavors may be added to the aspics as desired. Lemon juice, mace, cooking sherry or madeira, cayenne, any of the meat sauces, or tomato juice—any of these will add piquancy and zest to the finished dish.

A vegetable aspic is so delicate and refreshing that I must tell you how to make it. Chop fine, but do not grind, one cupful each of carrots, white turnips, cabbage, celery, string beans, peas, two cupfuls of tomatoes or the same quantity of canned tomatoes, half a cupful of onion, a quarter of a cupful of parsley; add four cloves and one small piece of mace and place over the fire in three quarts of cold water; add two teaspoonfuls of salt and bring to the boiling point; then simmer for an hour or until the vegetables are very tender. Strain, return to the fire and boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, then season to taste with salt, paprika and white pepper; add gelatin in the same proportion as in making meat aspics, strain again through a double thickness of cheesecloth and set away to chill.

Sometimes I find that one of the flavored gelatins makes a more acceptable galantine than either the meat or the vegetable aspic; the lemon is particularly fine for any type of fish galantine.

GALANTINE OF STUFFED EGGS is delightful served in individual forms. Hard-cook the required number of eggs, halve them crosswise and remove the yolks. Mash these well and add a quarter of the quantity of deviled ham, finely chopped pickles or capers to flavor nicely and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Fill the egg whites with the yolk mixture and put the halves together.

Meantime, place a few tablespoonfuls of chicken or other aspic in small molds and set aside to chill; arrange the eggs in the molds and fill the space about them with the cold but not stiff jelly; then set in the coldest part of the refrigerator. When serving, turn out on lettuce or chicory leaves, and garnish with capers, stuffed olives or forms cut from pickled beets or pimientos.

CHINESE CHICKEN GALANTINE is a tempting dish requiring for its making one three-pound chicken, one No. 1 can of sliced pineapple and one cupful of blanched almonds, adding half a teaspoonful of salt. Boil the chicken in water to cover till tender, cool in the broth, then remove and return the liquid to the fire to reduce to one cupful. Cut the chicken in small regular-sized pieces, dice the pineapple and shred the almonds, soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in a quarter of a cupful of cold water and add to the boiling stock; add enough pineapple juice to make three cupfuls and strain through a double thickness of cheesecloth, season to taste with salt and paprika and set aside to cool. Arrange the chicken, pineapple and almonds in a mold, pour over the chilled liquid and place in the refrigerator to stiffen. Unmold and serve with a dressing made by adding enough chili sauce to whipped cream to color it a deep pink. A little horseradish may also be added for pungency if you like.

Gelées are quite as tempting in their way as are the galantines; usually they take the form of refreshing salads or desserts well suited to warm-weather meals.

STUFFED TOMATOES EN GELÉE are particularly interesting. Select small ripe tomatoes of regular size, scald, chill and peel, then remove slices from the tops and hollow out deeply. Sprinkle a little salt in each tomato and turn upside down to drain. Chill well, then fill the tomatoes with a salad made of celery, chopped walnut meats, green pepper and mayonnaise to moisten. Pour half a cupful of liquid aspic in a mold and set away to stiffen, then arrange the tomatoes in the mold, filled side down, and fill the mold with the cold aspic. Chill thoroughly, unmold on a platter and garnish with sliced cucumbers and parsley.

APRICOT GELÉE is an ethereal and most enticing dessert; make it by mashing the contents of a No. 3 can of apricots through a sieve, and add the juice of half a lemon and half an orange. Boil to a sirup of medium thickness one and a half cupfuls of sugar and half a cupful of water, add the fruit and juices and stir over the fire for a few moments. Meantime soften one tablespoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of water, turn into the hot mixture and stir till well dissolved, then chill. Just before the mixture begins to congeal, fold in one cupful of stiffly whipped cream. This dessert is very convenient and may be served in many ways. Pile it in sherbet glasses and insert halves of lady fingers about the edge of each glass, then chill for several hours; or pour into a mold and pack in ice and salt till partially frozen, or half freeze in the pans of the mechanical refrigerator. Serve tiny sponge cakes with the *gelée* to complete it.

COFFEE GELÉE will please all lovers of coffee. Make it by brewing one and a half cupfuls of clear hot coffee, rather stronger than for ordinary occasions. While hot, add to it three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of cream, and one tablespoonful of gelatin softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light with half a teaspoonful of salt; fold them into the hot coffee mixture, adding one teaspoonful of vanilla and six macaroons crumbled coarsely. Cool and when the mixture begins to congeal fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Pour into sherbet glasses and chill, garnish with chopped pecans and rosettes of whipped cream.

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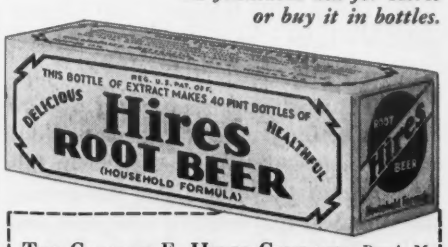

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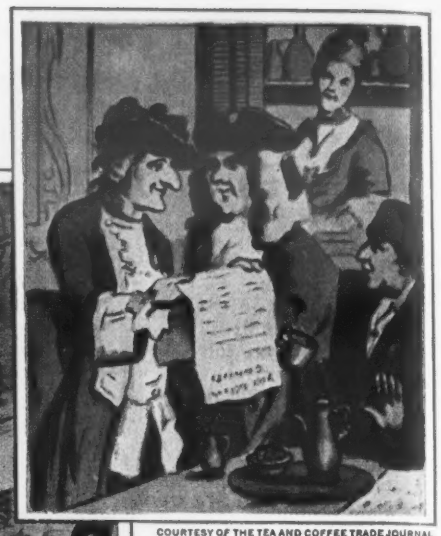

COURTESY OF THE TEA AND COFFEE TRADE JOURNAL

At the left, a scene depicting an English inn kitchen of the late 18th century, after a contemporary illustration by the English artist, Thomas Rowlandson. *Above,* "coffee house politicians" of a somewhat earlier date. Since then, styles in coffee production, selection, roasting and packaging have all changed tremendously—but never faster than in the last few years.

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But the most important thing to know is whether the coffee you serve on your table brings you *all* the better flavor this *newer* century owes you! Are you getting the very best that modern resources and skill should produce?

A cup of DEL MONTE Coffee can answer that question best.

In adding coffee to its line, DEL MONTE had all the experience of 70 years in creating quality products. We had discovered that careful buyers wanted quality and flavor above everything else—we had learned how to keep the quality and dependability of DEL MONTE Products uniform, year after year.

With this broad experience, we set out to create DEL MONTE Coffee with an entirely new point of view—with no established prejudices for any one type of coffee, with no formulas or blends created under less favorable conditions, with no old equipment, with no older type of package.

We were in a position to start fresh—to take advantage of *every* improvement in coffee production—bringing the full resources and knowledge of 1930 to bear on this single brand.

The result is DEL MONTE Coffee—a new quality standard in coffee—the kind of coffee you would expect DEL MONTE to put on your table.

If you would welcome a better coffee flavor—if you have faith in the other foods DEL MONTE has brought to your table—ask your grocer for a can of DEL MONTE Coffee today. Revel in its rich aroma and full-bodied goodness. Enjoy its wonderful quality and supreme flavor. Here, you will say, is an entirely new achievement in coffee selection, blending and roasting—a really modern coffee—the coffee that 1930 owes your table.

Fresh as the Day it was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it!

In this modern, hermetically-sealed, air-proof package, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor.

Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich, as full-bodied—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

A MODERN COFFEE — FOR MODERN TASTES

© C.P.C. 1930

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM SHEWELL ELLIS

Vegetable or fruit juices accompanied by sandwiches of various kinds make satisfying summer luncheons.

THERMOS ICE JAR COURTESY J. E. CALDWELL & CO. GLASSWARE AND VACUUM JUG SET COURTESY JOHN WANAMAKER

Sandwiches, Cold Drinks

By VIOLA M. BELL

WHEN you are serving vegetables and fruits these hot days, why not prepare them frequently in juice form? Accompanied by sandwiches of various kinds, they make satisfying meals. Tomato and sauerkraut juice are already familiar in cocktails. With the wee dulse crackers, they have been used in luncheon and dinner menus as very tasty and healthful appetizers.

To get the juice from the crushed food pulp is easy if you use one of the commercial juice extractors now on the market. If it is necessary to strain the juice, use damp cheesecloth.

For the fruits whose juices are not readily extracted raw, slow heat just sufficient to draw them out is suggested. Unfortunately, heating necessary to draw out the juices of some foods causes their delicate perfume to be spirited away. Quite often, too, cooking brings out the characteristic fruit flavors. In preparing juices from the vegetables, most of them require cooking first. Do this in boiling salted water and cook only until tender.

So sensitive are the pigments of some fruits and vegetables that great care must be used in their preparation to prevent the loss of their bright, colorful hue. Some colorings are soluble in water, and when heated the acid also present in the fruit may turn them to a deeper tone, cause them to fade out, or may turn red to violet. Hard cooking water, too, intensifies some pigments. Exposure to air affects others. It is interesting to watch the violet tints develop when some canned red fruits are opened.

Color Changes

COLOR tricks almost as mystifying as a magician's can be done by blending mixtures of fruit juices. By combining the right juices and using hard or soft water, the color desired is easily possible. For bright red drinks, use red fruit juices with lemon juice to strengthen the red shade. Orange juice, however, combined with red juices gives a brownish or magenta tone. The red juices combined with hard water have a tendency to be violet. Grape and juices of like color turn deep purple by the addition of cooked or canned pineapple. A golden tint is given to yellow juices when that of orange is added.

Why not plan to serve fruit or vegetable juices with hearty sandwiches for a light meal? Consider having sauerkraut juice with Swiss cheese on rye bread toasted for a noonday luncheon. A chicken-salad sandwich is delectable with a tumbler of bright red tomato juice. Spinach and celery juice combine well with a hot bacon-and-egg sandwich.

What could be nicer for a midsummer tea than wild-strawberry juice, well chilled and diluted, made festive with a spray of its own dark leaves, accompanied by almond finger biscuits? For your evening party, pour these sparkling fragrant juices into stunning low goblets from the lovely new pitchers, vacuum lined. These keep the juices at just the temperature you like best. For we realize that ice, if put into the drink, is added at the moment of serving, because it dilutes the flavor.

Children enjoy these beverages. One five-year-old daughter I know chooses juice from canned spinach in preference to any other dainty. The sweet and delicately flavored liquid from canned peas is too good to be thrown away. The juice from canned fruits also, or that left when canning them, may be tucked away in a corner of the ice box to await the moment when its use makes the otherwise humdrum meal a happy memory.

The market order might well include some of the canned fruit, vegetable and clam juices. Let's write, too, evaporated and condensed milk and the malted milks, both plain and flavored. Include also the prepared chocolate sirups for beverages either iced or hot. These suggest, too, the special breads, wafers and cakes, bought or homemade, to nibble with the beverages.

One can make up a loaf of any of the fruit or nut breads far enough ahead so that it will slice readily. Hot muffins or rolls, plain and fancy, split, spread with butter, toasted and served hot with the beverage, are ideal for the informal luncheon on the piazza. Peanut-butter or breakfast-bacon muffins are lovely treated this way. Good old-fashioned bread, plain or with filling, is always wholesome.

Most fruit juices require sweetening. Smooth, too, they are if the sugar has been made into a sirup before combining with the juice. A dash of imagination in the form of crushed rose-geranium leaves from the herb garden will tone it up decidedly. Sirup made in quantity may be kept in the refrigerator. The sugar sirup both sweetens and dilutes the juice. Since extreme cold seems to deaden our taste buds, it is advisable to think of this when the juices are being sweetened to taste. Sugar or honey may be added directly to the hot juice strained from the cooked or canned fruits, and stirred until dissolved. Several slices of lemon cooked with the fruit, or several tablespoonfuls of the lemon juice added when the fruit is strained, aid in giving flavor.

Fruit Sirup (1 Quart)

1½ Cupfuls of Sugar
1 Quart of Water, Hot
⅛ Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar

DISSOLVE sugar, salt and cream of tartar in hot water. Boil sirup seven minutes, pour into quart jar and cool. Store in refrigerator.

For spiced sirup, cook with the following tied in small bag:

½ Teaspoonful of Whole Cloves
½ Teaspoonful of Allspice
2-Inch-Length Stick of Cinnamon
A Few Drops of Jamaica Ginger May be Added Also

Fruit Juices

APPLES. Raw (cider) or from cooked tart apples combine well with the juices of cooked red plums, gooseberries or pineapple.

BLACKBERRIES. Raw, canned or cooked. Red raspberries, currants and strawberries are lovely combinations.

CHERRIES. Raw, frozen, canned or cooked. Delicious with other juices.

CRANBERRIES. Cooked with spiced sirup, use with strawberry and pineapple.

CURRANTS. Cooked, rich in color and flavor. Blackberry, red raspberry or cooked pineapple are enjoyed as partners. Milk takes on a party air when combined with currants.

GOOSEBERRIES. Cooked or canned, blend with spice, red raspberry, orange or pineapple.

GRAPE. Alone or combined.

GRAPEFRUIT. Raw or canned.

LEMON. Raw or canned, alone or for accenting other flavors.

LIME. Raw or canned. Is delicious alone or in combination.

LOGANBERRY. Raw, canned or cooked. Alone or combined.

PEACH. Cooked or canned, is fragrant and flavorful alone or combined.

PINEAPPLE. Raw, cooked or canned, is well known. Apples, cherries and sauerkraut are few of the many combinations.

PLUM. Cooked or canned. Red, green or blue, when spiced, has a "pointed" flavor.

RASPBERRY. Red or black, raw, cooked, canned or frozen, is luscious. Blackberry, cherry and raw rhubarb blend well.

RHUBARB. Raw rhubarb has a beautiful rose tint. Raw, cooked or canned, and spiced, it joins well with strawberry and raspberry.

STRAWBERRY. Aromatic and just acid enough. Lovely in fruit-ades or with milk.

Vegetable Juices

THESE seasoned well with salt, plain or celery, and accented by a dash of nutmeg, paprika or clove, are served icy cold in small glasses.

BEET. Canned, steeped three minutes with whole clove and strained. Add some acid if too sweet.

CARROT. Is enjoyed with celery juice.

CELERY. May add spinach, sauerkraut or tomato.

PEA. Alone or with celery or tomato.

SPINACH. Dilute with mild-flavored vegetables.

STRING BEAN. Similar to pea juice.

TOMATO. Raw, cooked or canned, has abundant flavor and combines easily.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Journal Kitchen has prepared a number of additional recipes suitable for summer menus and entertaining, which will be sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address, Service Bureau, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

Delightfully Mellow!

***because they are* Aged 6 months in the making**

THIS long, leisurely ageing process that develops rich, mellow flavor is the true secret of Clicquot Club's world-wide popularity. And although they are all aged 6 months in the making, they are very different in flavor composition to suit different tastes . . . or moods . . . or occasions.

GOLDEN—with its spirited tang of real ginger—is a zestful, appetizing drink. It has been America's favorite ginger ale for nearly half a century.

PALE DRY is more delicate. It is mild, with the fruit flavorings more apparent to the taste. Ideally suited to recipe drinks.

SEC is dry . . . very dry. Its own delightful flavor blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself. A modern-day ginger ale supreme.

Many hostesses always keep more than one kind on hand. People have such different tastes! But one of these three is sure to please. And you are sure of the same priceless purity that is guaranteed by *brand-new bottles.* No bottle is ever used a second time.

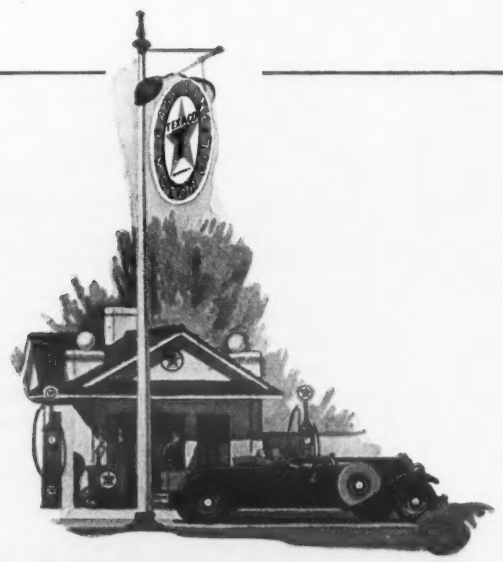
CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations at 9 P.M., New York time.*

TEXACO

THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY FOR PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

WOMEN DRIVERS ARE CAREFUL DRIVERS*



*STATISTICS INDICATE—24% of the licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women, yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

Skillfully she threads her way through heavy traffic. Smoothly she flashes along the open road. For today, the woman driver has gracefully taken her place behind the wheel. She knows the courtesies of the road, knows her car and—the superior economy of a good gasoline and motor oil.

With the same care that she buys household necessities she purchases Texaco Gasoline and Motor Oil. For to her the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is as much a guarantee of quality as the trade mark on her favorite brand of peaches on the grocer's shelf.

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline is *better* because it forms a *dry gas*. This means extra speed in starting, extra pick-up on hills and extra power on the straightaway. Yet Texaco costs no more than ordinary "wet" gasoline.

Today on the shopping list of thousands of women in each of our 48 States —Texaco Gasoline and Motor Oil.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO

GASOLINE-MOTOR OIL

Summer Health for Winter Needs

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

WE HAVE taken the fear out of summer so far as the health of babies and young children is concerned, but we have not yet fully realized how important the summer can be as a time of storing up a supply of positive health that will last throughout the winter days ahead.

For summer is the time when every factor that makes for health is ours for the taking. All that we need to learn is how we may use this immediately available and rich store of health for our babies and children.

When we have learned to use all that the summer can give us and make it our friend, we shall have solved many of the problems of child health that now beset us when winter comes.

Our first way of storing up summer health for winter needs for our babies and young children is by the free exposure of their bodies to sunlight and air during the warm weather. This is the time when we can take advantage of a super-supply of vitamin D from the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

In early infancy, this vitamin D which comes to us from these light rays of the sun is the one sure preventive of rickets and the element most necessary to build straight and strong bones and sound teeth. It is essential for normal nutrition in infancy. When the vitamin D requirements of our babies are met, we have laid the foundation for health that will last.

It is true that we can give our babies an extra supply of vitamin D during the winter by the use of Viosterol, cod-liver oil, window glass permitting the ultra-violet rays of the sun to enter our houses and by means of sun baths from the so-called sun lamps.

These are all of great value, but they are substitutes for the action of the direct rays of the sun on the skin of the body and any substitute does not have all the virtues of the original. Any or all should be used when direct sun baths are not possible, but in the summer our children may have the effects of vitamin D brought to them in Nature's way.

The air baths which help store up health in summer come as a natural part of the sun bath.

Air Baths

AIR has tonic qualities for the skin which are reflected in a general sense of well-being. The air bath aids the pores of the skin in getting rid of the waste products of the body and by its action in evaporating the moisture from the skin it keeps the inner temperature of the body at an even and normal rate and is a great aid in the prevention of illness and the establishment of health.

"Sun suits," which consist simply of short, loose trousers familiarly known as "shorts" held in place by straps over the child's shoulders, may now be bought almost anywhere or can be made at home from easily obtainable patterns. These sun suits may be worn during the greater part of the day and permit a continuous air bath. They are particularly valuable for children of from one to five years of age.

Babies should wear very lightweight clothing in summer. A cotton undervest, diaper and muslin slip are sufficient for all but the coolest days. All babies should have all their clothing taken off during the hotter part of the day and be allowed to play about on a clean sheet for an hour or so.

There have been few health measures of such importance to childhood as the modern tendency toward very little clothing, or even none at all, when the heat waves come.

The normal out-of-door exercise that comes with play during the summer is a fine aid in building health for future as well as immediate need. But we must not forget that rest is also important and the daytime nap and early-to-bed program must not be neglected.

Where daylight-saving time is in effect, the bedtime hour must be safeguarded. The added hour of daylight is a temptation to let children stay up later with the same schedule of time for getting up in the morning. The cool evenings do bring a respite from the heat of the day before bedtime and there is definite value in this for children from the point of view of comfort as well as health.

It is easy to adjust this by letting the children stay up an hour later in summer and then have an added hour for sleep the next morning, so that the total time for necessary rest is not curtailed.

Regular and frequent bathing is another essential health measure for babies and children in summer. Warm baths for cleansing purposes are necessary at more frequent intervals than they are in the winter because outdoor play will bring dirt in its wake. They should be given just before bedtime, with the water tepid rather than hot so that the effect is soothing and sleep promoting.

The Diet

DURING the day, every child should have at least one cool sponge or spray bath; babies thrive better and heat rashes will be avoided when two or three such baths are given daily. Cool baths are stimulating and refreshing, but the child should show the healthy reaction that comes with the signs of a pink glow to the skin and the deeper pink of the lips and finger nails. If the child is delicate or this healthy reaction does not occur, only tepid baths should be used.

Be sure, too, that your children are having plenty of water to drink. The heat of summer causes a constant evaporation from the surface of the body and it requires a great deal of water inside the body to make up for this loss. It is good practice to give the baby a drink of water midway between feedings and to be sure that older children have water to drink at stated intervals, at least four glassfuls each day.

Food is always a seasonal problem for us all. In summer we can have an abundant supply of the fresh vegetables that bring us our quota of vitamins. We can obtain these in winter, too, but they are more difficult to secure in full variety and they cost more.

Summer is the time when our children can get all the vitamins they need in a natural way through proper food and sunshine with little or no effort on our part. Rich foods are taboo and sweets should be given guardedly during hot weather. The health that comes as a result of a diet with a balanced vitamin content, plus sunlight, air and water, is of the sound type that builds for the future as well as for the present.

All the health measures that I have outlined are part of the richness that summer brings to our children.

The store of health that is available for all children in the summer may be used readily by any mother to build up bodies so strong and well that they will be able to meet the worst onslaughts of winter with firm resistance. And for your children of five and six years who are to go to school for the first time this fall, this summer offers you the opportunity of seeing that all their physical defects are corrected so that when that important first school day arrives, your child may meet his new world on equal physical terms.

Try this New Drink!
a simple but delicious discovery

To YOUR full-sized (8 oz.) glass of orange juice, simply add the juice of half a lemon. It brings a tangy zest and freshness that will win you, as it is winning thousands. A more bracing "pickup" at breakfast, or during the day—variety at lunch and dinner.

But even more important: Medical authority now announces that you need this new combination drink *twice a day* to meet the necessary vitamin "C" requirements of the body! A vital new health discovery is the reason:

Vitamin "C" is rapidly destroyed in an alkaline solution. And because the human body is alkaline, the body uses up a supply of this vitamin in 24 hours. Therefore, we have to renew our vitamin "C" supply *every day!*

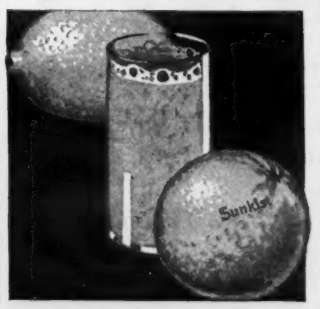
Oranges and lemons are generally accepted as the best source of vitamin "C" known to medical science. Orange juice is universally fed to babies for this reason. And lemons are even richer than oranges in this vitamin. Adding the lemon as described above greatly increases the vitamin "C" potency!

These newly appreciated facts help explain why an "overfed but undernourished" condition is so common today. For a consistent lack of vitamin "C" leads to listlessness, irritability, nervous symptoms and a general "run-down" condition—even to scurvy in extreme cases. So act against these ailments today—and *every day*. Don't run the risk when a drink so good is so good for you.

Oranges and lemons never tire the taste. They aid appetite and digestion. They provide vitamins "A" and "B" as well as "C." And although containing healthful citric acids (which preserve their vitamin "C") oranges and lemons have an alkaline reaction after digestion in the body. Therefore they promote health again by helping to prevent Acidosis.

To assure richest juice and finest flavor in the fruit you get, look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of Oranges; on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" guarantees uniform quality every day in the year.

Free Book: Send the coupon now for your free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and vitamins in detail, and giving other vital health information. Normal diet and Safe Reducing menus approved by high medical authority are included. © 1930 C. F. G. E.



California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 207, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.* You may also send your new free catalog of *Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories.*

Name_____

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Why Play is the most important single factor in your child's life

Read what a famous American educator says on this all-important subject:

"PLAY is the essential part of a child's education," says Joseph Lee in his valuable book, *Play in Education* (published by the McMillan Company). "It is nature's prescribed course," he continues. "School is invaluable in forming the child to meet actual social opportunities and conditions. Without school, he will not grow up to fit our institutions. Without play, he will not grow up at all."

This attitude on the part of our great educators and psychologists is responsible for the whole change in our methods of bringing up children.

We have learned that, to boys and girls, play is serious. It is their form of work. And the standard of effort and achievement it holds up is both high and rigid. Watch any boy practicing on a football field or any girl playing basketball. Could *any* school or home tasks call forth the same ability and perseverance?

As Dr. Lee says, "It is only in his play that the child's whole power is called forth, that he gets himself entirely into what he does. Or rather, in play he puts more than himself into it, more than was actually there, or would ever have existed, if called for by a less powerful enchanter."

Encourage your child to play

SINCE play is so necessary to your child, see that he is allowed time and opportunity for this important work. Encourage him to play with other children of his age. Take an interest in your young son's prowess on the neighborhood baseball nine; in your daughter's Girl Scout achievements.

And be sure to see that they are properly equipped for play—with sweaters and shorts or bloomers and, above all, with the proper play shoes. For, in active sports and games, footwork is all-important in developing skill and poise.

Barefoot Freedom without Barefoot Risks

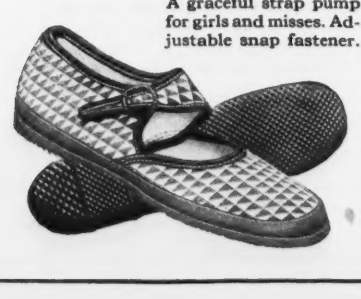
IN Keds, you have the perfect play shoe. They are designed and built as no other play shoes are. They have light-weight porous tops, so active feet can breathe. They have arch and ankle supports and "Feltex" insoles. Many styles have soles especially planned for ease and speed in running. Many have extra reinforcements at toes and ankles.

In fact, Keds give barefoot skill and freedom without barefoot risks of injury and infection.

Physicians and gymnasts have for years recommended Keds because of all these desirable qualities.

So, as your contribution to your children's play, take them to your favorite shoe dealer and have them fitted in the styles of Keds best suited to their strenuous activities. Keds come in over thirty styles, so your choice will be wide.

Keds "Conquest"—Made with crepe sole, famous for wear. Popular with boys and girls.



Keds "Spor-Tie"—A graceful strap pump for girls and misses. Adjustable snap fastener.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

The name "Keds" is stamped on all genuine Keds. Look for the name and be sure. Keds at $1, $1.25, $1.75 and up to $4. The more you pay the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

What's New?

What the Modern Homemaker Wants to Know

EXPERIMENTS on blackberries reveal that when picked before they are too ripe—that is, while still showing some red — blackberries will make good jelly with a larger proportion of sugar than is recommended for most fruits. Thus, if 1 teaspoonful of the cooked cooled blackberry juice gives a firm jelly when gently mixed with 1 teaspoonful of denatured alcohol—denatured alcohol may be poisonous and should be used for testing purposes only—good jelly can be made by adding 1¼ to 1⅓ cupfuls of sugar to each cupful of juice. If only a few lumps form, 1 cupful of sugar to each cupful of juice makes the best jelly.

At sea level, temperatures of 103–104° C. or 217–219° F. gave the best jelly with these proportions of sugar—1° C. or 2° F. being deducted from these temperatures for each thousand feet of elevation.

Better than the use of a thermometer is cooking jelly until it reaches a definite weight, determined before starting. With the amounts of sugar indicated by the alcohol test, this weight is 1.6 times the weight of sugar added, and cooking is stopped when the total weight reaches this weight plus the weight of the kettle used. Usually this weight can be reached in one or two trials and the resulting jellies are more uniform than when tested by other methods. Such jellies contain 62½ per cent sugar when finished.

For jam, the ripeness of berries when picked is an important factor. Berries should be ripe, but not dead ripe, ¼ to 1/10 showing some red color. This insures enough acid and pectin for good jelly, which is the basis for good jam. Grinding the berries and removing part of the seeds insure a smooth product; and testing a small amount of the juice with denatured alcohol indicates the amount of sugar that may be added, as it does in blackberry jelly. If a heavy jellylike mass forms when 1 teaspoonful of the cooked fruit juice is mixed with an equal amount of alcohol, 1⅓ ounces of sugar can be used to each ounce of the washed berries; if a few large lumps form, 1 ounce of sugar per ounce of berries.

A temperature of 102° or 103° C. or 216° or 217° F. gives the best result; but cooking to reach a certain definite weight is recommended as more accurate. This weight is 1.6 times the weight of sugar.

—Hazel Cameron, West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station.

Tests just completed indicate that ripe olives of the Manzanillo variety are rich in vitamin A.

—Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

An electric heater that can also be used as a small table has a motor-driven fan, which can be used to distribute the warm air, or the fan only can be used in summer when the heating unit is not needed.

—Thermador.

In these days of large use of orange juice we note an orange juicer of aluminum, operated with a handle and so constructed as to extract both the juice and the pulp. It is easily cleaned.

—Knapp's.

A new wooden glove form having long fingers and adjustable thumb may now be had for drying gloves.

—Thoma.

A huller that can be used for green peas and Lima beans is attached to the table by rubber suction feet, operates with a handle, passing the peas or beans between tiny rubber rollers.

—Holmes.

There is a new sandwich grill which in addition to toasting sandwiches can be used for frying eggs, broiling steaks or bacon and by an adjustment of the hinge becomes a double griddle for frying pancakes.

—Westinghouse.

You can slide the iron onto this iron rest and thus avoid lifting its heavy weight. The rest can either be tied or tacked to the board.

—B. C. Iron Rest.

No more uneven slices of bread if this new bread slicer is used to cut slices thick or thin as you like them.

—Uniform Bread Slicer.

Paper milk "bottles" are now a reality. Among their many advantages are that they stay firm or crisp on ice or in water, and are safe to carry anywhere in any position, for they cannot leak or drip. The public's approval has been given by the successful results of a year's experimental use of them. This has led to their adoption by a large milk-distributing concern.

—Sealcones.

The "lapkin" is a new kind of napkin developed because of its practicability in this day when the napkin is often not completely unfolded but laid across the lap in a quarter section. To facilitate such use, the lapkin is cut oblong in shape. Lapkins are made in various sizes, the most popular of which are 18 by 14 and 27 by 18 inches.

—Irish & Scottish Linen Damask Guild.

Phone bill due?

Let your tooth paste pay it

If it can't pay it all, it can pay part of it—for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. If there are seven in the family, the saving is $21 a year.

Judges of value acclaim this

modern dentifrice at 25¢

DO you know of one good reason why you should pay more than 25¢ for a quality tooth paste?

We don't; and we have been studying tooth pastes of all kinds for 20 years. We have learned that all are much alike in the results which they accomplish.

In Listerine Tooth Paste we offer a dentifrice of outstanding quality—one in every way worthy of the Listerine name. That you can obtain it at 25¢ is due to our ability to buy ingredients in quantity, and to modern production methods which eliminate every unnecessary expense.

Why not switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for one month and let it prove its own merits?

Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. See how its mild polishing and cleansing ingredients penetrate those hard-to-get-at crevices between the teeth and remove decaying matter. Note that wonderful feeling of health and invigoration that comes to your mouth after you have used it. Then reflect that these benefits are yours for $3 a year—about half of what you usually pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE Tooth Paste

The guns of war are stilled

Food shot from guns of peace

125 million explosions in each grain of wheat and rice make Puffed Grains virtually as nourishing as hot cooked cereals

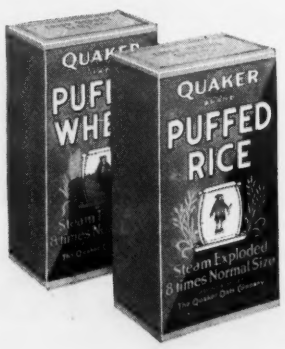
GRAINS of wheat and rice, as completely digestible, as nourishing as though they had been cooked for hours . . . yet crisp . . . flaky . . . alluringly crunchy!

This is what the discovery of "food shot from guns" brings to your breakfast table. Professor A. P. Anderson, their inventor, knew that wheat and rice grains contain millions of tiny food cells. He knew that even prolonged overcooking sometimes fails to open all these cells. Hence these finest of cereal grains are often not completely digestible.

Discovers way to explode food cells

So he seals the grains in huge guns. Revolves them for hours in fiery ovens. When the guns are fired, 125 million explosions occur in each grain. Every food cell is broken open. The grains become more perfectly cooked than hot cooked cereals. And virtually as nourishing.

These 125 million explosions not only make wheat and rice more assimilable. They are made flaky, crunchy, flavory . . . utterly delicious. All their natural nut-sweet flavor is developed. When the guns pour forth their shower of Puffed Grains it smells like an old-time kitchen on baking day. It smells so good you can hardly wait to lift a handful of these grains to your mouth. No wonder Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have been found to be the children's favorite cereal!



This crisp, delicious Puffed Rice blends perfectly with all fruits. Serve every day in every way you can.

Puffed Rice is a creamy rich dainty. It digests readily. Turns to energy in a hurry. Puffed Wheat is made of whole wheat. It offers rich minerals. Plus 25% bran. The Quaker Oats Company.

For other products with the famous "Quaker" quality, try Quick Quaker Oats and Quaker Milk Macaroni.

Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat

Hows and Whys of Making Muffins

(Continued from Page 84)

muffins made with cream and a phosphate baking powder and containing dates.

Directions for Preparing Muffins

YIELD. Each muffin recipe makes ten muffins about two and a half inches in diameter and one and a half inches high.

UTENSILS. A two-quart heavy porcelain or glass mixing bowl, and a wooden spoon.

Muffin pans with a total capacity of about four and a half cupfuls. In this laboratory ten muffin-pan sections, each holding about seven tablespoonfuls, are used.

PROPORTION OF INGREDIENTS

PLAIN MUFFINS—SWEET MILK

Flour:	
Pastry *or* Family	2¼ cupfuls / 2 cupfuls minus 1 tablespoonful
Baking powder:	
Tartrate *or* Calcium-phosphate *or* S. A. S.-phosphate	4 teaspoonfuls / 4 teaspoonfuls / 3 teaspoonfuls
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls
Salt	½ teaspoonful
Egg	1 medium size
Milk	1 cupful
Fat (melted or a liquid fat)	3 tablespoonfuls

PLAIN MUFFINS—SWEET CREAM

Flour:	
Pastry *or* Family	2 cupfuls / 1¾ cupfuls
Baking powder:	
Tartrate *or* Calcium-phosphate *or* S. A. S.-phosphate	4 teaspoonfuls / 4 teaspoonfuls / 3 teaspoonfuls
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls
Salt	½ teaspoonful
Egg	1 medium size
Cream (18 per cent)	1 cupful

GRAHAM MUFFINS—SWEET MILK

Flour:	
Pastry *or* Family	1 cupful / ⅞ cupful
Baking powder:	
Tartrate *or* Calcium-phosphate *or* S. A. S.-phosphate	4 teaspoonfuls / 4 teaspoonfuls / 3 teaspoonfuls
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls
Salt	½ teaspoonful
Graham flour	1¼ cupfuls
Egg	1 medium size
Milk	1 cupful
Fat (melted or a liquid fat)	3 tablespoonfuls

GRAHAM MUFFINS—SWEET CREAM

Flour:	
Pastry *or* Family	¾ cupful / ⅔ cupful
Baking powder:	
Tartrate *or* Calcium-phosphate *or* S. A. S.-phosphate	4 teaspoonfuls / 4 teaspoonfuls / 3 teaspoonfuls
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls
Salt	½ teaspoonful
Graham flour	1 cupful
Egg	1 medium size
Cream (18 per cent)	1 cupful

CORN-MEAL MUFFINS—SWEET MILK

Flour:	
Pastry *or* Family	1⅞ cupfuls / 1⅝ cupfuls
Baking powder:	
Tartrate *or* Calcium-phosphate *or* S. A. S.-phosphate	4 teaspoonfuls / 4 teaspoonfuls / 3 teaspoonfuls
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls
Salt	½ teaspoonful
Corn meal (yellow or white)	¾ cupful
Egg	1 medium size
Milk	1 cupful
Fat (melted or liquid fat)	3 tablespoonfuls

ORDER OF WORK:

1. Assemble the ingredients and the utensils needed in the preparation of the muffins. Oil the muffin tins.

2. Light the oven. Set it at 425° F. if a tartrate or calcium-phosphate baking powder is to be used, or at 300° F. if a S. A. S.-phosphate powder is to be used.

3. *(a)* Measure the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Mix these together; then sift them into the mixing bowl. If Graham flour or corn meal is used, measure it and add it to the other dry ingredients after they are sifted.

(b) Beat the egg until it is foamy.

(c) Measure the milk or cream. Turn it into the egg.

(d) If fat is used—as it is in all muffins except those made with cream—measure it. If one of the solid fats is used, melt it before measuring. Turn it into the egg-milk mixture just before combining the wet and dry ingredients as described below.

4. Combine the ingredients as follows:

Turn the wet ingredients into the dry ones all at one time and immediately start to combine the two by stirring as *vigorously* as possible without spattering the mixture out of the bowl.

If a tartrate powder has been used, stop stirring the instant the dry ingredients are *just dampened*. This will probably take from ten to twenty seconds. The batter will look very lumpy.

If a calcium-phosphate or an S. A. S.-phosphate baking powder has been used, stir until the dry ingredients are just dampened, then for about three seconds longer—four to five strokes. This batter will appear less lumpy than that mentioned above, but will not yet have become perfectly smooth.

Take care to avoid overstirring, for muffins are more easily ruined by this than by any other means. Just a few seconds' overbeating makes the muffin batter rise to peaks and be full of large holes.

As soon as the beating period is over, dip the batter into the muffin tins with as little stirring as possible. Fill each section about two-thirds full.

5. Bake the muffins as follows:

If a tartrate or calcium-phosphate baking powder was used, bake at 425° F. until the crusts are golden brown—about twenty minutes. If an S. A. S.-phosphate powder was used, bake at 300° F. for about five minutes or until the batter has risen to almost double its original height, then at 425° F. for about fifteen minutes longer.

6. Remove the muffins from the tins immediately after taking them out of the oven, and serve them *at once*.

TO SUBSTITUTE SOUR MILK OR CREAM FOR SWEET. If thick sour milk or cream is used instead of sweet, make the following modification in the proportions of ingredients and method of work:

1. Use two teaspoonfuls (instead of four) of tartrate or phosphate baking powder; one and a half teaspoonfuls (instead of three) of S. A. S.-phosphate baking powder.

2. Use half a teaspoonful of soda and one tablespoonful of cold water. Mix the two together and stir them into the other wet ingredients.

ABBREVIATED DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING MUFFINS. If one decides to make Graham muffins using sweet cream, a phosphate baking powder, pastry flour and dates, the directions would be:

1. Light the oven (425° F.).

2. Measure the ingredients:

Pastry flour	1 cupful	Mix, then sift together
Baking powder	4 teaspoonfuls	
Sugar	2 tablespoonfuls	
Salt	½ teaspoonful	
Graham flour (add to the other dry ingredients after they are sifted)	1¼ cupfuls	
Dates (cut fine and mix thoroughly with the dry ingredients)	½ cupful	
Egg	1 medium size	Mix together
Cream	1 cupful	

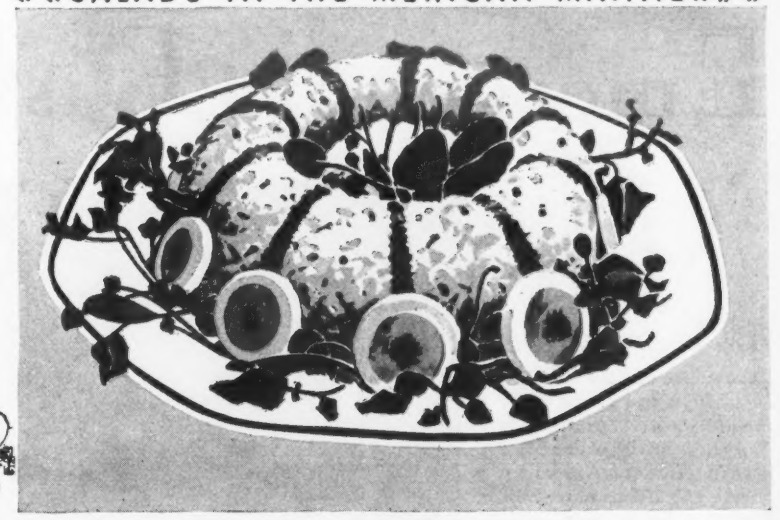
3. Pour the wet ingredients into the dry ones and immediately start to stir. Stir until the dry ingredients have become just dampened—about seventeen seconds; then continue stirring for about three seconds.

4. Place batter gently in the pans.

5. Bake until a golden brown—about twenty minutes.

ENSALADAS a la MEJICANA

«« SALADS IN THE MEXICAN MANNER »»



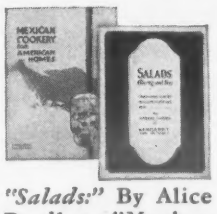
Alice Bradley's Recipes

New Salad Sensations—New Flavor—Decoration Design

ILLUSTRATED above is "Ensalada de Papas y Huevos". The Dean of Miss Farmer's Boston School of Cookery created it and many others equally alluring. You, too, can make them *easily*, if you have her salad book . . . full color illustrations . . . minute instructions, descriptions and recipes.

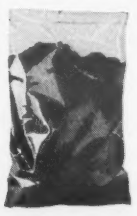
Miss Bradley's modern skill, combined with the age-old secret of Mexican seasoning, makes these salads what they are . . . flaming red color to accentuate the salad greens, whites and yellows . . . flavor peculiar and piquant tickle the taste, please the palate and urge the appetite.

Bewitch your bridge-party guests. Entice your menfolk and kiddies to eat more of health-giving salads. Get real pleasure yourself in doing something different, unique and novel, that really makes a hit.



"Salads:" By Alice Bradley—*"Mexican Cookery:"* By Gebhardt.

Ordinarily you'll prefer to buy *Gebhardt's* genuine Mexican Chili Powder at the store in 15c and 35c bottles. But to get the *complete* book of salad recipes and *Gebhardt's* manual of native Mexican cookery, send for the sample today.



Alice Bradley's New Salad Book

with this Sample of Gebhardt's Chili Powder and Gebhardt's Book: Real Mexican Recipes 10c

Alice Bradley's "Salads" beautifully printed in full color, showing detail and technique of the new salad vogue. Also, Gebhardt's book of original Mexican recipes [36 pages in color]. A manual of genuine native Mexican cooking. Both books, plus a full 10c worth of Gebhardt's Mexican Chili Powder; total retail value 40c; sent postpaid to any address, 10c.

The SAMPLER DINNER PACKAGE OF MEXICAN FOODS IN CANS

To introduce Gebhardt's famous Mexican canned foods where dealers don't yet have them, we offer this bargain package. One can each of Chili Con Carne, Tamales, Mexican Beans; 2 cans Deviled Sandwich Spread; 1 bottle Chili Powder; two recipe books; retail value, goods $1.05; including books $1.35. Try these dishes; then get your dealer to stock them for you.

$1

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GENUINE MEXICAN

Chili

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LHJ-7

Delicious Emergency Dishes

Ham and Tomato Grill

Take a slice of boiled ham ¼ inch thick and about three inches square. Spread with Gulden's. On top of this place a thin slice of American cheese and a slice of tomato. Grill under broiler until cheese is melted and tomato browned.

The triumph of a Clever Hostess

"Of all times when I wanted things especially nice!" How often do you make that exclamation when a valued friend arrives unexpectedly and there is an emergency meal to be prepared.

Yet it is easy to have things especially nice on short notice. It's the same old problem of giving an *extra deliciousness* to simple foods. Gulden's Prepared Mustard, the wonder-working seasoning—always ready to use—is an invaluable help in such moments. It brings a "French Chef touch" to scrambled eggs; makes Delicatessen dishes delightfully different, and gives the perfect flavor to salads. Creamed dishes are always useful in emergencies, and there is nothing like Gulden's to give them an appetizing zest.

There are millions of atoms of rare flavor in every drop of Gulden's Mustard. We search the world for the finest mustard seeds and delicate spices. We blend them with skillful exactitude in just the right proportion for seasoning. You will never know how good food can taste until you use Gulden's to bring out the hidden flavor in meats, vegetable dishes and left-overs.

A New Book of Appetizers

Send for our recipe book of seasoning secrets compiled by expert cooks, and the new leaflet of appetizers. Enclose ten cents if you also want a 2-ounce bottle of Gulden's Mustard—the only Prepared Mustard that has taken prizes at World Fairs and Institutes since 1864.

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☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets," containing 76 recipes with a new taste-thrill, and the new leaflet on appetizers.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner, as well as recipe booklet.

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Ladies' Home Journal Reference Library

EXCEPT as otherwise noted, address all orders to Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes; merely send, in stamps or cash, the amount required.

INTERIOR DECORATION

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the home decorator, see page 56.

HOMEMAKING

The new LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Information, giving standards and specifications for the purchase of equipment, foods and other household materials, has leaflets giving information on a number of subjects as follows: 200—Refrigerators. 201—Gas Appliances. 202—Fresh Vegetables. 203—Brushes and Brooms for Cleaning. 205—Warm-Air Heating Plants. 207—The Principles of Lighting the Home. 208—Bedding Equipment. 209—Animal Products. 210—Vegetable Products. 211—Condiments, Beverages and Miscellaneous. 212—Fruits. 213—Eggs. 214—Linoleum. 217—Safety Matches. 219—Miscellaneous Provisions. 220—Butter. 221—American Cheese. 222—Fresh Beef and Veal. 223—Personal Stationery. Price, 2 cents each.

THE BELL RECIPE FILE, published by Viola M. Bell, cookery editor of the JOURNAL and formerly associate professor of foods and nutrition at Iowa State College; 248 cards containing recipes and full directions in a substantial oak box. Price, Three Dollars.

WHAT IS AN EFFICIENT KITCHEN? With complete list of equipment. Price, 5 cents.

ARCHITECTURE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS. Complete plans and specifications for selected small houses shown in the JOURNAL since November. Price, One Dollar a set.

NEW GARDEN HOMES, designed by Ernest Flagg. A 72-page book containing plans and working details. Price, 25 cents.

JOURNAL HOUSES (completely revised). Pages of designs and small plans. Price, 25 cents.

GARDENING

ANNUAL GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

PERENNIAL GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

ROCK GARDENS AND ROCK GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

PLANNING YOUR GROUNDS. *By Alfred C. Hottes.* Price, 5 cents.

GARDEN FERTILIZERS. *By Dr. H. B. Siems.* Price, 5 cents.

LAWN MAKING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

ROSES AND ROSE GARDENS. *By J. H. Nicolas.* Price, 5 cents.

DUTCH BULB GARDENING. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

WATER GARDENING. *By Alex Laurie.* Price, 5 cents.

SUMMER-FLOWERING BULBS. *By F. F. Rockwell.* Price, 5 cents.

CHILD CARE

PRENATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing nine letters addressed to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparation. Price, 25 cents.

POSTNATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing six letters addressed to new mothers, with timely advice on the care of the baby during its first twelve months, and ten supplementary chapters dealing with the special care of the baby during the same period. Price, 25 cents.

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for the feeding of children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

LAYETTE. (Including pattern.) Price, 35 cents.

The following leaflets, also by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, included in Postnatal Letters, may be had separately:

	CENTS
Weight and Growth	5
First Aid and the Family Medicine Chest	5
The Nursery	5
Good Habit Training	5
Sun Baths	5
The Teeth and Their Care	5
Bathing the Baby	5
The Child Who Will Not Eat	5
Signs of a Healthy Child	5
Formulæ for Infant Feeding and Diets for the Pre-School Child	10

FASHIONS

DRAPING. *By Rose A. Baird.* Price, 2 cents.

PROFESSIONAL FINISHING METHODS. *By Rose A. Baird.* Price, 2 cents.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER'S BEST FRIEND. Price, 2 cents.

THE BRIDE'S BOOKLET. Complete information for the wedding. Price, 5 cents.

PERFUMES AND PERSONALITIES. Price, 5 cents.

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A BATHHOUSE ENSEMBLE. How to make gay waterproof garment bags. Price, 2 cents.

ENSEMBLE BRIDGE TABLES. Six new decorative color schemes for your afternoon or evening bridge game, Price, 2 cents.

COLOR TOUCHES IN YOUR PARTY MENUS. The gay little accent in candies, icings and salad dressings that makes your party *different*. Price, 2 cents.

A SPRING LUNCHEON. Menu and recipes planned for an announcement party. Price, 2 cents.

SMART TABLE SETTINGS FOR ALL SORTS OF OCCASIONS. Price, 2 cents.

BOXES FOR ALL OCCASIONS. With directions for making. Price, 2 cents.

THE HOLIDAYS ON YOUR CALENDAR. Price, 5 cents.

JOURNAL PARTIES. Price, 20 cents.

NOVEL ANNOUNCEMENTS AND SHOWERS FOR THE ENGAGED GIRL. Price, 2 cents.

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LAST-MINUTE GIFTS AND PRIZES. A dozen or more attractive suggestions for gifts to be made at home with little expense and trouble. Price, 2 cents.

AFTER-BRIDGE SURPRISES. New menus and recipes for afternoon and evening bridge parties. Price, 2 cents.

AFTERNOON-TEA ACCESSORIES. Delicious recipes not only for tea but for afternoon or evening bridge parties. Price, 2 cents.

FOREIGN MENUS. New dishes for unusual entertaining. Price, 2 cents.

SUB-DEB BOOKLETS

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, see page 79.

PATTERNS

Authentic Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City. Dresses, 65 cents; ensembles, 75 cents; evening dresses, one dollar.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Patterns may be obtained by mail, postage prepaid, from the JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City, at the following prices (refund if excess is sent):

	CENTS
Children's	25
Lingerie	25
Girls'	30
Blouses and Skirts	30
Ladies' and Misses'	35
Ensembles	40
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Order the following booklets directly from the JOURNAL Fashion Bureau:

THE NEW EMBROIDERY BOOK. Price, 35 cents.

THE NEW FASHION BOOK. Price, 25 cents.

SIMPLIFIED SMOCKING. Price, 25 cents.

MASQUERADE COSTUMES. Price, 15 cents.

. . . . so we all had a *conference!*

"What would you most like to eat?" . . . that's what we wanted to find out from babies about to start on their first delicate adventure into solid feeding.

"Bla-gaa" said Mr. Many Dimples, struggling valiantly with a huge rubber ball. There was no question but that he was referring to the tenderness of his digestion . . . he wanted "something a baby could sort of chew on," that would be easily digested because really his stomach wasn't very brave yet, having never attempted much besides liquids.

We put that down.

"Quoo-ooki-eek!" this was a good point Miss Yellow Curls was making . . . confirmed by baby specialists everywhere. In effect she said, "Many of us babies are subject to poisoning from egg protein, so be careful what you put in What-ever-you're-going-to-Make!"

A good point . . . . . We put it down.

Sunshine Arrowroot Health Biscuits

A fine-tasting health cookie for infants, invalids and everybody who likes a crisp cookie of delicate flavor . . . everybody.

"Googla-goola-ooom," said Little Excitement bouncing up and down frantically. "Ah, yes," we replied, "you are quite right. Danger of choking on first solid food is rather serious. But we will be very careful with what we make. It will melt in your mouth of its own accord even if you are not ambitious enough to chew it all."

. . . *so we made Sunshine Arrowroot Biscuits*

They are delicious little cookies made from the finest of Arrowroot flour—which is far more easily digested than other flours. Sunshine Arrowroot Health Biscuits contain no egg protein and are thoroughly baked to a thin crispness—so they quickly melt in baby's mouth.

Careful Mothers insist on the *Sunshine* kind.

Don't think that Sunshine Bakers lavish all their care on children—not a bit of it—we make all sorts of fine crackers, cookies and cookie-cakes, to please every kind of appetite on every kind of occasion.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers

The aristocrat of soda crackers . . . a dainty, salted square made especially flaky by Sunshine Bakers. Serve with soups, sa'ads, cheese.

Sunshine

..well worth saying whenever you want

CRACKERS

COOKIES *and* CAKES

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO.

Sunshine Hydrox Biscuits

Two crisp chocolate cookies (m-m-mmm!) between which is velvety snow-white cream (ah-h-h!) . . . the most popular of all English Style Biscuits.

Manage THESE *or they'll manage you!*

THERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are being bullied by dirt. Day after day, they are working too long hours . . . without getting much of anywhere.

Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves . . . to read or ride or rest in . . . to walk, or visit, or go to the movies . . . to keep as young as their families.

In those less happy homes, where "woman's work . . is never done," something must be wrong. Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of how *best* to use soap.

***Send for this extraordinary book —it's* FREE!**

If you, too, have days when work piles up, then we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, L. H. J.-2
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free of all cost, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock."

Name.....

Address.....

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test". These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

His Royal Sigh

(Continued from Page 11)

I'm simply like the head of John the Baptist brought to Salome on a silver platter!"

He went on. About fifty people, or a hundred and eight if you counted Ike Compo's orchestra behind the marble façade, kept on being paid for not working. Egbert and Gus had brought a parcheesi board out from the camera booth and were halfway through a game and this seemed to annoy O'Hearn, who kept stopping and looking at them. It did look rather peculiar, and Egbert had a very raucous way of shaking the dice. Finally O'Hearn remarked that he thought the place for all good cameramen was in their booth.

"I thought so too," said Gus, "until this morning."

"What he's trying to do," Johnny told Daffy, "is to get your song taken out entirely and you'll have less chance than you did with your three minutes in the short and how can we stop him?"

"I don't want to stop him," said Daffy dully.

SHE had tried to convince Ed English that it was bad business to repeat a song that was already the outstander in a short. Ed was adamant. She was the Man-You-Kiss Girl and the dialogue boys had worked their whole plot around that fact, as Barry O'Hearn was now remarking.

"What I ought to sing here," he said, "is one of my encore songs that my public always expects of me. I don't want to seem to make suggestions and of course while I'm on the set I'm just a film person along with the rest of you, but if you engage a tenor who's got a public that after every concert sits up and begs for the songs that he had made them crave, that public will pay good money to hear him in his first superfilm and then go ugly on you when they don't get those songs. What I ought to sing here instead of All That I Ask of You is Just One Sigh is When the Dawn Flames in the Sky, because when my accompanist simply plays the opening bars ten thousand people, counting my standees—and you can ask any local manager—go crazy!"

"But the gag that you're tryin' to get two kisses offa her goes all the way through," said Ed. "It's an absolutely new and daring film angle on love that all you want is two kisses so's you can make her sigh! The public's flashed on mush an' you gotta find a new sophisticated note in theme songs!"

The public never flashed, said Barry O'Hearn, on the eternal verities. And so further.

"He's good for another hour," said Johnny. "Come on down to the Ptomaine Parlor. Not that I'm hungry, but then I never would be."

They went down to the Larners lunchroom and had Westerns.

WHEN they went back on the set they found that O'Hearn and Ed had come to a compromise. O'Hearn had consented to let the Man-You-Kiss song stand if, while Daffy was singing it, she would be shot from a distance with the camera concentrating on Prince Konrad's face as he sat in the audience registering love at first sight. He would also sing All That I Ask of You is Just One Sigh, providing Daffy did not enter in the middle of it but waited until he had finished his last high note. A fat number of Daffy's lines had also been cut because, as O'Hearn explained, they sprung laughs in the wrong places.

Nor was this all. If O'Hearn was big enough to give up When the Dawn Flames in the Sky they would simply have to work in Sweet Little Mother o' Mine at the end of the picture when Prince Konrad brought his little Broadway wife back to the ancestral halls of Mobravia and the royal welcome of his family. It would only be natural for Konrad, in his joy at seeing his mother again, to burst into the one song that anyway his public absolutely expected of him and you could ask any local manager ——

"But Prince Konrad's mother's a queen on a throne in a set we've paid plenty for," said Ed in weak, hopeless tones. "You can't sing 'sweet little mother o' mine' to a queen on a throne!"

"Oh, I can't, can't I?" said Barry O'Hearn. "I guess I've sung about toil-worn mammies and little gray homes in the West to all the crowned heads of Europe and made 'em cry for more!"

EGBERT and Gus were having an intermission. Gus had beaten Egbert six times running and Egbert was giving his pink men a fight talk which came forth clearly in a pause while Ed decided that he had better not speak for a minute or so.

"It is simply," said Egbert sternly to the little pink men who were dotted in a sheepish circle on the parcheesi board, "that you do not get your diaphragm under it and step on it."

"That's right; blame your poor hirelings," said Gus. "It's all your waya agitatin' the ivories. If you'd had my fifteen yearsa experience shootin' dice with all the crowned headsa Europe an' you can ask any local police station ——"

"Fun is fun," said O'Hearn coldly, "but I've had enough of this parcheesi game."

"So have we," said Gus.

"All right," said Ed, who by this time was in a mood that no director could afford to do without in an emergency. "Does anybody mind if we go into a take?"

All at once Johnny, who had been sitting in a baleful slump, straightened up and gazed first at O'Hearn and then at the camera booth. "I'm beginning to get an idea," he told Daffy, "but you'll have to do your part." She was being soft-pedaled into a feeder in a one-man film. The conviction of failure in advance rode about her in a fog so dense that she could no longer see the set.

"My idea," said Johnny's voice out of the fog around her, "is that you've got to write a new song to go in right after O'Hearn does Sweet Little Mother o' Mine. Because he's going to do Sweet Little Mother o' Mine, I can see that."

HE WAS not looking at her. She winked away her tears. "I couldn't write a new song," she said. "I haven't been able to do anything new since . . ." Her voice halted.

"Never mind about the love motif," said Johnny hastily; "you've got other things to worry about now. Don't you see what a priceless chance it is for Prince Konrad to bring you home to meet his family? Let him wring his mammy song all over the place. Then get up yourself and sing a flip little Broadwayish bit about what a strain it's been to meet the in-laws, but you'll try to love him just the same. In-laws are as big universal appeal as toil-worn mammies; you've got a chance to make a song classic and get in the new sophisticated film angle Ed's been yearning over—so how about it?"

"They'd never let me use it," said Daffy, "even if I could write it ——"

"You write it right away tonight," said Johnny, "and I'll see it's used. That's my part of the plot."

Johnny waited for her to change and as they went down the corridor they ran into an office girl who said, "Oh, Miss Dunn, there's some man been asking for you quite a while in the outer office and won't give his name and I told him you couldn't be disturbed on the set."

Johnny said, "I'll go see who it is, want me to?"

"No," said Daffy from a throat suddenly dry. "No. . . . I'll go. . . . I want to go myself."

She went to the outer office where those without studio passes could spend their lives waiting. Johnny followed. And it was Jarvis McLean, Third, sitting in blond and immaculate splendor between a ragged comic and a stage child with grubby curls and a stage mother.

"I called you at your apartment," he said. "They told me you were here . . . and I'd always sworn I'd never make the trip to Brooklyn!"

He laughed and she laughed and the ragged comic laughed and Johnny said, "You needn't try to introduce us."

She had forgotten that Johnny was there. Jarvis was looking at Johnny. They were looking at each other.

"Oh, well," Johnny said, "I suppose I was bound to see you some time."

"Johnny!" said Daffy, in shocked protest. "All these people are listening."

"NEVER mind," said Johnny. "Very few people can listen intelligently. And anyway I'm leaving you—that is, until tomorrow."

He went out. Jarvis was very red. "Who on earth," he said stiffly.

"Oh, Jarvis!" cried Daffy. "Let's not make any more things matter—shall we?"

"If you will forgive me," said Jarvis, in a quick eager burst that rushed to meet hers, "and if we can go outside!"

They went outside. Johnny had vanished over the hill to the elevated. There was a beautiful car standing in the road with a liveried chauffeur by the door.

"I got that car today," said Jarvis. "It's my birthday. That was one reason I couldn't stand it any longer. Getting so much stuff and wanting nothing except to see you again ——"

"That was like me!" Daffy cried. "I've been getting things, too, and nothing mattered—and today all my things were taken away and now you've come back, so that doesn't matter either!"

They got into the birthday car and the chauffeur drove off.

"I didn't dare hope you could ever forgive me," he said, "until I couldn't stand it any longer not to dare."

"It was my fault," she said blissfully—because they were holding hands. "Why should I have expected a lawyer to understand that he could inspire me to write a song and yet none of the words would be about him? See," she told him, "I remember that you are a lawyer. I remember everything we've ever said, but let's forget some of it, shall we?"

"Don't you think," he asked her, "that we're in love?"

"What has thinking," she asked him, "got to do with it?"

AN HOUR later Daffy entered the hall of her apartment and was assailed by a sepulchral voice from the living room:

"'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base so soon as I!'"

It was Lilac Budd, otherwise called The Grudge, doing elocution, although Lilac called it Spoken English. Lilac stopped speaking English and glared at Daffy.

"Why couldn't you have come in the upstairs door?" she said. "Walking in on me this way and breaking my rhythm ——"

"Why can't you speak English upstairs?" said Daffy. "I nearly walked in

(Continued on Page 102)

WHITE AND PURE AS FALLING SNOW

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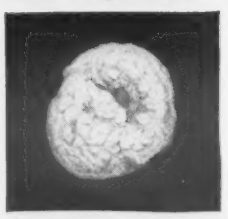

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(Continued from Page 100)

on you with Jarvis McLean if he hadn't had to go and dress for dinner!"

"Jarvis McLean!" said the Grudge, almost dropping her book of quotations. "So you got him back, did you?"

To reinstate past lost dignity Daffy simply had to tell The Grudge that Jarvis had come way over to Brooklyn in a new car and waited for hours and she must get ready right now to go to a birthday dinner at his home.

Daffy had no evening dresses but the one she had worn the night she and Jarvis had parted forever and two she had alternated for her night-club work. They did not, as Lilac pointed out, look like dining with the Social Register. Daffy finally chose the less flamboyant, which, however, was of glittering opalescent sequins and had no back.

"In a dress like that," said Lilac, "you can't say too little, and when you do speak you'd better make it some classical quotation so as to show you've got a soul above your shoulder blades."

The bell rang and Daffy ran downstairs, her heart whirring like Gus' and Egbert's camera.

IT WOULD have been so much nicer to go off and dine by themselves, but Jarvis had explained that his family had had this birthday dinner all planned from way back. His mother, he now said, would have called Daffy, but she had returned from the country barely in time to avoid being late for her own dinner party. He went into this with so much detail that Daffy, who had never thought of the necessity of his mother's inviting her, began to be a little apprehensive.

She had her first shock when the birthday car stopped on Fifth Avenue in the sixties in front of a house, not an apartment building, with a real marble façade.

A flunky in maroon livery opened the front door and they came into an enormous hall echoing with statues, and she was so stunned that she cracked feebly:

"You didn't tell me you lived in Grant's Tomb!"

What she meant was, "I'm frightened and you look like a stranger and do you think you still love me because even so this is going to be bad," and a lot of those things; but Jarvis was spending all his energy getting over her crack and a maid came and took her wrap and led her into a gorgeous dressing room. She put some rouge on and came out to where Jarvis was waiting in the hall and Elsinore, his sister, was waiting halfway up the statued staircase.

Elsinore was tall and fair like Jarvis and she was not good-looking like Jarvis, but she did not care, she was so sure of herself. After one glance at Daffy she did not bother to look at her, and neither did anyone else when they came upstairs and Daffy met a library full of people.

NO ONE looked at her, and that was how she knew that her dress was wrong. Nobody else wore anything that glittered and had no back. Nobody else had hair combed into a ruff of ringlets in the nape of her neck.

She was Broadway strayed over to Fifth Avenue by accident, but none of these people let it matter because when anything like that happened around them they got over it by pretending it was invisible. And so everyone pretended that she was invisible and she stood with Elsinore while Jarvis had to circulate around the room and Elsinore talked with a lot of people about a lot of people Daffy had never heard of.

Everyone called Elsinore "Sin" for short and she used practically only two words when she talked, "swell" and "lousy."

A gray-bobbed, slenderized woman in a perfectly plain black dress with, however, pearls as big as grapes, came into the room and Sin said, "Hello, Elva, I do like to see the hostess drop in on her own party. This is Miss Dunn," and Daffy said, "How do you do?" and Elva looked at Daffy more than anyone had yet and said, in a voice as expressionless as her face, "My son has told me about you. So good of you to come. Jarvis has such interesting friends. It was so very good of you to overlook my not telephoning and come just the same. You sing in a cabaret, don't you? I do hope you'll sing for us after dinner."

She could not have said more if she had talked a week.

After dinner the women left the men and went back to the library and Jarvis' mother came over to where Daffy was sitting alone in a corner and said, "I do hope you are going to sing for us."

"Oh, I don't know," said Daffy.

SHE meant that since her Man-You-Kiss success she was under contract to a manager who was not going to let her sing anywhere outside of the films without a check for five hundred dollars strictly in advance and made out to him, too, so he could grab off his 20 per cent commission before she got any of it. She meant that people didn't ask artists to perform for nothing when they went out socially. She meant that if any of these frozen-faces wanted to hear her sing they could go down to Larners Theater and pay two dollars admission.

But Jarvis' mother thought that she was shy and needed a little coaxing. So when Jarvis came into the room with the other men Mrs. McLean said, "Jarvis, do persuade your friend to sing for us."

Jarvis wanted her to, and he looked so sweet and unaware of what they were asking of her that she said she would, and she played and sang two of her more innocuous songs, and then they clapped and got up and strayed out without asking for any more or saying anything at all to her except for Jarvis' mother, who said "Charming," but did not thank her, and there she was left standing by the piano with Jarvis, who seemed to realize that something was wrong, so he said, "You haven't talked to father yet, have you?" and so he took her in to the library to talk to his father.

Jarvis' father did not look at her either, nor did he bother to say anything about her singing, which he had talked through with some people at the door of the music room. He said, "We are always glad when Jarvis brings his friends home," with a large, democratic air. And Daffy said:

"It's certainly very educational. I feel as if I were in the Scotch wing of the Metropolitan."

JARVIS looked at her quickly and opened and shut his mouth, but Mr. McLean was not taking anything in after banking hours, and so he simply began to be educational and point out the different objects of art in the room, and it seemed there were quite a few Scotch pieces, at that, and by this time Daffy was pretty angry.

"That portrait of Sir Walter Scott by Raeburn," said Jarvis' father, "the Scottish government has been trying to buy back from me, and this table is the actual one upon which Sir Walter wrote The Lady of the Lake."

"My!" said Daffy. "I hope she wasn't mean enough to save his letters up against a rainy day."

She should not have said it. She should not have said it. But there was nothing you could do about it now.

It was the first time that Mr. McLean had looked at her. His jaw dropped and he looked as amazed and outraged as a codfish that had been hooked through the nose. Jarvis could not say anything. He was too busy getting very red.

She said good night to Jarvis' mother, who said, "It was so nice of you to let Jarvis bring you to his birthday party."

"It was quite a party," said Daffy.

"I am sure," said Jarvis' mother, very graciously, "you helped to make it so."

"If there's anything embarrasses me," said Daffy when she and Jarvis were

(Continued on Page 105)

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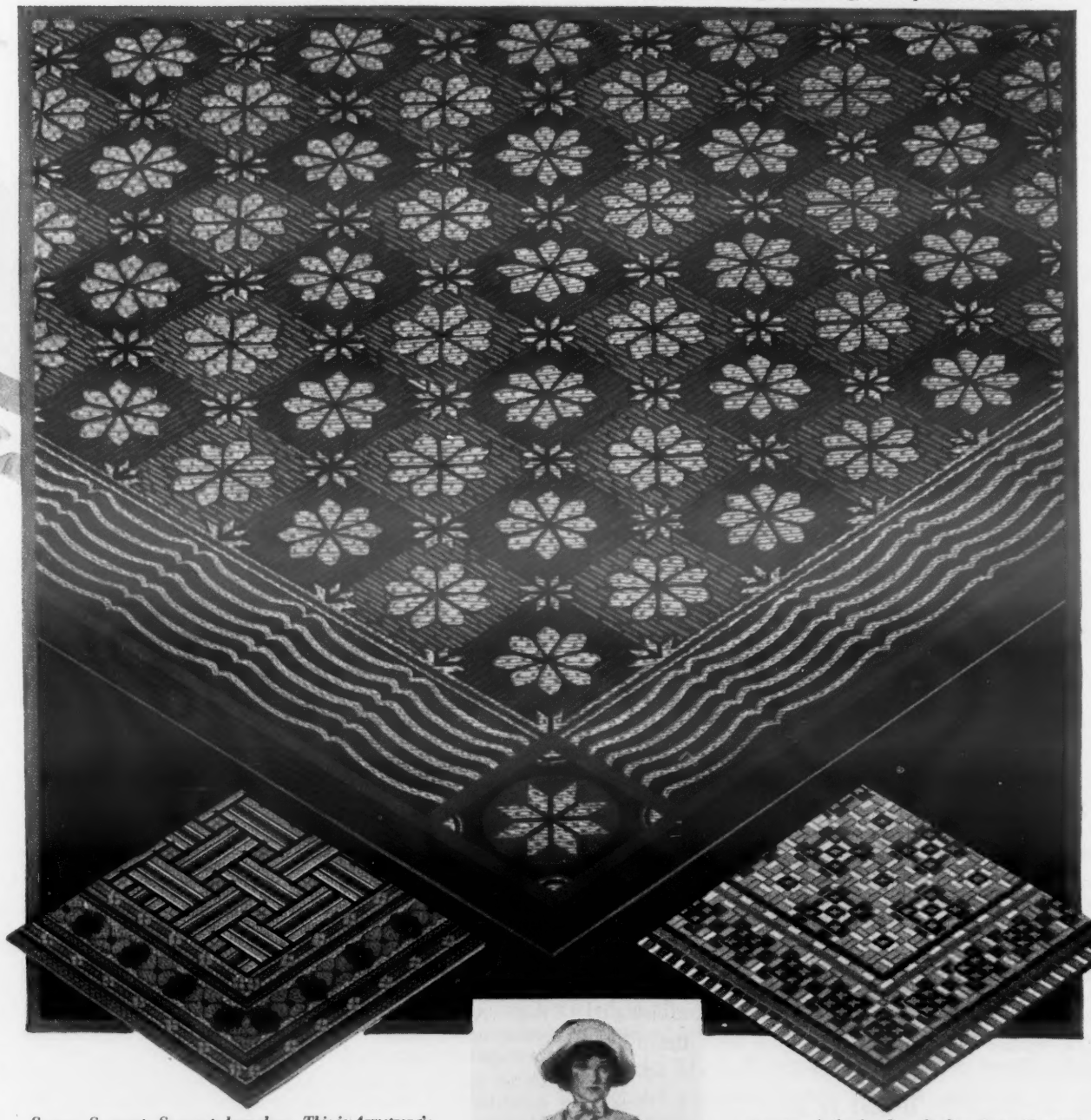

OFF to the cottage . . . let's have a good time . . . but remember that this is to be *mother's vacation, too.*

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I've been using Ovaltine since it first came on the market for both my children, ages 5 and 7 years. Like many children, my little girl, now aged 7, was underweight and not very strong. She refused to eat breakfast or to drink milk and my little son was much the same.

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(Continued from Page 102)

driving away in the birthday car and had been silent ever since the chauffeur closed the door, "it is appreciation. Your mother needn't have bothered to thank me so much for my giving her a five-hundred-dollar entertainment for nothing!"

"What," said Jarvis, "are you talking about now?"

"And that's the worst part of it all," said Daffy. "That you never saw—that you never saw how awful it was!"

She could not help it. Her words flowed from her, deplorable, inevitable.

"I do not," said Jarvis, in noncommittal, lawyerlike tones, "speak of everything I see. . . . But you certainly needn't have talked to father that way. Especially when how was he to know you didn't mean it? When you're a stranger to him and, well, on the stage and all!"

Classical quotations. She should have followed Lilac's advice and used classical quotations.

"What did you want me to do—show I'd learned the Lady of the Lake in the Terre Haute High School by quoting a few stanzas?

Day set on Norham's castle steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone . . .
Beware the Jabberwock! she said—
His slithy eyes, his fulgous head—
He'll pick you to the bone!"

"DAFFY! Pull yourself together!" he said. "You aren't even quoting right—that's from Marmion. If I didn't know you so well ——"

"But that's just it!" she cried. "We don't know each other well—we don't know each other at all! And every time we start to know each other we—we fall out of love. I wonder if that's always the way with love! Here we are, good-by. I guess we'd better let it go at forever this time!"

She popped out of the door that the chauffeur opened. Jarvis did not follow. She peeked out through an antique grating which had been put in by an interior-decorating shop on the second floor and saw the birthday car sitting there, all dressed up but not knowing what to think, if any, just like Jarvis, and she began to laugh again.

"The little Broadway entertainer," she told the antique grating, "goes home with the Crown Prince of Mobravia and meets the royal family!"

She had her song before she had climbed the four flights to her apartment.

"It simply sprung full-fledged like Minerva from the head of Mercury," she told Johnny the next morning. "There, and did you hear that classical quotation?"

"Shut up," said Johnny. It was early—that is, O'Hearn had not arrived, although everyone else had, and Egbert and Gus were sitting on the steps of the camera booth reading The Story of Philosophy.

"Your work's over, mine's begun, and I've got to figure out how to get these morons to work in your twirp twitter!"

"My new song," said Daffy, "is not twirp twitter."

"What's this," said Ed, coming up, "about any more new songs?"

HE SAID it just like that too. He had had enough suggestions lately. Daffy was sunk, but Johnny looked quickly at Egbert and Gus and said in a voice loud enough to reach them, "It's a song for the little Broadway entertainer to finale on after Prince Konrad gets through crowning the royal family reunion with Sweet Little Mother o' Mine. Make 'em know it, Daffy!"

Daffy went around to the piano back of the marble façade and Ed and Egbert and Gus came along with Johnny.

"There is an hour in a maiden's life that's worth a little prayer.
And me, as I've just been through that hour, can tell girls to beware;
You may think your work is over when you've roped and tied your beau,
But that's just a lot of lipstick, your real test is coming, so

"Be strong and noble when you meet his mother;
It's probably a struggle for her, too;
Remember that he grew up with his brother—
You love him, so you've got to see it through.
Be thankful that he don't look like his father;
It's just possible his sister may improve.
Although it's hard for you, for them it's harder,
They live together—and you two can move!"

SHE finished, and Egbert said, "Listen, if there's any responsibility around here I'll take it. Gus and I do not continue on His Royal Sigh unless we can shoot this ring-around to cover that big wet squawker's mammy moan."

"It would give a new sophisticated angle to the finale," said Ed wistfully. "Almost too daring, and of course O'Hearn would never stand for it."

"There's no argument," said Gus. "Unless you want Egbert and me to quit shooting, which there was some talk of yesterday between ourselves."

"Well," said Ed, "we'll shoot it when O'Hearn is not around."

"There," said Johnny as Gus and Egbert went back to The Story of Philosophy and Ed went to look at the swimming-pool set, "what are you brooding so about? Don't you see how wonderfully I've arranged everything and saved your career?"

"Yes. Well. That is," said Daffy, "I wrote the song, didn't I? And anyway we're not sure they'll use it, are we?"

"If there's anything embarrasses me," said Johnny, "it is appreciation. But you are always tactful about that."

The same words. Practically the same words that she had used last night. The words with which she had begun to end everything. And maybe Johnny was as hurt as she had been. He was turning to go.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Don't go yet. I do appreciate what you did; it's only I—I'm not feeling very cheerful this morning about something ——"

"All right," said Johnny. "But I got to go anyway. I've got a whole new show to paste together; see you somehow!"

She ran after him. "Meet me this afternoon for tea?"

Johnny never took anybody out. Once he had asked her, and she had had a date with Jarvis.

NOW he looked at the grease-painted hollows beneath her eyes. "Don't you know," he said gently, "you must never cry when you've got to be on the set the next morning? There's nothing the lens'll show up quicker ——"

"That's why I want you to take me out this afternoon," she said. "So I won't—go on—crying! Will you meet me?"

There was a pause.

"No, I won't meet you," said Johnny. "Because you're on the rebound. I can always tell about these things. And I shall never take you out when you're rebounding from someone else, but only when I've gotten so fascinating to you that you can't remember what it felt like when those elses kissed you. G'by!"

He turned and ran into O'Hearn, who was just coming in with a glorious yawning face. "Perdon me, Your Royal Highness," he said, and went on out.

"As kindly as I am to my fellow artists," said O'Hearn, "and perfectly willing to admit that chap may be a great scene designer, still when you think of the number of my girl friends that have been refused passes to come in and watch the shooting I do not see why they let him clutter up the set once his work is over."

"Oh, I don't know," said Daffy absently, gazing at the studio door through which Johnny had passed. "Maybe because he's kind of fascinating. . . ."

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Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Oswald and Ambrose

(Continued from Page 13)

it was motionless and that a man was seated on the running board.

"Ha!" said Kate. "How about getting held up, Katherine?"

She slowed down, looking with bright eyes first at the car and then at the man. It was a very battered car, muddy and dented. And it was a very young man, with a tired droop to his shoulders.

"Hello, there!" she called out. "Anything I can do?" She drew up beside him, her roadster still in gear.

He jumped to his feet. "For the luva Mike, are you alone?" he demanded.

"I have seven armed men and a machine gun in the rumble seat," Kate answered firmly. "Do you believe me or shall I prove it?"

He laughed. "You really ought to have more sense than to do a fool thing like this," he reproved her. "Suppose ——"

"Any fool would know," she said, "that only an innocent man would travel in such a sinister-looking car."

"Madam," said the young man, "you are speaking of my equipage!"

KATE peered forward. "Well, if it isn't Oswald!" she cried. "Eyes, nose, mouth—you do take a good picture." She laughed at his expression. "I'm Sister Katy."

Dr. William Garrison said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

She held out her hand. "Congratulations, doctor! How long have you been sitting here?"

"Only about an hour. I was just making up my mind to walk."

Kate laughed again. "Well, get in, Oswald, and we'll go home together." After a moment, "When did you last telephone Nina?" she asked him.

"This afternoon. I was late getting started and then I had a blow-out just beyond Rye. I suppose I should have called again from there."

"You certainly should have," said Kate. "How was the appendix?"

"Ripe," he answered enthusiastically. "A couple more hours and ——" He paused. "Ickey!" he explained.

Ickey was Nina's word; Kate grinned.

For a few moments they drove in silence.

"About this doctor business, anyway," Kate said. "You're still attached to a hospital, aren't you, Oswald?"

"Get my interlocutory decree in July," he replied. "And then ——"

"Then?" she asked as he paused.

He laughed. "Then a permanent place of business and a permanent wife!"

Kate had forgotten that curve; she took it on two wheels.

"Where are you going to—is the term 'hang out the shingle'?"

"It is," he said. "Oh, I don't know. Some fine, diseased community somewhere." He frowned. "Of course Nina'd rather live in New York but ——"

Kate touched his arm. "Look!" she said.

OFF at the right a patch of the night sky was crimson; against the fierce glow, orange and scarlet flames shot upward.

Oswald whistled.

It did not occur to either of them not to go to the fire; Kate turned at the next crossroad.

A barn was burning. As they got out of the roadster and walked toward it the heat of the rising flames beat against their faces, and suddenly Kate clutched the doctor's arm in horror. Above the subdued murmur of people's voices, above the swishing sound of the chemical hose and the dreadful ripping of fire sounded the agonized cries of animals.

"Good Lord!" said Oswald, and they drew involuntarily closer together.

Kate's fingers were clutching Oswald's hand so tightly that the knuckles shone white.

The light faded; the fuel of this terrible lamp was burning low.

"Let's go," she said. "I've had enough." She dropped into the car seat. "You drive. D'you mind?"

He took the wheel. "Of course not. Poor kid."

Their faces were tense, and they did not speak as they retraced the way to the main road. Toward the east was the pink glow of a larger, eternal fire.

They turned up the Blair driveway, and Mrs. Snow, the housekeeper met them.

"Oh, Miss Kate! Did you see your father and Miss Nina?"

Kate sagged against the side of the car. "No. Why—what do you mean?"

"Mrs. Cameron phoned—to see if you'd got home all right. When you didn't come, your father was worried, so he and Miss Nina ——"

"Oh, Lord!" said Kate, and looked at Bill Garrison. "What'll we do now?"

"They've been gone on for an hour," said the housekeeper. "You'd better wait right here and I'll get you some coffee."

The sun burst upon the earth, lighting the shadows like a holy man casting out devils. The coffee was strong and hot and Kate and Oswald were young. They were laughing when Andrew Blair's car stopped in the drive.

Nina advanced upon them, white-faced. "Bill!" she cried. "Where have you two been?"

Andrew Blair's tired face relaxed. "After we found Bill's car we felt a little better," he said. "I was pretty sure then that ——"

"I didn't!" his elder daughter interrupted him.

KATE and Oswald began explaining together. It seemed so very long ago now, that moment of their meeting. They laughed a good deal as they told of that. And then the fire. . . . Kate leaned back against the top step and listened sleepily to Bill Garrison's nice voice recounting it. Nina stood before them, exquisite and angry, her violet eyes as clear and cold as northern lights as she looked from her sister to her fiancé.

"Well!" said Andrew Blair, "you two have had a pretty dramatic night. What about a little sleep now? Katy's asleep already, and Ambrose looks as if ——"

Kate's sleepiness vanished; her heart missed a beat. Bill Garrison was looking at Nina, who had wheeled upon her father in a frenzy.

"Who?" she demanded. "Who did you say?"

"Ambrose—Oswald—Bill—William," murmured Andrew Blair negligently.

"Ambrose!" cried Nina in a quivering voice. Her eyes blazed at her father. Then tears rushed to her eyes. "Oh, I hate every one of you!" She stumbled up the steps, past Kate; Bill Garrison, who was Oswald and not Ambrose, looked after her uncertainly.

"Hurry!" Kate ordered him sharply. She stood beside her father listening to the staccato clicking of Nina's high heels upon the stairs, the pursuing sound of the young doctor's feet. A door slammed with terrific force. Kate's level eyes met Andrew Blair's. "That," she said in a low voice, "was pretty dumb of you, father."

Kate returned from eighteen holes of golf with her father with a feeling of dread. She had not seen either Nina or Oswald, nor had she or Andrew Blair once mentioned them during the morning.

"Tableau," pronounced her parent a bit ironically, "of reunited love."

Kate followed his eyes. They were sitting together in the sunshine on the lawn; Bill Garrison leaned back against a tree trunk, watching while Nina, in white organdie, played with a black kitten. Then she saw Kate and her father. "Oh, hello! Paul Fisher phoned you, Katy—he got home this morning. I told him you'd be in this afternoon."

Kate dropped to the grass. "Oh, you did, did you? On whose authority?"

"Don't be coy, Katy," Nina advised. "Paul," she explained to Bill, "is Kate's heavy suitor—the one and original Ambrose."

Oswald grinned, and Kate smiled, more to herself than to him. So Paul Fisher was her heavy suitor, was he? Well, in a way Nina was right. It was just as well to introduce another male into the atmosphere.

"I THOUGHT he could stay for dinner and then we could all go to the dance at the club together," Nina went on.

"Fine," said Kate.

She was uncomfortably conscious, during the three hours that preceded Paul's arrival, of her sister's eyes watching her. Whenever Bill Garrison addressed a remark to her—which was often—Nina's attentiveness became electric. Kate felt as though some imminent danger were removed when Paul finally appeared, and she greeted him warmly. "Want to take me on for some tennis, Paul?"

Nina did not play; it had not occurred to Kate that she and the doctor would sit on the bench in the hot sunlight and watch the game. Perhaps it had not occurred to Nina either. As they commenced the second set she rose and walked quickly to the house. Bill Garrison's eyes followed the ball as it sprang from Kate's racket to Paul's and back again.

"Want to play, doctor?" Paul asked as they finished the second set. "See if you can't beat Katy and vindicate our sex."

Kate shook her head. "I'm tired," she said untruthfully. "You two play."

Nina was not in the living room; as Kate climbed the stairs her door opened and she stood in the hallway. She had been crying.

"Why, Nina!" said Kate. "Oh, Nina darling ——"

"Don't you darling me!" said Nina. She stood leaning against her door, looking at her sister accusingly. "Kate, I told you once, and I'm telling you again—you let Bill Garrison alone!"

Kate drew a long breath.

"NINA, you're being perfectly absurd," she said firmly. "I don't know what you're talking about. I have no more interest in Oswald than I have in—in the man in the moon!" She stopped. Neither of those statements was true. She wished that she didn't, but she did know what Nina was talking about. And as for Bill—of course she was interested in him! She liked him, had liked him from the instant she set eyes on him. But so far as—as anything more than liking—why, he was Nina's man! He was Oswald!

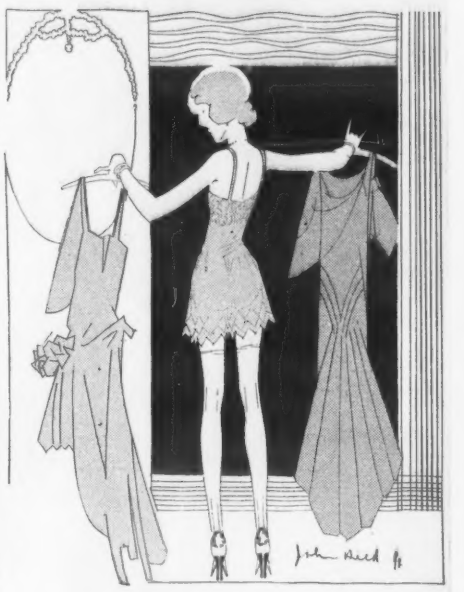
Kate was the last one down for dinner, and Nina gave her one long accusing look from her violet eyes when she came into the living room. She had put on her most becoming dress, of soft cream-colored lace, and she had washed her hair, so that it curled about her head like an amber halo.

Paul Fisher scarcely removed his eyes from her throughout the entire meal. Bill Garrison didn't remove them at all. Kate almost hated him. Couldn't he see that he was torturing Nina? Didn't he have any sense?

At the clubhouse, when he asked her to dance, she slipped into his arms without a

(Continued on Page 109)

FOR DRESSES AND DRAPES—LINENS AND LINGERIE



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How I Discovered the Real Fountain of Youth—

by Grace Fowler

I often thought "Why doesn't someone make a brush and shower all in one so a person could massage and wash in one operation?"

And then one day the Fuller Brush Man called and showed me the very thing I had been thinking about—the Fuller Shower Brush! We *all* use it because it's so handy, so stimulating (especially in the summer time)—so easy to use—without splashing up the entire bathroom. We use it for shampooing too—and also for a dry massage on the body

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Another health brush in our bathroom set is the handy little Massage Brush—for washing and massaging the face and neck. Like the Friction Shower Brush, it has a beautiful Azure Fullerex handle that is waterproof—so it won't warp or crack.

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The Fuller Hand Brush completes our little health set—and we use it every day. It gets that stubborn ground-in dirt that used to take so much scrubbing and so much protesting on the part of both our youngsters. And—wonder of wonders—they like it!

This convenient Fuller Health Set is wonderfully stimulating in warm weather

Fuller Brushes *are sold only by* Fuller Men *who call at your home*

(Continued from Page 107)

word; her feet moved smoothly, perfectly, to the music, and her eyes looked straight over his shoulder and she did not speak.

"Don't you ever look at your partner, Kate?" he asked abruptly.

She looked then, looked up into gray eyes that burned down into hers. "Sometimes," she answered carelessly and looked away. His hand that held hers tightened. "Let's not dance any more," she said. "I—I have a headache."

She hadn't known that they were near the door; before she could protest he had danced her across the threshold, and they were standing together on the veranda.

"Please," she said, not looking at him. "Would you mind awfully going in and finding Paul? I—Nina ——"

"I know more about headaches than Paul does," he retorted. "What's the matter with you, Kate?" His voice was sharp.

"Nothing!" she said. "I mean ——"

"EXACTLY what I thought. Look here, Kate, am I so unpleasant to you that you can't even dance with me? You ——"

"Oh, please go in!" Kate begged him. "Go in to Nina! She ——"

"Damn Nina!" said Nina's fiancé, and then had the grace to blush. "I mean, Nina can wait. I want to know why you've acted all day as if I had a contagious disease. Have I done anything that ——"

"Oswald," said Kate desperately, "you're a tremendous egotist. If I've been rude to you in any way I'm very sorry. I presume I was more interested in Paul than in you; but after all ——"

"You're a liar!" retorted Bill Garrison quickly. "You don't give a snap of your fingers for that kid and you know it. You ——"

Kate started for the door, and he caught her hand. For an instant they stared at each other, the doctor's eyes blazing.

"You fool!" said Kate.

He dropped her hand quickly, and she walked into the clubhouse. She saw Walter Cameron talking with a man, and she went up to him.

"Dance with me, Walter," she interrupted them. She didn't care what they thought; anything, so long as she could be back on the floor before Nina saw her.

Walter had given her one curious glance; then he launched into a pointless recitation of his afternoon's golf. She knew that her hand had been trembling when Walter took it, knew that he had noticed.

The music stopped, and she saw Paul Fisher coming toward them.

"You're a good egg, Walter," she said.

"And you," he retorted, "are the best in the world. Don't be too noble, Katy!"

She stared at him. Don't be too noble. . . . Then Paul's hand was on her arm, and Walter rambled off, smiling.

"Listen, Kate, let's drive out to the Point. It's deadly here, and ——"

SHE could see that he had not expected her to agree, but he acted promptly, before she could change her mind.

"Katy!" They had reached the Point; he stopped the car. "Oh, Kate, you know I'm crazy about you, don't you?"

Lord, yes, she knew it! And knowing it, she had deliberately, this night, set about making him crazier!

"Oh, I'm not a fool!" he blurted. "I know you're not in love with me! But—it's the old pathetic story, Kate. Can you give me any hope?"

"Oh, Paul!" she said.

"I—honestly care a good deal," he continued earnestly. "I have, for a long time. All that I'm asking—do you care for anyone else, Kate?"

She looked at him soberly. Did she care for anyone else? If she said that she did . . . perhaps it would be kinder to say that she did.

Paul Fisher leaned forward and started the engine. "All right!" he said. "That's enough." He reached out and patted her hand. "I hope he makes you happy, Kate. I'm not honestly surprised. Seeing you two together's enough."

Andrew Blair and his younger daughter had played nine holes.

Kate Blair was frightened. Ever since she could remember, there had existed between her father and herself a closeness which she knew she would never attain with anyone else. At times it verged upon the psychic. They had exchanged few words, disjointed phrases, seemingly unrelated. Yet Kate knew, and Andrew Blair knew, exactly what they had said.

SHE had told him that she was afraid of becoming the third point in a triangle of which Bill Garrison was the apex and her sister the other angle. And he had told her to see it through. But he is Nina's man, she had protested. And. . . . I'm not so sure that he is, her father had retorted.

"I've got to go West next month," Andrew Blair said as they picked up their balls and moved on to the next tee. "The farm's not doing so well."

"Take me with you!" said Kate.

Andrew Blair had been born on the farm. The long valley, lying between hills as black as their name, was fertile land. His grandfather had cleared and plowed it, and the boy who had left it so joyously at sixteen had never been able to let it go entirely. He had grown rich in the East; he had built for himself and his family two houses, yet the remodeled frame building remained home.

"Father's going out to the farm," Kate said at luncheon.

"See here," said Andrew Blair abruptly, "why don't we all go out there for a couple of weeks? You're released from the hospital next month, aren't you, Bill?"

Kate looked at her plate. Her father was crazy; he knew that she had been thinking of the farm as escape.

With another genuine headache, she went to her room after lunch. Everything was so mixed up, and her father, on whom she had always counted, was giving her no help. When she came downstairs Oswald was gone; Nina returned from taking him to the railroad station.

"Bill's all sold on your little excursion, daddy," she said. "Maybe it would be fun." She grinned. "If the engines break down, the way they usually do, and we have to pump water and read by candlelight, it may get this country idea out of his head!"

HER father smiled, and Kate looked at him curiously. She had a strange sense of something going on in that shaggy head of his, something which she couldn't fathom.

"When we get back, father, you've got to let me get a job," she said. "I'm restless, having nothing to do."

"You might stay out there and run the farm for me!" he suggested. "I'll give you the same terms I give Warner. He's laid up, by the way."

"Laid up?" repeated Kate.

"There's a touch of scarlet fever loose out there," said Andrew Blair quietly. "I didn't think we need worry about it—you and Nina have each had your go at it."

Kate looked at her father quickly. He was smiling to himself.

They arrived at night and rode, in almost unbroken silence, through the bumpy darkness to the farmhouse. Bill Garrison was the first to speak.

"Good Lord, this place is just about perfect, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Just about!" Kate cried. "Oswald, you poor Easterner, it is perfect!"

She was up, dressed and on a horse before even her father rose in the morning. When she returned to the house she found Nina alone.

"Dad's taken Bill down to the Warners'," she said. "The kids have scarlet

"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Column on Hair Beauty*

How to make oily hair behave

Dear Miss Carroll: My curly hair used to be the envy of my permanent-waved, marcelled friends. But now it is oily and lifeless—not nicely straight, but simply in strings. And I'm wondering whether I'm doomed to wear a hat constantly. And why not . . . when I used to hear, "You've the most beautiful hair I've ever seen!"—Mrs. H. G., Ebensburg, Pa.

H. G. Please, please, don't adopt that close-fitting little hat you've threatened to wear. One of the things your poor scalp probably most needs is plenty of fresh air and sunshine!

Don't get panicky. With patience and the proper treatment, I'm sure you can revive the true beauty of your hair. You see, relaxed oil glands simply won't take correction quickly. But this is the way to help them reform—

Wash your hair with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo, every time a glance at the mirror hurts your pride. Yes, even if at the beginning this means a shampoo every third or fourth day! For Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo *is a special shampoo for oily hair* . . . fresh, healthful pine tar and vegetable oils are combined with an antiseptic *astringent* which coaxes the lazy oil glands to tighten up and behave themselves!

And make your finger tips help too! . . . with light, lively massages that bring the warm blood into your scalp. And perhaps you should discuss your diet with your physician—you may be a bit too fond of rich foods!

"Used to wave easily, now it's too *dry*"

My dear Miss Carroll: I've seen others get help from you—now here's my question. My hair used to wave easily when I dampened it and pressed my fingers on it. But now it's getting so dry and straight and it's breaking off. What shall I do? I've been a little afraid to use liquid shampoos—I usually use..... soap. Mrs. W. T., Belle Plaine, Iowa.

I shan't tell you that the soap you've been using has ruined your hair—it is a good soap. But I *do* know that you should use a shampoo especially prepared *for dry hair*. And I can tell you one that any doctor would approve.

The Packer Company, makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap, have a golden colored liquid shampoo especially for dry hair—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This shampoo is made of pure vegetable oils and, in addition, it contains soothing glycerine. (You know how soft glycerine and rose water leave your hands.) I'm sure you'll find that Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo leaves your hair softer and silkier than usual.

Then, brush your hair every day with a good strong pull to stir up those lazy oil glands (awfully good encouragement for a natural wave). I can't promise that this treatment will give you ringlets but I *have* had letters that tell me that it has brought back a natural wave. Will you tell me how it works for you?

No one should neglect dandruff

Dear Jean Carroll: I am having trouble with my hair—it is coming out in bunches, truly. Looking through the hair, I can see dandruff, lots of it, especially where my hair is heaviest. I have tried everything I can think of.—Mrs. A. W. A., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I don't want to alarm you but something should be done at once. Dandruff should be checked before it becomes so serious a case. Dandruff is a germ disease and needs curing. Doctors approve Packer's Tar Soap, a standard treatment for years in dandruff cases.

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If eight or ten Packer shampoos don't show a noticeable improvement, go to your own physician for additional help.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks on hair beauty by Miss Carroll every Tuesday morning—for the East and Middle West over the Columbia Broadcasting System's "National Radio Home Makers' Club" period; for the Pacific Coast, as part of the National Broadcasting Company's "Women's Magazine of the Air" (see Tuesday morning's newspapers).

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fever. Good old Western hospitality—making the visiting fireman feel at home!"

Kate laughed. "Lord, it's good to be back here, Nina!"

Her sister nodded absently. "It's so—big," she said. "I lay awake most of the night." Her violet eyes held Kate's in a long, questioning look. "Oh, Katy, let's always be friends!"

"Why, Nina!" said Kate.

A boy rode up from the farmhouse. "Mr. Blair says to tell you 'at he an' the doctor have ridden out to Poole's place. They won't be back 'til late." His eyes were solemn. "Mis' Poole died yest'day," he added.

After luncheon the two girls walked.

At eight o'clock they had their dinner alone, and it was nearly midnight when they heard the horses. Kate looked at Bill Garrison and then couldn't look away.

The young doctor's face was tense, and his gray eyes blazed against it fiercely. When he spoke he did not turn his head.

"Nina," he said, "I guess this is the end of the trail for me. Do you know that there's not a doctor within forty miles?"

No one said anything. Then Andrew Blair spoke.

"Bill, you're worn out." He turned to Kate. "We've been way across to Carl Olsen's place," he explained. "When they heard that there was a doctor here they sent over to Poole's. They ——" He winced. "I didn't realize—how germs can be carried through air like this ——"

"Nina, I can't help it," said Bill Garrison. It was as though he were unaware of Kate and her father. "Some men can practice back home, where everything's easy. I can't."

"Why don't we all turn in now?" Andrew Blair suggested.

Nina got up and walked across to the fireplace. She rested one little white hand on the doctor's head. "I understand, Bill," she said. "Truly I do. But father's right. Go on and get some sleep now and ——"

He shook his head. "I think I'll sit up a while."

Kate walked out to the porch and stood staring into the night. If Oswald remained out here it meant the end of everything for him and Nina. She turned almost fiercely as her father spoke. "You shouldn't have brought us out here," she cried. "You know Nina couldn't stand it! It's not fair!"

From within the house they could hear Nina's voice soft and very gentle, her words indistinguishable. Then she was standing in the doorway, silhouetted against the light. Little and fragile, smiling at them both.

"Come on to bed, father," she said. She looked at her sister. "Katy, why don't you stay up for a bit and talk to—Ambrose?" she asked.

Kate did not speak, and Nina suddenly went to her and put her arm about her shoulders. "Oh, Katy, it's all right!" she said. "Let's not pretend any more! We've all known—you and Bill and father and everyone at home. It was because I knew, that I was so hateful!"

The younger girl lifted a face that was suddenly blinded with tears. "Nina, I want you to be happy! I ——"

"I'm going to be happy, you silly!" answered Nina softly. "This was just—just a case of mistaken identity." She was smiling, and Kate thought that she had never seen her sister so beautiful. Nina withdrew her arm and pushed Kate across the threshold.

The man at the fireplace lifted his head, and for a long moment they looked at each other without speaking. Then he got up and went toward her. He had been christened William, of course, he had been called Oswald, but as he reached her they both knew that he had been Ambrose all the time.

Stunting With Alfonzo

(Continued from Page 14)

alone in a class of sixty, and you can feature how much fun that was.

"Why didn't you move somewhere and take a fresh start?" I asks.

Well, Ma Fancher was stuffy about it; and Doris didn't want to leave Sanrovia either. Seems there was a certain young man in the neighborhood.

"Oh!" says I, sort of relieved. "One who believed that look of yours?"

"But Jimmy really is wonderful," she insists. "Jimmy Bradden, you know."

I didn't know, but it seems I should have. He was quarterback of the famous Sanrovia eleven that hadn't had its goal line crossed for six seasons, and he had the loveliest curly brown hair, and his uncle was head of a steamship line. I gathered that Jimmy was strong for Doris all right, and that they might have made a go of it if some of Doris' sweet little playmates hadn't been quite so anxious to save the class hero from a social error.

SO THAT'S the way it stood. If she couldn't have Jimmy she didn't care what happened to her. Anyhow, she had always wanted to fly; in fact, she just had to fly. So I says I'll speak to Mr. Corbush and maybe he'd take her on.

You see, I'd barely got my limited commercial by then and couldn't give her lessons. But we had plenty of good P. I.'s around the place, and after Doris had brought a written consent from her folks we sent her up. Say, do you know how long it was before she was doing a solo? Just fifteen hours' instruction, and none of our other novices was making neater take-offs or slicker landings. Must have been in her blood. Inside of six weeks she'd taken Ma Fancher for a flight, and when the old girl came down she don't do a thing but write a check for a tricky stream-line bus and had Doris' numbers painted on the wings. And before long Doris is the star lady flyer of this section and has ambitions to beat the altitude record and enter for long-distance derbies. In her nifty suède-leather flying rig she certainly was a knockout too.

For some reason I never quite doped out I was given an old-pal standing. She'd hunt me up for long confidential talks—about flying, about Jimmy, about how her old schoolmate still snubbed her.

"Actually, Bunch," she says, "you would think there was something terribly the matter with me. Is there?"

I shook my head. "As blondes go," says I, "I've seen worse. I expect a lot of that frozen-stare stuff you just imagine."

She claims she don't. They've put the ban on her and it has scared Jimmy off.

And not long after this she tells me how badly she feels about not going to the big game they're going to have, when the champion high-school team of all the East is coming out to play Sanrovia in the Rose Bowl. Her Jimmy has been called in as head coach, and all her class will be there, and she feels just too wretched for words because she must stay away.

"What's to stop you from going?" I asks. "They can't bar you from buying a ticket, can they?"

It ain't that, but she'd have to go alone, and how would that look?

"Then I'd dig up some outsider and make him go with me," says I.

"But I don't know a single fellow I'd care to ask to—oh, Bunch, why wouldn't you come?"

"Huh," says I, "I'm no college-hick type, am I?"

"But you're awfully nice," she coos, "and I could show them that there was someone who ——"

"All right," says I, "maybe we could get that Jimmy of yours green in the eye. I'd like to see that game too."

Which is how I come to blow myself to a pair of wide-bottomed pants and a black-and-white checkerboard sweater. Stung me eighteen bucks, that sweater did, but it was a pip. I sure didn't hate myself in that sweater. I had no cause to. It should have passed us both through the gates, but Doris had already bought tickets in the old-grad section and I expect we gave 'em an eyeful as we pushed in among her classmates. I saw her try to nod pleasant to some of 'em, but she missed. They all seemed to be looking at something about eight feet beyond, and them shell-pink ears of hers goes turkey red.

"Snooty lot, ain't they?" says I.

For a while all Doris can do is bite her lip. Pretty soon, though, she bucks up and points out a well-built young chap who's pacing the sidelines in a spiffy tan polo coat. She tells me it's the great Jimmy Bradden himself.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she demands.

"Absolutely," says I. "Acts like he had something on his mind, though. Who's he giving the distress signals to? Is it you?"

No, it was to a young hick three seats from her, for presently he chases down and goes into a huddle with Jimmy and a couple of players, and when he comes back he spreads some news that sets the whole section buzzing. Doris stretches an ear.

"Did you hear that, Bunch?" she whispers husky. "Alfonzo Biff is missing!"

"Ye-ah?" says I. "Who's he?"

"He's been kidnaped!" she goes on excited. "The team never can win without Alfonzo, and if I could—come along, Bunch! I have a scheme and I want you to help me."

"Leave now?" says I. "Why, the game is due to start soon, ain't it? What's the idea?"

She ain't listening, though. She's standing up telling the section that she's going after Alfonzo and how she means to have him back in time.

"Send word to Jimmy not to worry," she adds.

Some giggled and some snickered and others just gave her the stony stare. But Doris seems to have got all steamed up.

"Hurry, Bunch!" she orders, dragging me out of my seat and down the aisle.

WE HAD to fight our way through the incoming mob, but inside of five minutes we're in her roadster, surging through the traffic at a speed which had me gripping the cushions. Next I knew she's swung into the flying field and is tugging at the door of her hangar.

"Where you off to?" I asks.

"There's a ranch back of San Fernando," she says. "I was flying low over it yesterday and saw four young fellows unloading something from a touring car out by the pumphouse. I am sure it must have been Alfonzo they had. Spin her and then climb in the rear cockpit."

"Me?" says I.

"I need you to help get him out," says she. "Please, Bunch!"

'Course, when she puts it that way I can't renig, but if she plans on loading in a footballer as well, I have a hunch I'll come back by trolley. Meanwhile we've started making altitude over the hills, so there's no chance for more debate.

Next I knew, Doris is nosing down and pointing at some brown patchwork fields. I can make out a splotch of green and the tiled roofs of a cluster of buildings. Then we're circling over what looks like an alfalfa field and before I know what she's

(Continued on Page 112)

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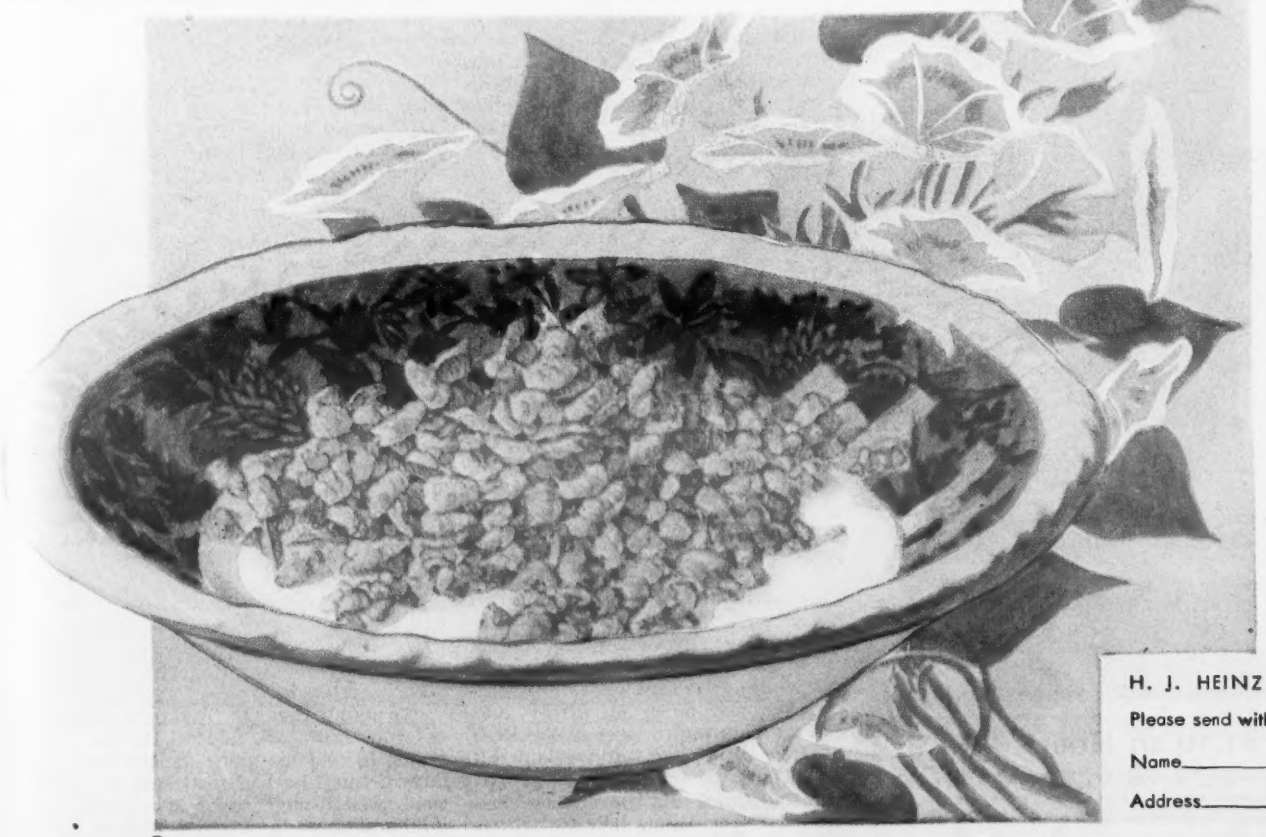

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(Continued from Page 110)

up to Doris has throttled down, banked left and right, and is making as clever a three-point landing as if she was on a cinder runway.

"Quick!" says she, jumping down. "They may have a guard out. There's the pumphouse."

We made a dash for it, found only a hasp on the door, and Doris goes in.

"Oh, you old darling!" I hears her squeal, and waits for her to come out hand-in-hand with some young husk.

What she leads out, though, is no captured football player. At the end of a leather strap is a billy goat, kind of mangy, with battered horns and a scrappy look in his eyes.

"Eh?" says I, gawping. "Why, I thought you said ——"

"This is Alfonzo Biff," says Doris. "He's been the team mascot for years and he has never failed. Those Easterners must have stolen him and bribed this rancher to hide him. You lead Alfonzo," says Doris, handing me the strap.

BUT Alfonzo gives me a stubborn look and settles back against the collar. Next he cocks his head, fixes one eye at about where I wear my belt, and lowers them ugly horns. Just as he starts for me I dropped the strap and made a sprint for the plane, with Alfonzo one jump behind and Doris a poor third. As I made the shadow of the right wing I tripped over something, but it was a lucky spill, for Alfonzo had just put his whole soul into a snappy take-off. He was sailing over me clean when I happened to grab the strap. I expect I saved the landing gear a bad bump, but I almost dislocated a shoulder. Anyhow, there we were.

"Clever strategy, Bunch!" says Doris. "You did that beautifully."

"Ye-ah?" says I. "My head work against Alfonzo's. Now what?"

"Lift him into the rear cockpit and hold him while I get going," says she.

"You mean you want me and him to ride all the way back together?" says I.

"Oh, don't be silly!" says she.

So I picked up Alfonzo, gave him a heave, scrambled in after him, and hooked on the safety belt. Half a minute later Doris was rolling us across the field and as soon as the wheels cleared she gave the motor the gun.

We fitted kind of snug in the cockpit, Alfonzo and me; which was good in one way and not so good in another. He had no room for any running jumps, but I couldn't get my nose very far away from him.

Alfonzo don't care for the roar of the motor nor for the wind through his whiskers. He gazes down, waggling his head uneasy. Then he takes a notion he wants to look out from the other side and crowds over into my lap.

"There!" says I. "Just the same from here, ain't it? Now get back and trim ship."

THEY got suspicious natures, though—goats. I could tell by the dirty look he gave me as I pushes him back. But he calms down more or less and I was hoping for a quiet ride, even if it wasn't what you'd call a sweet one.

But Alfonzo ain't one to get air-minded so sudden. He keeps treading nervous with his hoofs, now and then coming down on my toes and finding tender spots. I tried to point out to him that I was no doormat, but that's all the good it did.

Then we began sailing over suburbs, and at last swooped down an arroyo and sighted the high-walled sides of the Rose Bowl. Not only that but we kept on swooping until we could see the packed rows in the stands and the shifting clusters of players skittering here and there.

Somebody must have passed the word that Alfonzo had been rescued, for a whole section of the stands breaks out in a cheer and starts waving things. At that Doris opens the throttle, jerks back the stick, and we go corkscrewing up into the blue once more.

"Hold everything!" she shouts.

Which was easier said than done, and for the next twenty minutes I had the ride of my life as she cuts loose with the stunts. Loops, spirals, wing-overs—she does the whole bag of tricks, for she's got an audience of more'n twenty thousand, and among 'em all them snooty classmates who'd been giving her the cold eye so long. I got to admit, too, that she handles the little bus like an old circus flyer, but if I'd been watching from below I'd enjoyed it more. Scared? Well, not exactly. I was too dog-gone busy.

FOR Alfonzo don't like stunting a-tall. He bucks and rares and tosses them horns around wicked. I get a crack on the jaw that near put me out.

Must have given 'em a big kick in the stands for I hear it almost broke up the game, with everybody watching us. My arms ached and my breath got short. I never thought I'd have to indulge in a rough-house game like that so high up.

You can guess I wasn't sorry when Doris stops her foolishness and circles for a landing on a near-by golf course.

"Well, I guess I gave 'em a thrill, didn't I, Bunch?" she asks.

"You handed one to Alfonzo and me, anyways," says I. "Look at us."

"Why, you are all rumpled up, aren't you?" she says. "I'm so sorry. But wait until you see how glad Jimmy will be to get Alfonzo back. I'll bet he's sending a car to fetch us. Isn't that one coming now?"

It was, manned by a delegation of old grads waving banners and letting out rah-rahs. They swarmed out on the golf course and loaded us all in and drove back to the Rose Bowl with the horn screeching. Seems the Eastern team had been about to crash through for a goal when the news spread among the Sanrovians that their mascot was overhead, and the local heroes proceeded to turn the tables, stage a desperate forward pass, and make a touchdown on their own hook. Doris had saved the day.

At the field gate the great Jimmy Bradden was waiting to welcome her, for it's between halves and he has the band and all the subs lined up. So a parade is organized, with Doris on Jimmy's arm, then Alfonzo and then the others.

THEY got a great reception as we swung around the field, Doris bowing and smiling, and Alfonzo trotting along a bit wobbly in the knees.

At the finish Doris and I was led back to our section and this time everybody seemed to know her. She was hugged by the girls and patted by the boys. The ban was lifted. And I settled down to enjoy the rest of the game. I would have, only people around me began to sniff and edge away. I heard whispered remarks too. So I told Doris I had to get back to the airport and sneaked out. Somehow I wasn't any more popular in the street car, and the first thing I did when I got to my quarters was to shed that new checkerboard sweater and hang it out the window to air. Then I took a hot shower and counted the black-and-blue spots.

Just before dark Doris comes sailing onto the field in her plane, and with her is the famous Jimmy.

"Oh, Bunch," says she, "I'm so happy and I thought you ought to be the first to know why."

"I can guess," says I. "You've hooked your Jimmy, ain't you?"

She admits that's it. "And he is wonderful, you know," she adds. "He has been trying to find me alone for the last ten days because he had made up his mind that—well, it might never have happened if it hadn't been for you and Alfonzo. You are both wonderful too."

"Maybe we are," says I. "I got this to remark about Alfonzo though. He may be the best mascot on the Pacific Coast, but I'll say he's no geranium."

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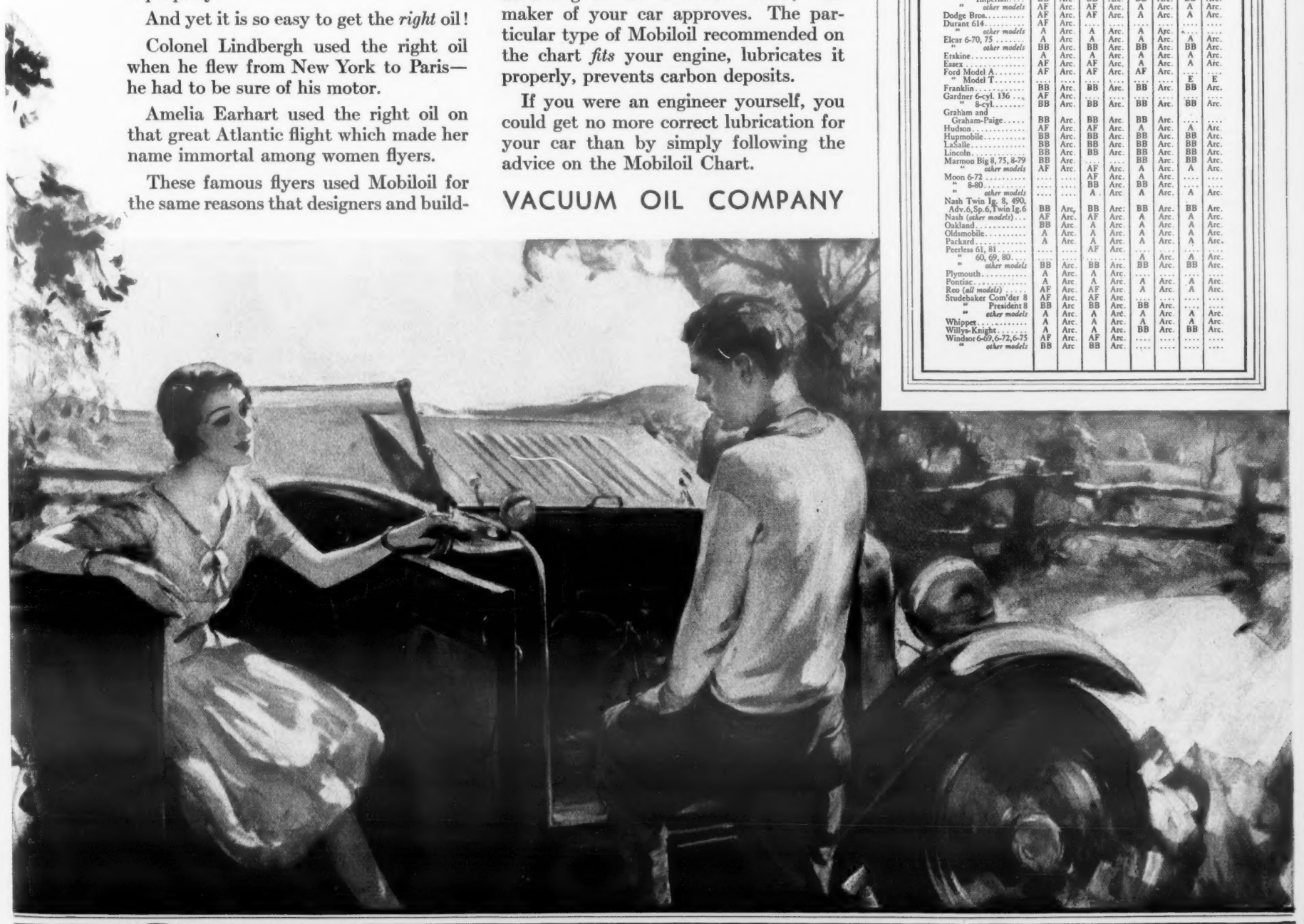
NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv.6,Sp.6,Twin Ig.6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69,6-72,6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....



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Name _____
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The Shorn Lamb

(Continued from Page 17)

"That's all right," said Buddy. "What do you want?"

"Some talk with you, obviously. I don't wait outside your door, waiting for you to come out, for nothing."

"As you know my door, why didn't you come up and find out whether I could see you?"

"Let us walk a little," said the man. "Why haven't you answered my two letters?"

"What letters?"

"The first, the foolish one. The second, in cipher, very serious."

"WHAT was in them?" asked Buddy. "I've been ill, as you seem to know, and I've not been able to worry with my correspondence."

The man slackened his steps and touched Buddy on the arm.

"What is the matter, Atherton? Payments are overdue. Never before has it happened. I write you two letters which you perfectly understand. Still no answer. As you say in English—what's it all about?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied Buddy coolly. "It's up to you, I should think, to tell me."

"I have already told you. The payments are overdue!"

"What payments, my dear friend?"

"What payments! You're talking nonsense."

"Or are you talking blackmail?"

Again he halted beneath a street lamp and scanned, as well as he could, the features of his companion. The eyes of the latter flashed angrily.

"That's an imbecile word to use after all these years of honorable association. You must be going mad!"

"No," said Buddy with a little thrill of enjoyment. Life had been very dull of late. "No. By no means. I'm talking sanity. Why should I pay you a lot of money? It seems you want a lot. I don't even know how much. What have you done to deserve it?"

The other raised his arms in a foreign shrug.

"Don't throw your arms about like that. There's a policeman coming. Just be quiet for a minute and explain things." He assumed a puzzled, baffled expression. "Give me a friendly lead. Of course I know you, dear old friend. But your name?"

He snapped his fingers. The other snapped his lips.

"Andrea Chrysolos."

Buddy linked his arm under that of his friend. "Now it all comes back to me. You've been writing to me. The cipher—you mentioned the cipher."

"Naturally, the cipher."

BUDDY'S heart leaped within him. Here was adventure. Wild adventure. The cipher! Something to set a man's brain afire with lambent clarity. Buddy had the sensation of being not a human being, but a perambulating intellect. . . . He was on the threshold of an amazing discovery. Could he, by exercise of mother wit, mystify this Greek, Andrea Chrysolos—his mind registered the name for all time—into revelation of Atherton's mystery? The cipher!

He clung to the man's arm affectionately.

"Let us go somewhere, where we can have a heart to heart talk. Are you known at the Grosvenor Hotel?"

"No," replied the man impatiently.

Buddy hailed a taxi. "How long is it," he asked, "since we've met?"

"Four years," replied Chrysolos.

It was but a short run to the hotel.

At the far end of the main hall was a broad flight of steps leading to a quiet and comfortable lounge. Buddy drew two chairs to a table by the mantelpiece.

"I've been ill, as I've told you. Very ill. I can't remember even the commonest things. You say you've written to me. . . . What did you say?"

"I reminded you of the payments!"

"Oh, yes," said Buddy, striving to look at him in a hollow-eyed manner. "And I suppose you threatened . . ."

"Suppose I did, if you like, Sir Atherton Drake," said the other cuttingly. "Haven't I the right to do so? We were partners. You had the lion's share. That was natural. It was yours by right. But the poor jackal"—he made an angry gesture with his fist—"has his rights too. And he must claim them. It's obvious."

"It is, my dear fellow," said Buddy wearily. "But let us theorize for a while. Let us put a—what you call it?—hypothetical case. Suppose I'm sick of being a lion and have conceived a horrible loathing for jackals. What then?"

"You couldn't be so mad, Atherton."

"Why?" asked Buddy.

"But I've got all your reports. I only have to make a packet of them, with the key to the cipher, and send them anonymously to the Foreign Office or Scotland Yard. They would be read. Naturally, you would be"—he flickered expressive fingers—"done for."

"But supposing I were to die. What would happen to your income?"

THE bewildered man said huskily: "But, my good Atherton, can you sit here and tell me that you haven't read my last two or three letters?"

"I haven't," said Buddy blankly, putting a despairing hand to his brow. "I have lost—forgotten—the key to the cipher. I've nearly gone out of my mind over it. How could I tell my doctors?" Buddy discomposed his features into haggardness. "It's something so simple, after all."

The other bent forward and tapped his knee, and regarded him with an air of concern.

"I knew—I have my means of knowing that you were an ill man—in danger from your heart. But I never thought you were as ill as that. The cipher. The paternoster."

The dawn of a smile illuminated Buddy's face. He raised a hand.

"Yes, yes. How does it go on?"

The Greek, humoring him, kindly said: "*Pater noster, qui es in coelis.* . . . The letter '*e*' either fourth letter of first word or"—he counted on his fingers—"fifth letter of second word . . . and so on . . . either numerator 4 and denominator 1, or numerator 5 and denominator 2 . . . and so on, with its infinite combinations."

Buddy smiled a seraphic smile and covered his eyes with the balls of his thumbs.

"Of course!" He swept his hands away. "Everything's as clear as mud now, my dear fellow."

He rose and Chrysolos rose too.

"Well, everything will be all right now." Buddy patted him on the shoulder.

THEY descended the broad stairs together, crossed the hall. Buddy signaled the doorkeeper for a taxi. He wrung the Greek's hand.

"Good-by, my dear friend. I've had a most delightful evening. I haven't the faintest idea who you are"—he held his hand in a tight grip—"or who you think I am."

The man gasped. "Atherton Drake."

"Never heard of him," said Buddy cheerfully, drawing himself up in all his brawn and newly acquired flesh, and assuming his most un-Athertonian grin. "Atherton who? My name's Bendyke, Cyrus Bendyke, an American actor." He gave a touch of American accent. "It's been perfectly fine meeting you, but I don't know what you've been talking about."

The Greek made a furious gesture and disappeared through the swing doors.

"Now I've got to do some thinking," said Buddy, as he departed for home.

XIII.

AS THE result of much thinking Buddy found himself the next evening at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport, Lancs, with a resigned Tonio in attendance, and the steel dispatch case, a Latin testament, a Latin dictionary, and a typewriter as important articles of travel.

After dinner Buddy put the mangled steel dispatch box on the table and drew from it the Latin testament and dictionary and the cipher letter which he had received from Chrysolos. Also a pad of manuscript paper, a fountain pen and a pencil. Tonio, the typewriter in front of him, sat opposite with the patience of a man whom no eccentricity on the part of his employer could surprise.

Buddy had a confused memory that the Lord's Prayer occurred somewhere at the end of the fifth chapter of Saint Matthew. He found it in the sixth.

"I want you to copy that out."

Tonio looked at it and shrugged. "That is the paternoster. Why, I know it by heart."

"It's the spelling that's important," said Buddy. "Leave an inch space between each line."

Whereupon Tonio began to type, and Buddy watched the crippled yet deft fingers working out the first steps to a great discovery.

Tonio handed him the typescript sheet. With fingers that shook Buddy penciled what he remembered of Chrysolos's rapid explanation. This was the result:

12345	123456	123	12	12	123456
Pater	noster	qui	es	in	coelis
1	2	3	4	5	6

123456789	10	11	12	13	12345	1234
sanctific	e	t	u	r	nomen	tuum
	7				8	9

12345678	123456	1234	1234	12345678
adveniat	regnum	tuum	fiat	voluntas
10	11	12	13	14

123	12345	12	12345	12	12	12345
tua	sicut	in	coelo	et	in	terra
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

12345	1234567	123456789	10	11	12
Panem	nostrum	quotidian	u	m	da
22	23	24			25

12345	12345	12	1234567	12345	123456
nobis	hodie	et	dimitte	nobis	debita
26	27	28	29	30	31

123456	12345	12	123	123456789	10
nostra	sicut	et	nos	dimittimu	s
32	33	34	35	36	

123456789	10	11	1234567	12	12
debitorib	u	s	nostris	et	ne
37			38	39	40

123	1234567	12	123456789	10	11
nos	inducas	in	tentation	e	m
41	42	43	44		

123	123456	123	1	1234	1234
sed	libera	nos	a	malo	Amen
45	46	47	48	49	50

There was the key to the cipher—one to be preserved only in the memory of men, its preservation in written code being obviously imbecile—defying the cipher experts of the world. They might guess

(Continued on Page 116)

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IT's a toss-up whether it tastes more delicious outdoors or in!

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(Continued from Page 114)

that it depended on a text. But there were myriads of texts familiar to man's memory—"Mary had a little lamb," "*Allons, enfants de la patrie.* . . . ." Nay, any conceivable set of words that could be memorized by the users of the code. It was expert proof. The letter "t," for instance. It could be $\frac{3}{1}$ or $\frac{1}{12}$ or $\frac{4}{24}$ or $\frac{5}{31}$ . . . and so on, with other letters.

Simplicity itself.

He regarded the page fascinated. There were just fifty words. The idea struck him that the choice of text was a scholar's cunning. He looked for letters. From the English alphabet the only missing ones were J K W X Y Z. He had enough common sense to know that they would have got over the difficulty somehow. His school memories suggested that in Latin "J" and "I" were interchangeable; that "C" is always hard and might take the place of "K" at a pinch; that "W" might easily be represented by a double "U." The letter "Y"—funny it should not appear in the paternoster. The things hammered into his careless brain at Eton reappeared through the palimpsest of overlying memories. The letter "Y" was only used in transliteration from the Greek—chiefly in proper names.

BUDDY looked over at Tonio and bade him make another copy. And while Tonio obediently clicked, he prepared to decipher the last letter of Chrysolos.

The text started:

6	7	3	3	2	2	4	1	6
10	87	91	24	26	13	6	946	10

He looked. Sixth letter of tenth word was "i." The seventh letter of the eighty-seventh word? . . . But there were only fifty words in the paternoster. There was a catch somewhere. The seventh letter of the eighth word? But there were only five letters in the eighth word "nomen." But the seventh letter of the seventh word was "f." The first two fractions therefore gave him the very sound word "if." And so, carrying on experimentally he found, with no great exercise of intelligence, that as the denomination represented the numerical place of the word, and as the number of words were only fifty, any initial six, seven, eight or nine, unless a solitary digit, could be disregarded—a grace note, as it were, flung in to make the thing more difficult—and that attention must be paid to the second digit. The same reasoning applied to superfluous digits in the numerators. The fraction $\frac{29}{13}$ could in itself represent nothing, as there was no word with twenty-nine letters. But $\frac{2}{13}$ was again the letter "i."

Thus, in unaccustomed concentration of brain, he worked out the sequence of letters which he penciled in capitals:

IFTOOILL

"Good Lord, Tonio," he cried, in excitement. "I've got it. Take this down: 'If too ill.'"

And so in great excitement he deciphered the whole letter:

If too ill to attend to payments I must insist on alternative already discussed, namely the payment of capital sum of twenty thousand pounds before the end of the year. Indeed, in view of your precarious health this seems the only reasonable solution. You must transfer me amount in bearer bonds for obvious reasons. We have relied on each other's honor in the past. You can rely on mine in the future if you accede. But if you play false I must reluctantly use my weapon. I have earned my share. A. C.

But where A. C.—obviously Andrea Chrysolos—lived, the letter heading gave no indication. There was only the date. And the letter contained no reference to the mysterious Lothbury banking account or to the name under which Atherton held that account in order to supply Mr. Andrea Chrysolos with his secret subsidy.

Tonio, after taking down the letter word by word dictated from Buddy's pencil deciphering, read it aloud and passed the typescript across the table.

"That is blackmail, Buddy," said he.

"Unashamed," said Buddy.

Tonio with a duplicate key to the cipher and Buddy's supplementary explanations, set to work on a typescript which Buddy had drawn haphazard from the box. Buddy set to work on another. Decoding to the nonexpert is a tedious business, especially when there are no spaces between words. It was only after much puzzling that they discovered that a zero in the numerator of a fraction corresponded with the word "stop" in a telegram.

"I can make no sense," said Tonio, after a long and concentrated struggle.

"Neither can I," said Buddy, looking up over the typewriter, across the table. "As far as I can make out, it's in Latin."

"Mine isn't," said Tonio. "I know a few Latin words. I sang in the choir when I was a boy in a little church down by Hoboken."

"Let's look at it."

Tonio passed the painfully decoded array of penciled capital letters across to Buddy, who stared at it until his eyes grew blinded and his head reeled. There could be nothing wrong with the cipher. The decoding of the letter had been a matter of comparative simplicity. It could only be a question of language. Then, after much staring, there appeared an assemblage of letters: NICHT, and further on another, WIE VIEL.

"It's in German," cried Buddy, "and I don't know more than a dozen words in the beastly language."

By four o'clock in the morning they had deciphered—or rather had turned pages and pages of fractions into a welter of alphabetical letters which, from here and there a gleam of a known word such as "nicht" or "sunt," proclaimed themselves to be records either in German or Latin. They tried sheet after sheet, selected haphazard, of the pinned together typescript and manuscript. In never a one did they find a trace of the English language.

They were tired out. Further effort seemed hopeless. They went to bed.

THE next day after lunch Tonio suggested a return to work over the typescript. But Buddy pleaded the need of relaxation. They must proceed with the daily practice in conjuring. He took a childish delight in these lessons. His fingers were apt, his mind was quick, and his patience as a learner equaled that of Tonio as a teacher. Already he could make the pass, the flicking of a card from front to back of the hand, the basis of all prestidigitation. He must do it, said his professor, until he didn't know that he was doing it; that being the only way for his audience not to know he was doing it. He could also produce wooden eggs from his mouth and half-crowns from the air. Tonio also was initiating him into the secrets of mechanical magic dependent on trick appliances.

"We'll go over to Manchester tomorrow and get an outfit," said Buddy.

And that, for their absurd sojourn in Southport, was the simple history of their lives. They walked up and down Lord Street in the morning. In the afternoon they conjured. In the evening they deciphered fractions into streams of alphabetical letters, unseparated words, unpunctuated sentences, which they knew were important documents couched in

(Continued on Page 119)

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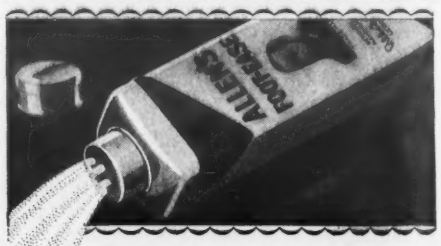

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Peel apples and core, fill with a mixture of sweet butter and sugar and bake until tender. Place an Angelus Marshmallow on top of each and return to the oven to brown. Serve either hot or cold with an apricot sauce and a garnish of cherry.

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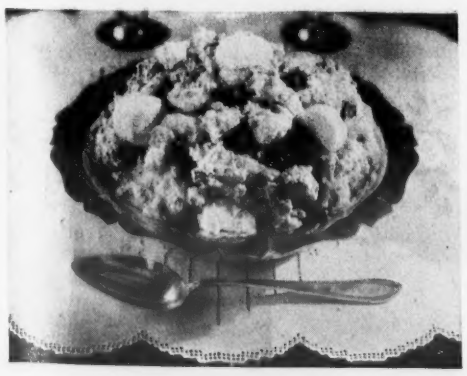

ANGELUS PUDDING

8 Graham Crackers
1 cup crushed Pineapple
½ cup Dates
½ cup chopped nuts
2 cups whipped cream
12 Angelus Marshmallows

Crush or roll Graham Crackers until they are broken into small bits, add pineapple which has been drained, whipped cream and chopped nuts. Cut Angelus Marshmallows in quarters, remove stones from dates and cut into small pieces, then combine the marshmallows, dates and cream mixture. Chill and serve with a spoon of whipped cream garnished with candied cherries.

NOTE: *These simple, delightful recipes are reproduced from "How Famous Chefs Use Marshmallows"—just published; send the coupon for your copy.*

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Here he presents three new triumphs—all so simple that the most inexperienced housewife can duplicate them with certain success.

"Desserts," says Louis of the Ritz, "are the supreme test of a cook's skill. They should be light and delicate—the final subtle accent to a good dinner. Angelus Marshmallows offer infinite possibilities for delightful desserts."

Angelus Marshmallows are always fresh, tender, and light as down. Their delectable flavor is a tribute to the pure and wholesome ingredients of which they are made.

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It contains a wealth of new and easy-to-make recipes for all manner of delectable dishes. There are many ingenious suggestions for bridge luncheons, teas, and for every possible occasion. You will be delighted with it. Mail the coupon for your copy. It is FREE.

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You folks must be hungry . . Well, here you are

Says the Uneeda Boy

It's a long time since lunch . . .

Everybody gets hungry in the afternoon . . . and it's no wonder you began thinking about something good to eat from the "Uneeda Bakers."

Well, here it is . . . made for *you.* The "Uneeda Bakers" want you to have the *best* —so they use the very best of everything in all the good things they make.

I know all about their place . . . for I'm the Uneeda Boy.

And it's a *fact* that every time you see a package with the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal, you'll know there's something *extra* good in it—because the "Uneeda Bakers" made it.

Take these Fig Newtons, for instance . . . Where could you find anything better?

Fig Newtons make the eating of figs a mighty pleasant pastime. Luscious figs—baked in a sweet and crumbly jacket that's one of the "Uneeda Bakers" greatest creations. Buy them in packages or by the pound.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

"Uneeda Bakers"

(Continued from Page 116)

Latin or German, neither of which they could read.

Yet, by degrees, Buddy could space off here and there a few Latin words.

"*Dic instanter quant . . . vigint mil sal . . . exempl. foederis. . . .*"

This, at any rate, was simple. The writer said: "Say instantly how much. . . ." The Latin was obviously abbreviated. "Twenty thousand pounds enough . . . copy of treaty."

Foederis? A copy of a treaty would be a big order. But the word might equally mean agreement. . . . And he went on through the page and picked out *Italor* and *Ruman* . . . and *corpus exercit* . . . *num centum quat* . . . and a hundred other isolated and mutilated words which, set together even with dots between, conveyed to his brain a paralyzing conviction of awful iniquity.

Twenty thousand pounds offered—almost obviously haggled over—for the betrayal of some Italian and Rumanian agreement entered into during the war.

He took the clump of typescript, the result of a week's work, together with the two numbered paternoster keys, into his bedroom and, a very frightened man, locked the door.

He had, as far as memory served, never locked his bedroom door during the course of his careless life. But here he was carrying with him a secret that, if known, as the blackmailer, Andrea Chrysolos, had hinted, to the Foreign Office or to Scotland Yard, would wither into dust all that remained of the eminent scholar, late minister of the Crown, Sir Atherton Drake.

XIV.

AFTER many days' poring over the complete transliteration of the cipher scripts, he could get very little further.

But the more he pored the more did it become apparent to his essentially simple mind that here were hidden the secrets of a shameful and dishonorable drama. For there were dates of the war—and these were the most frequent; dates immediately postwar; only a few scraps bearing recent dates.

It was all dark and horrible. Whether what he could surmise branded Atherton as an agent in the pay of a hostile power during the war, or as a cynical exploiter of the European general financial situation during or immediately after the Armistice, he could not accurately determine. At any rate, it was beyond human common sense to doubt that the sinister mass of documents, if reduced to cold English, would account for Atherton's astounding rise to fortune in so short a period. It was a story of cold and cynical dishonor. Perhaps of treason—of high treason. Sales of secret knowledge of things military, economic, financial—how could he tell?—to a foreign government, with this eloquent and friendly Greek gentleman, Mr. Andrea Chrysolos, as go-between.

Christmas came upon him before he realized it. Lord Street, Southport, seemed to go loathsomely mad. Its shops ran riot into fantastical Christmas conviviality.

"This artificial family rejoicing," said Buddy, "makes me sick."

"Why not take pleasure in looking at beauty?" said Tony, with a nod of his head toward a shop front stocked with leather and silver and gold and onyx and tortoise shell and jade. "That dressing case fitted with cut crystal and lapis lazuli. Why not let your eyes enjoy beautiful things?"

Buddy laughed again. Tonio was right. The dressing case had its points.

He was about to say jestingly to Tonio, "I wish I knew a woman I could give it to," when he suddenly remembered that there was a woman to whom he suddenly and madly desired to give it.

He entered the shop, followed by Tonio, and asked the price of the case.

"I'll have it," said Buddy with a lordly air. "It must be sent off at once to London by special messenger."

He gave the address of Miss Diana Merrow, and being assured that the special messenger would go up to London by the next train, went out of the shop. He had put nothing in the case that could indicate to Diana the source and origin of the gift. Tonio walked in silence by his side in the winter sunshine, along the car-lined pavement.

"What do you think of that, Tonio?" Buddy said at last.

"I think you must be in love with a woman," said Tonio.

Christmas came and went. Buddy sent Tonio to London, and he returned with a budget of trivial and important items. There were few letters. None from Muriel or from Diana. One from Chrysolos in cipher, which he put aside to be decoded. A copy of The Times of three days ago, in which the top line in the column, the head of the so-called agony column, announced:

Sir Atherton Drake is very seriously requested to communicate with Paternoster before 31st December.

"That's straight from the shoulder, isn't it?" said Buddy.

"It's a gun at your head," said Tonio.

"Let me get at the beastly man," said Buddy picking up the fraction-filled page. "Find me the key."

He deciphered:

I have done all possible. The Times announcement must reach you wherever you are, and no matter how ill you are. It must be cabled to you by your friends or legal representatives. If nothing heard or done by January fifteenth, on that day papers and proofs will be sent to high authorities. Again let me say I cannot conceive breach so long honorable relations.

"Buddy," said Tonio anxiously, "what is the meaning of this?"

"It means," replied Buddy, "that we've got to get out—and get out quick."

It was a situation of tantalizing fantasticality. There was only one thing to be done—the insertion in The Times of a reply:

Paternoster. Lost address. Please give it.

Two or three miserable days followed. Tonio was again dispatched to London. He returned with a telegram:

"Lothbury, as usual."

THIS was something definite. It gave him something to do. He drafted a letter in cipher on some Park Lane Mansions note paper which Tonio had brought down.

My dear Andrea: I have been very ill and am only now able to attend to business. Your suggestion is most reasonable. But why all this mystery? I can't be bothered with converting money into bonds to bearer. My ordinary check should be sufficient. My confidential secretary will make any appointment you like, Park Lane, and will hand you check on return of documents of which he will hold list. Or if you suspect false dealing check, will discuss bearer bonds. Too ill to see you myself. ATHERTON DRAKE.

A horrible week passed, the latter part of which Tonio spent in London, calling day by day for letters. At last he returned to Southport. The letter addressed to "Andrea Chrysolos, Esq., c-o London & Northern Bank, Lothbury, E. C." had been returned through the post office, "Addressee unknown."

Then Buddy began to be afraid. Mysterious and deadly forces were converging upon him. "I'm between the devil and the deep sea," he cried.

Tonio shrugged. "If you would only give me your confidence, I might be able to suggest something."

For the second time Buddy confessed.

The little white-haired man, with the dark mobile face regarded him mournfully. "You have done a foolish thing,"

(Continued on Page 121)

When you Think of them... Call them

It will mean a happier summer to keep in touch with children . . . and friends . . . by telephone

THERE'S an added note in vacation pleasures when you keep in touch with family and friends. You can do it by telephone, easily and inexpensively.

You may be at your summer place, with husband, relatives or friends coming for week-ends. The telephone is a convenient means for exchanging interesting news, or making important arrangements. Or you may be at home, with the children away at camp. A telephone call lets *you* know that they are well and happy . . . and gives *them* the chance to tell you all the wonderful things they are doing. If you wish, the charges may be "reversed," and added to the home telephone bill.

Friends are only minutes away by telephone, and though you may not see them for the entire summer, you can "voice visit" often.

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Amazing New Way 100-Year-Old Secret New Beauty Quick

Give the skin new youth quick; new beauty OVERNIGHT with new Sem-pray Compressed Creme. Erases little age-lines and wrinkles like magic. Whitens, softens, cleanses, tones, youthifies complexion. Brings out the hidden loveliness of your skin. Firms sagging muscles. Tones skin tissues. Reduces large pores. Ends pimples, blackheads. Takes shine from oily skin. Makes dry skin normal. SEM-PRAY brings youth and beauty so quick as to be amazing. Guaranteed safe, pure.

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Sem-pray is different, unique. Rare Eastern beautifiers never before used in a cream. Compressed into dainty, rose-pink, almond-scented cake in a push-up container. Apply easy as lip-stick without touching fingers. Many beauty treatments a day quickly, any time, anywhere. Best foundation cream too. Blends powder and rouge perfectly. Prevents caking. **Will not grow hair.** 60¢ at all stores, or mail coupon for 7-day treatment of Sem-pray Creme. Better than 7 trips to a beauty specialist.

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7-day package Sem-pray Creme if you mail coupon. Act quickly and we will include packages of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-pray Rouge **Free.** All in charming little package.

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Send generous 7-day trial package Sem-pray Compressed Creme. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing. Include packages of Sem-pray Rouge and Sem-pray Face Powder FREE.

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With no moving parts to wear, Electrolux remains absolutely noiseless as long as you have it

LIVE with your Electrolux for years—so far as your ears are concerned you'll never know that it exists.

Open the refrigerator any hour of the day or night. You'll find crisp, dry cold—pure sparkling ice cubes always inside. But never any noise. Not a sound.

Incredible, you say? But wait! The operating cost of this perfect servant is even more surprising—as low as 50 cents a week in some localities and everywhere less than any other form of refrigeration including ice.

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No machinery! That's the secret. A tiny gas flame and a trickle of water take the place of all machinery. Gas and water are relatively cheap, as you know. And only a small quantity of each is required to circulate the refrigerant that produces cold.

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This newest type automatic refrigerator costs you no more than the mechanical kind—$195 to $430 at the factory. Make no decision until you see Electrolux; many sizes and models in white and colors, at the showroom of your gas company or other distributor. Can be operated with Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains. Liberal purchase terms. For complete illustrated information by mail, write Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

(Continued from Page 119)

said he. "You have put yourself beyond—what you a-call it?—the pale of the law. All this evil money does not belong to you."

"Of course it doesn't," cried Buddy.

"Then you must give it up," said Tonio.

"Give what up?"

"Everything," said Tonio, making a motion in the darkness with his two withered hands.

He stood in the firelight, white-headed, hollow-eyed, dark-clad, spare and vibrating, an uncanny figure. His broken shadow fell grotesque on the opposite wall.

"GIVE it all up, Buddy. Buddy Drake is dead. Atherton Drake must be dead too. As I said—you have no existence. You must create one for yourself—a new one. . . ."

"For any sake let's have a bit of time off," said Buddy. "My head's going round. I'll go mad. Let's have an hour's practice."

"Very well," said Tonio. "I have some new things come this morning from London."

On a straight-backed chair, in a corner of the formal and soulless hotel sitting room, stood the black steel dispatch box, container of hideous and shameful secrets. He strode toward it. These he could get rid of forever, at any rate. He took out the armful of documents, cast them on the hearth rug and then threw them, chunk by chunk, into the fire whose coals he stirred with the poker into leaping flames.

Tonio came in, followed by hotel servants carrying a mass of velvet-and-steel paraphernalia. He looked in alarm at the fire, at Buddy—and signed to the servants to put the bundle down and depart.

"What have you done?" he cried, as soon as the door closed.

"I've burned the whole thing."

"But," cried Tonio, with eyes of despair, "don't you know what you have done? You have, in fact, burned your boats. You have burned every defense your brother could have held against Chrysolos."

"He doesn't know that," said Buddy.

"He soon will," said Tonio.

"What am I to do?" asked Buddy. "What would you advise?"

Tonio looked up at Buddy with a wrinkle at the corner of his lips and a twinkle in his dark eyes. And he kept the pose dramatically for a few moments. Then he went to a little side table on which lay the two or three packs of cards used for their daily practice. He spread out a pack with his swift professional touch and brought out a knave of clubs.

"What would I advise? Well, look you a-here, Buddy. This is you. The jack of clubs. See? What I advise for you is to do like him. See?"

Buddy could have sworn that the knave of clubs flicked upward by Tonio's fingers had disappeared into thin air.

"How did you do that?"

"You will only learn," said Tonio, "when you do the same as he did."

XV.

THEY returned to London and put up, under false names, at a small hotel in the Cromwell Road which was far enough away from the sphere of Atherton's activities. They seemed to have disappeared completely. Nothing new appeared in the Agony Column of The Times.

Arose the question of their ultimate land of refuge. Tonio counseled America. Buddy manifested lukewarm enthusiasm. He had spent there too many hopeless and bitter years. Anyhow, before taking flight he must put his house in order. Bronson, for instance, must be provided for. He entrusted Tonio with many confidential errands, Tonio giving out to those whom it concerned that Sir Atherton lay ill in a nursing home abroad guarded by doctors who forbade him to hold any communication with the outside world. Tonio's credentials, amounting to a kind of power of attorney, signed by Atherton Drake, were not contested.

The days hung heavy on Buddy's hands. He took to walking after dusk, with apparent aimlessness, about the streets of the West End. Now and then Tonio accompanied him. Once they turned down Sloane Street. Midway, on the eastern side, Buddy stopped short before the window of an antique furniture shop—Merro, Ltd.—and suddenly gripped Tonio by the arm. Inside the shop, talking with a man and a woman, obviously customers, stood Diana. She was displaying a chair, evidently pointing out its signs of genuineness. Her face was smiling and animated.

"What wouldn't I give to be able to go in," cried Buddy. "This is the first time I've caught sight of her."

"Come away, Buddy," said Tonio. "There's no sense in playing round like this."

"Have I ever done anything with any sense in it in my life?" asked Buddy.

"You bought my monkeys," said the little man.

"By the way, where are they?" Buddy asked. "I wouldn't lose them for anything."

THE next time Tonio went on a mission to Bronson, he was charged to rescue the sacred crew from the flat. Whether they had brought him good or evil luck, in the general sense of the word, he knew not; at any rate, they had brought him Tonio Gaffarelli and his sagacity and loyal devotion. He shuddered to think of what his loneliness would be without Tonio.

The occasion of the salvage of the monkeys was the last on which Tonio was to visit Bronson. For Bronson had been paid his £4000 and was awaiting final instructions. These Tonio conveyed. The flat was to be prepared for a long absence on the part of the owner, shut up, and the keys were to be delivered to Mr. Fry.

It was a fine evening with a touch of frost in the air. Buddy walked with him for company's sake up Park Lane and halted at Upper Brook Street while Tonio disappeared into the beam of light that marked the entrance to the flats.

He was still standing at the corner when he saw Tonio dart from the mansions. Immediately at his heels darted another man who, overtaking him, made a sudden grab at the large cardboard box which Tonio carried under his arm. Buddy sprang forward with a "What the devil are you doing?" and then, all of a sudden, he and his pursuer stood stock-still, glaring into each other's eyes.

"So you are Atherton, after all."

"And you're Chrysolos, my blackmailing Greek friend, who gave me the key to the famous cipher."

"Why keep up the farce?" said the other angrily. "You fooled me once. You'll not do it again. How do I know you're Atherton? Isn't this Italian well known as Atherton's secretary? And here I find you waiting for him and this box of papers which you're too frightened to go and get for yourself."

Buddy laughed. "You're welcome to any documents you find there."

Buddy nodded. Tonio undid the parcel and filled Buddy's arms with the monkeys.

Chrysolos cursed. "Tell me," said he impatiently, "why haven't I heard from you?"

"BECAUSE you're a most undesirable correspondent. On the other hand, why haven't you carried out your threats? You can't. You know you can't. I was a fool to let you blackmail me for so long. You can do exactly what you like." He snapped his fingers. "I've got cipher documents too, which I can hold up against you. Though why you should think I'd carry them about in a cardboard box, I can't imagine."

"You seem to forget the boxes of dressmakers' that went through the hands of the lady in Turtle Road, Ealing."

Buddy started and looked for a few seconds stupidly into the dark eyes of his enemy. Then he gave a short laugh. Good Lord! Was this the secret of Atherton's relations with Cora Blenkinsop, the mysterious lady of the will? She was the go-between. Atherton must have puddled through much muddy water.

"I forgive you, Chrysolos," he said as he stopped a passing taxi and bade Tonio enter. With his foot on the step he turned to Chrysolos.

"Good night. I'm a bit tired of you."

A FEW days afterward Tonio found at the accommodation address in Kensington which he had given the unsuspecting Bronson a long envelope which, when Buddy opened it, inclosed one headed "On His Majesty's Service," addressed to Sir Atherton Drake, Bt., and bearing the Foreign Office stamp. Buddy opened it with shaking fingers. It ran:

Sir: I am desired by the Permanent Secretary to ask you to do him the honour of waiting on him at this office on Tuesday at three o'clock. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
JOHN HAYTHORNE,
Private Secretary.

He passed it on to Tonio to read.

"The hunt's up," said he.

But he did not wait on the Foreign Secretary of the War Office as requested. Neither did he acknowledge the letter. He and Tonio busied themselves with hurried preparations for departure. And even while making these preparations, he became aware that one of two men was always somewhere within his horizon. He had the horrible knowledge of being shadowed.

Even as they climbed the gangway of a steamer at Southampton he saw an impassive man standing in the gloom, watching until the steamer left the docks.

XVI.

"IF SHE would only see me," said Horatio Flower.

"You must give her time," said Diana.

They were sitting outside the Royalty Bar, which is just across the way from the Park Palace, which is on one of the little hills of Monte Carlo.

"I've given her loads of time," said Horatio. "Four months. I'm honest and sober and I think I'm proving that I love her as much as ever I did."

Diana bent over the little table and laid her brown hand on his arm and said earnestly: "And you really forgive her from the bottom of your heart?"

"I do. If I didn't, I couldn't reconcile it to my conscience to ask her to come back to me."

"I wish," she said, "you had thought of talking things over with me before."

He admitted his stupidity. "You're right. You're a good sort, Diana. I wish we had been friends all along."

"So do I," said Diana. "You must also remember," she added, after a pause, "that all this publicity and mystery and newspaper talk doesn't do much toward the healing I've been talking about. The papers are full of the missing baronet. Full, too, of dark hints that it's a jolly good thing he's missing. Rumors of scandal going around. Not in the newspapers. No, nothing to do with women."

"I know. Idiot reports that he was a German spy during the war."

"They are idiotic. I happen to have seen a side of Atherton that no one would suspect."

"So have I, my dear," said Horatio with a curious smile. "And, to tell you the truth, that's why I'm here waiting until I can win back Muriel."

"I suppose," said Diana, with a flash, "that was when he forced his way in to you last December in Hampshire."

Horatio laid down his fork in surprise. "How did you know I saw him? I haven't told a human being!"

Diana smiled. "Smith told Bronson, and Bronson told me. Look here, what

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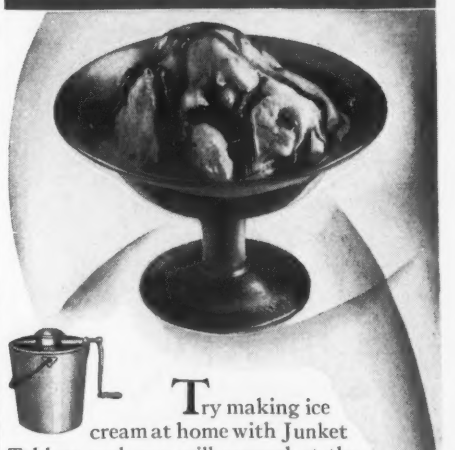
Creamier ICE CREAM with Less Cream



Try making ice cream at home with Junket Tablets and you will marvel at the ease of it. No waste, no bother, no worry as to the outcome. Junket Tablets insure success as surely as they make ice cream smooth as velvet and of a delicious, rich consistency. *No Eggs—No Cooking.* Home-made ice cream is no trick at all if you use Junket Tablets. Follow these simple directions:

Junket Ice Cream

2 Junket Tablets	2 tablespoons cold water
1 quart milk	½ pint cream
1 cup sugar	1 tablespoon vanilla or other flavoring.

Add sugar to milk which is barely lukewarm—*not hot.* Crush Junket Tablets and dissolve in cold water. Add flavoring and dissolved tablets to milk. Stir well. Pour into freezer—let stand until firm. Cool. Add cream, whipped. Pack in ice, salt and freeze. Serve ten to a dozen persons.

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MAPLEINE HAM— *As good as it sounds!*

SPRINKLE a slice of raw ham an inch thick with flour. Melt a little fat in a baking pan, preferably a piece cut from ham, and brown the ham in it. Stir a teaspoon of Mapleine into a half cup of water and a cup of crushed pineapple and pour over the ham. Bake slowly until tender. This is only one of the distinctive Mapleine-savored meat dishes given in our new "MAPLEINE COOKERY." *Free on request. In the meantime there's a small recipe folder with every bottle—at your grocer's.* Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 47, Seattle, U.S.A.

MAPLEINE
Meat Savor · Flavoring · Syrup Maker

Biscuits, for Example . . . women everywhere bake them, but in the South they are baked with *entirely different* results

***"Rex must Divide Honors with Your Fluffy Hot Biscuits,"* Say Mardi Gras Visitors in New Orleans**

The carnival is only half the fun at Mardi Gras time in New Orleans. Visitors from the East and other sections greatly enjoy the unique Creole cooking and famous Southern breads and cakes. The biscuits are always delightfully fluffy and hot and small---"Take two and butter them while they're hot." Ballard flours are used in nine out of every ten homes in New Orleans.

NO wonder they serve them three times a day down South, and that everybody takes two each time the plate is passed! How well you understand this if you've ever eaten a *real Southern biscuit*---a fluff of snowy whiteness, no bigger than a silver dollar, topped ever so crisply by a golden brown crust---a biscuit that opens its piping-hot, feather-light heart to dissolve a fragment of butter---a biscuit whose delicate, nut-like goodness sets you to hoping with all your heart that you, too, can have real Southern biscuits three times a day the rest of your life.

For generations Southerners and their guests have enjoyed fluffy little hot biscuits. For generations the finest cooks of other sections have tried in vain to imitate them . . . until there is a feeling that the Southern cook has some mysterious method for making biscuits. But the Southern cook tells you that biscuits are the easiest of all breads to make. She tells you that Southern biscuits are fluffier and finer in flavor than those made in other sections *because they are made with different flour.*

For fifty years the experts of Ballard and Ballard Company have been selecting and milling the wheat that makes this flour used by Southern women. They have learned to choose the richest and finest of winter wheat that ripens in June. The flour is so soft and dry and fine it blends easily with other ingredients, giving to biscuits and other breads a delicate lightness and a smooth, creamy texture.

Heretofore it has been as impossible to make real Southern biscuits outside of Dixie as to raise cotton in Canada---because this particular flour was available only in the South. Now, however, Ballard flour is milled for women everywhere. This very flour which Southern cooks have used for generations will soon be on your dealer's shelves. You can make delicious biscuits with *Ballard's Obelisk* or *Ballard's New South Flour,* but to insure greatest ease and success in biscuit making, Ballard has followed a famous Southern recipe and has blended *Ballard Biscuit Flour.* This prepared flour contains all necessary ingredients, except shortening and milk (or water). It is so carefully prepared that you can be sure of making real Southern biscuits the first time you try . . . and will need little more time for baking them than for making toast.

Let us send you a generous package of *Ballard Biscuit Flour,* together with three other Ballard flours, to try in your baking. You will find that these flours will give a new richness of flavor to all your bakings, that they will insure greater lightness and tenderness. They are so simple to use, so unfailing in their results, you will find yourself an expert cook before you know it. For convenience, use the coupon.

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World's Largest Millers of Soft Winter Wheat Family Flour

Listen in! Ballard Chefs and their inimitable Jug Band, WHAS. Write for program.

Ballard Flours

With a shelf of Ballard flours in your kitchen you can be sure of the most satisfactory results in all types of baking . . . *Ballard's Obelisk,* the outstanding general purpose flour of the South for fifty years . . . *Ballard Cake Flour,* so light, so dry, so finely milled that, with it, you can most easily bake the beautiful cakes you have dreamed of making . . . *Ballard's New South Flour,* a worthy companion to *Obelisk,* though somewhat lower in price . . . *Ballard Biscuit Flour* and *Ballard Pancake Flour* with which fluffy little hot biscuits and golden-brown pancakes and waffles are most easily made.

A Shelf of Ballard Flours For Your Kitchen

For $1.00 enclosed, trial packages of four Ballard flours will be sent you, together with a one-hand flour sifter, a biscuit cutter and a copy of Ballard's Baking Book. The flours are: *Ballard's Obelisk, Ballard Cake, Ballard Biscuit, Ballard Pancake Flour.* Satisfaction guaranteed.

J-3

Name_____

Street and No._____

City and State_____

(Continued from Page 121)

did Atherton say to you when . . . well . . . then?"

Horatio looked uncomfortable.

"There are things one man may say to another that can't be repeated. We must leave it at that."

"And that," cried Diana across the table, "is exasperating. That—the fact of his having seen you, of his having promised—that's what it comes to—to fade out of Muriel's life, of your having parted more or less friends—that is what's worrying me to death."

Horatio glanced at her for a second; glanced away with a puzzled brow. His training had not been such as to enable him to appreciate quietly emotional values. Why should Diana, to his mind the most level-headed, the coldest, the most cynical of young women, be worried to death by Atherton's part in his own unhappy triangular affairs? Obviously she was unaware of Atherton's death and the supplanting brother.

"But why do you worry?" he asked.

"Because," she almost whispered, "you must have noticed, as I did, the change in the man."

He made a faint gesture half in assent, half noncommittal.

"I FIRST became aware of it," she continued, "when he met me in Paris in the winter—when Muriel was so ill. I hadn't seen him for a long time. You know I hated him for a dried-up prig. The ideal prig. A museum specimen. I only suffered him for Muriel's sake. I saw as little as I could of him. But in Paris we were thrown together—perhaps it was my doing. I don't know. Anyhow he seemed to have been treating Muriel for the past two or three weeks pretty casually. I thought I'd bring him to heel. I wasn't afraid of him. Muriel was. I met him, I say, in Paris, a different man altogether, with just a kind of surface priggishness, but underneath it a man full of the love of life and laughter, and simple. The last time I went to see him in Paris, he had stuck a row of clock-work monkeys on his mantelpiece. Said he had bought them from an ex-British grenadier who was selling toys on the boulevards. One might just as well have thought of Atherton dressed up in a false wig and beard selling toys himself. Can a man go suddenly mad, and yet, to all outward appearances, stay perfectly sane?"

"Don't ask me," replied Horatio. "What do I know about such things?"

"Nothing, of course. I was only putting the case. But there it is. The only priggishness and callousness and coldbloodedness about him, was his attitude to Muriel. From the first moment I met him his whole idea seemed to be to cut it all out. He was utterly vile to her. Vile."

She spat the word out across the table at Horatio's stolid face.

"Hasn't it occurred to you," he asked, "that he may have acted like an honorable man—a very honorable man—both to Muriel and to me?"

She shrugged. "Well, if you are satisfied. . . . There's only one solution," she went on. "Some form of madness. Either he was mad until I met him in Paris and then became sane—or vice versa."

A humorous light glowed in Horatio Flower's blue eyes.

"Supposing there were two personalities, as you suggest. You detested the first, and you're very much attracted by the second."

She sat, elbows on table, chin on hands. A flush came on her olive face.

"Suppose I am," she said defiantly, "what then? You ask me why I should worry. Well, the new Atherton has upset me altogether."

XVII.

THE opportunity of questioning him, getting at the heart of his secret, had presented itself and she had let it slip.

It had come, without warning, a couple of months before.

It was a dreary afternoon of January rain. She stood among her showroom stock of Italian furniture, painted beds, commodes, *cassone*, chimney-pieces, Della Robbia plaques, and looked through the plate-glass window at the dripping umbrellas and streaming pavements and wet cars glistening in the conflicting lights of the broad thoroughfare. Not a customer, endowed with sanity, at any rate, to be expected at such a time.

Suddenly the shop door burst open and a man came in. His coat glistened with raindrops and water dripped from the turned-down brim of his hat. She made a step forward, then halted suddenly as their eyes met. It was Buddy.

She took his hand mechanically. He laughed.

"Forgive my breaking in like this. Especially on such a beast of an evening. I'd no idea one could get so wet just walking down Sloane Street."

"Why should you walk in the rain?" she asked. "It doesn't seem to fit in with your general habits."

"My general habits have changed considerably the past few weeks."

"So I've been given to understand," she said coldly.

He looked around him at the cheerless masterpieces of painted Italian furniture, and then glanced at her with a whimsical smile.

"Won't you ask me to sit down?"

She said in an even voice: "I don't particularly want to talk to you, but if you insist ——"

"I do insist, Diana," he said, taking off his coat. "It's my last chance of seeing you for the Lord knows how long."

There was that in his eyes which softened a little the heart which she had been at such pains, since their last interview, to harden against him. But she said:

"I hope it is for good. Do you remember the last words you said to me?"

"Perfectly well. I asked you to forget that such a fool as I ever existed. You said you would. Have you?"

SHE scoffed. "Practically. Especially since I found out you had gone down to Newstead and bargained with Horatio Flower over Muriel."

Buddy started, and asked incredulously: "He told you?"

"No."

She explained impatiently the Smith-Bronson channel of information.

"I could kill the fellow," cried Buddy, bringing his fist down on the desk. "I gave him ten pounds to keep his mouth shut."

"I can quite understand your doing all kinds of dirty things. I could forgive you for lots of them. But for bargaining with Horatio, I'll never forgive you until I'm dead."

Buddy slipped from the desk and walked a pace or two and rubbed his head. It was an unexpected blow, which for a moment sent him staggering.

"I'm sorry you take it that way," he said in a low voice. "As a matter of fact, my seeing Horatio was one of the finest things I've done in my rotten life."

She shrugged her shoulders. "You're talking in riddles. How on earth do you expect me to understand?"

He replied: "I expect nothing. It wasn't I who brought up the subject, was it? I came in because I had to. I couldn't leave England forever without seeing you to bid you good-by. I was also crazy enough to think I might carry away some hope with me."

"What hope, my dear Atherton?"

"That you might accept—what shall I say?—my heart, a bit of my heart, as a hostage . . . in pawn, if you like . . . to redeem it some day when I've made good."

The note of humility and truth in the man's voice smote her. She caught her breath at queer vibrations through her body. Scarcely knowing what she did she rose and went round to him and touched his shoulder.

"I wish I could understand. You've changed so much. You're no longer the same person."

"Perhaps not," said he, looking up with pain in his eyes. "I used to be a sham and now I'm real. Or the other way about?"

"But there's always Muriel," she said.

"Yes," he replied hopelessly. "There's always Muriel. Was—not is. Nor ever will be. . . . Well! I must be going. I've one or two things to do and a train to catch. A train to America."

"Now?" she asked incredulously.

"Now. You needn't tell anybody. I'd rather no one knew I'd slipped in this afternoon. That's why I dismissed my taxi at the top of Sloane Street and walked here through the rain. Sir Atherton Drake, Baronet, is leaving England under a cloud."

SHE questioned him. He answered as evasively as he could. He had got mixed up with a set of nasty dangerous people. It had been a question of blackmail, of course. Now conditions had changed. The blackmail was at an end. They were going to strike and strike quick.

"If it's blackmail," she flashed, "why don't you stand up against them in court?"

"They strike in the dark—and I'm not altogether an innocent lamb. I'm utterly helpless." He laughed somewhat harshly. "And it has nothing to do with personal morality either. All said and done I've led a pretty clean life. If I hadn't, I shouldn't be here."

She sighed. There was something about the man that called to her and found reluctant response.

She said, as she had said and thought before, as she was to say and think many times afterward: "If I didn't know you were Atherton Drake, I should take you for someone quite different. You don't seem to think the same thoughts. You don't speak the same language."

For a moment he stood like a man whose heart is beating hard. She was not to know that he was fighting a great temptation; not to know that the question, "Why not? Why not?" was racking his brain.

Presently he turned from her with a helpless movement and picked up the great coat and hat which he had brought in from the shop.

"I oughtn't to have come in and worried you. But when a man loves a woman, and doesn't know whether he'll ever see her again, he may be forgiven for making a fool of himself."

He shook himself into his coat.

"Good-by, my dear. This is the end of it. Think as well of me as you can."

She stood weak and wondering. Suddenly his arm was around her, his lips on hers, and as suddenly he released her and strode to the door.

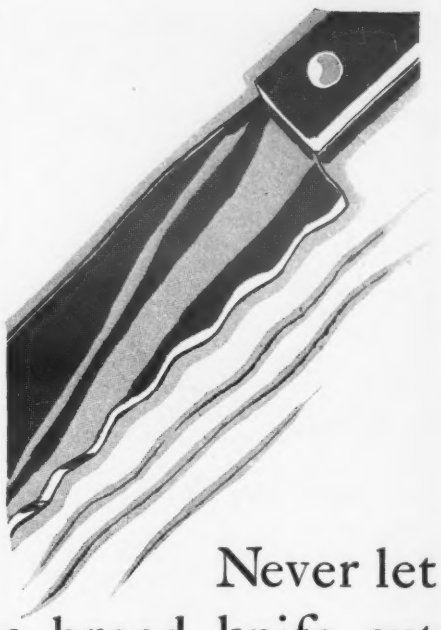
He paused, his hand on the door handle. Mr. Pilkington, the salesman, was talking to a vague, scrubby man in a bowler hat.

"Good-by, Miss Merrow." Buddy paused, added in a quick whisper: "If you want to give me a crumb of comfort, do use that dressing case I sent you for Christmas from Southport."

HE SMILED, waved a hand and fled into the rain, while she stood looking stupidly through the glass door.

She retreated into the office, angrily conscious of strange happenings. Why should her mind go wandering through the rain? Why should it give signs and tokens of wanderings over the winter seas? When would she be able to grip it tight and stop it from wandering further? She passed her hand across her eyes and called herself a fool.

In a corner of the office, behind the desk, stood the dressing case in its brown canvas cover. It had been dumped by a messenger one day after her departure from the shop; the secretary had signed the man's receipt form. Except for the label bearing the name of the Southport firm who had



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(See page 40)

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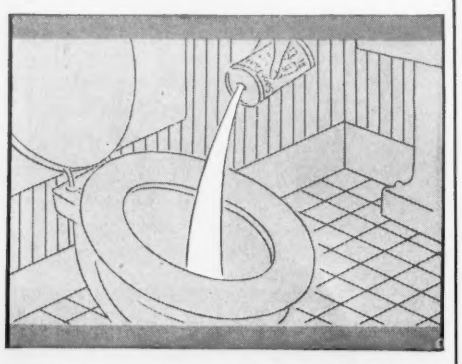

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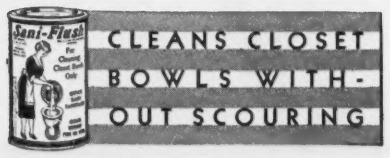

sold the bag and the imprint of the manufacturers, there had been nothing to tell her whence it came. She wrote to Southport. The firm replied that an unknown customer had purchased the case and given instructions as to delivery, and as he had paid in cash and not by check, it was impossible to trace him. She had exhausted herself in futile conjectures as to the donor. There was not an acquaintance, male or female, between whom and Southport she could find any connecting link. Atherton never even flitted across the background of her thoughts. The dressing case had remained a mystery.

Mr. Pilkington, consulted, said darkly: "It may possibly be a try-on. Such things happen in business. I wouldn't touch it if I were you."

So Diana hadn't touched it, although the feminine and the lover of beauty within her were grievously tempted.

And now—now she realized it had come from Atherton, the new incomprehensible incarnation of an Atherton of the past.

On two previous occasions Atherton had made her a present; once a Louis XV snuff box, once a modest vanity case—chosen by Muriel; and each gift had been accompanied by a visiting card, on which he had stiffly written: "For Diana Merrow, with kindest regards." His niggard instincts and his cold formality, which Muriel accepted humbly as eternal elements in his nature, like the mist and mud in outside nature, had ever goaded her to fury. Silly love for her helpless sister had compelled loyalty. But between Atherton and herself there had always existed an armed neutrality; at times broken, on her side, by winged taunts, arrows of scorn.

And until that meeting in the lounge of the Plaza-Athénée in Paris, her barbs had fallen blunted against the impenetrable armor of his conscious superiority. In Paris she had found, to her surprise, then to her amusement, a changed man. She had misjudged him all the time. Treat him humanly and he became human; charmingly, frankly human when he forgot himself. But there were times when he seemed to remember and to put on the whole armor of self-righteousness; and then she hated him again.

She must get out of the shop. She must be alone by a fireside with the comforts and intimacies of her life around her, and think.

EVERYONE agreed that Sir Atherton Drake had not departed from England, without leaving an address behind him, merely for the sake of his health. Everyone seemed to know that inquiries as to his late movements in the country and his present whereabouts were being made by high official powers. Even Diana herself learned that. Bronson called at the shop one day in February. Although relieved of material cares through the agency of Mr. Edgar Fry, Sir Atherton's affairs caused him sleepless nights of anxiety. Only lately a Scotland Yard inspector had come and questioned him. The inspector said they had reason to believe Sir Atherton and the professor were in America. Bronson didn't know. Should Miss Merrow ever hear from Sir Atherton, would she send him word—just a word saying that Sir Atherton was alive and well?

Then she learned that beneath rumor lay sinister and disturbing fact.

Early in March she received a post card from New York. The address was typed. On the blank side there was nothing but a rough sketch of a mantelpiece on which was ranged a set of little monkeys. The only monkey-ridden mantelpiece she had ever beheld was that in Atherton's Paris hotel sitting room.

She wired to Bronson to come and see her at the flat.

"I have news, Bronson," she said. "Sir Atherton is well. That's all I can tell you."

She showed him the post-card drawing.

"Can you imagine Sir Atherton sending anyone such a message?"

He stared at it open-mouthed, and shook his head.

"Sir Atherton didn't send that."

"He did. I know of my own certain knowledge that he did send it."

"But Sir Atherton couldn't draw, miss. I know he couldn't!"

"But how do you know?" she asked insistently.

"WHY, miss," said Bronson with a smile, "I've been with Sir Atherton since he was a tiny boy. I've known him better than his own father and mother. I remember that was one of the reasons, when they were both at school, that he was so jealous of his brother, poor Mr. Brotherton—and he so much more brilliant—that Mr. Brotherton could draw and he couldn't."

Diana felt as though something had hit her somewhere, in some vital spot. She turned faint.

She recovered herself with a great effort. Had Bronson noticed any great change of late in Sir Atherton's general conduct and character?

Said the perfect old servant who had passed his life in loyal service to the family of Drake:

"It's not for me, miss, to criticize Sir Atherton. But there have been changes, very curious changes. As I've been thinking it over, he never seemed to be the same man since poor Mr. Brotherton's death. . . . There was no love lost between them, I know. But when Mr. Brotherton died on his hands, as it were, all sudden like, it gave Sir Atherton a great shock. He became softer, more human-like, if you know what I mean, miss."

"I think I know exactly what you mean, Bronson," said Diana.

Bronson rose and thanked her for considerate kindness. Attached as he had been throughout all his adult life to Sir Atherton's person, he was bound to him by ties that had the strength of blood brotherhood.

"As for this disgrace that has fallen upon him, I can't understand it. I'd give every penny I have, miss, to know the truth."

Diana summoned a smile. "And I'd give a great deal too, Bronson."

(To be Concluded)

In Memory of Seven Days. —*E. W.*

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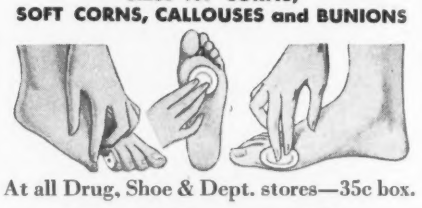

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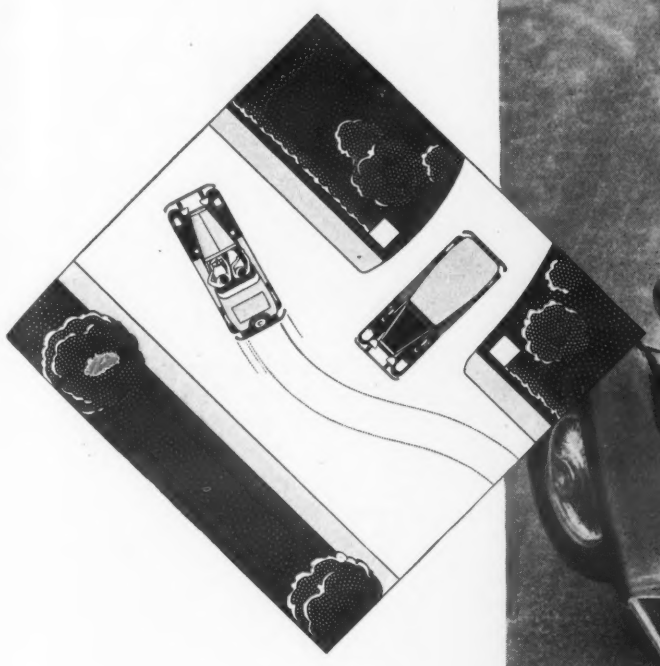

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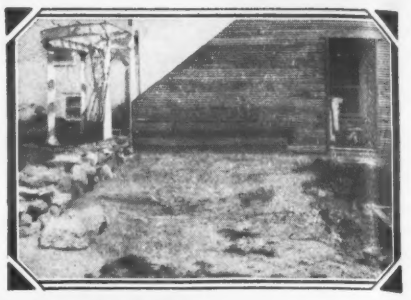
ETHYL GASOLINE

How to Make Small Rock Gardens

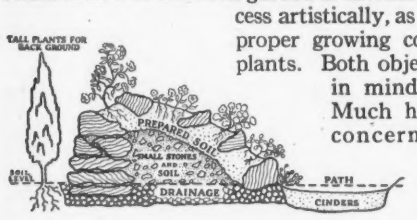
By F. F. ROCKWELL



The start—providing a retaining wall for back of slope.

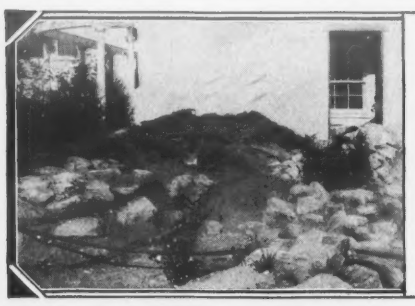
At left—Path dug out and general shape of slope indicated. A few stones placed.

WHEN we speak of building a rock garden we mean something quite different from building a rose garden or a perennial border—which operation applies principally to the proper preparation of the soil. Not only does the rock garden have an extra dimension—height, in addition to length and breadth—but the stones are just as important a part of its ornamentation as are the plants. The correct construction of the rock garden is therefore vital to its success artistically, as well as supplying proper growing conditions for the plants. Both objects must be kept in mind in building it. Much has been written concerning the plants available for rock gardening and of their cultural needs. But it is equally important to know just what should be done before a single plant can be set out, and the purpose of this article is to make plain just what these preliminaries involve.



First of all, of course, comes the question: Where can a rock garden be made?

And the answer is: Practically anywhere. For though many of the real rock or alpine species will not succeed under some extreme conditions, such as prolonged summer heat, there are plenty of plants well suited to rock-garden planting which will thrive under any climatic conditions likely to be encountered. Sometimes it is argued that rock gardens should never be made where rocks do not naturally abound. Personally I have never been able to see the logic of this view. In our gardening we use all kinds of plants, and in our houses all sorts of materials which are not "native." It is no more incongruous to bring stones from a distance, if we must, although admittedly it is a great advantage to have them provided on the job by Nature. One reason for the ever-growing popularity of rock gardens is that they may be made any size, from a few feet square to a hillside, and thus can be fitted in anywhere. But the selection of the location is most important in its effect upon both the attractiveness of the garden from an artistic point of view and the well-being of the plants.



Slope completed and about ready for planting. Bottom of pool cemented to hold water. (Middle of June.)

End of slope in foreground finished and planted; background put in. Spade indicates location for small pool.

The first thing to consider is the background. This should be such as to help give the garden at least the semblance of being natural, even though—as in the case of the "naturalistic" shrubbery or evergreen planting—the observer may be cognizant of the fact that actually it is not. A rock garden built out in an open space, like the middle of a level lawn—and such are to be seen—always appears ludicrous. If the rock garden cannot be built against a background which already exists—a bank, a wall, a sloping house foundation or a terrace—then place it where a background of suitable shrubs and evergreens may be provided.

Avoid Low Places

THE question of sun or shade is not vitally important, for the simple reason that one may readily select rock plants which will thrive either in the sun or in the shade. The ideal arrangement is to provide for full sun, with a shady nook or two for the latter class. As a rule the brilliant flowered varieties which provide spreading pools and tumbling cascades of color like to bask in the full sun.

Drainage, as far as the plants are concerned, one need worry little about, as that is taken care of in the construction of the garden itself. But a low spot should be avoided, as in wet weather the paths may be muddy or even collect pools of water. Sloping ground is desirable not only because good drainage is assured but for the reason that a slope makes construction easier and gives a more natural effect. The steeper the slope the better. Often a rough, uneven corner which it would be difficult to utilize for any other purpose makes an ideal location for a rock garden.

The oft-repeated caution against making a rock garden anywhere near large trees seems to me to have very little foundation in fact, at least as far as conditions in this country are concerned. In England, with cloudy weather and dripping fogs, it may be different. Shelter from cold, whipping spring winds is desirable. If no existing protection can be taken advantage of, a windbreak may be provided by the background planting to be placed about the rock garden. Evergreen windbreaks are especially good.

With the site for the garden selected, the next question is the materials to be employed in constructing it. Here again the essential principle of securing a natural effect, which must be our guiding rule from beginning to end, will dictate what to use. Round, smooth bowlders, or cobbles, and symmetrically cut or quarried stones, such as paving blocks, should be avoided. The more irregular in shape, uneven in size, and weatherworn the stones, the better. Where an old rough stone wall or dry-laid foundation wall happens to be available as a source of supply, or weathered field stone can be had for the gathering, one is indeed fortunate. If no local stone is obtainable, rough and broken quarry stone, which will "age" fairly rapidly after being put in position, will answer; or tufa rock—a light, porous, volcanic material—may be procured from a number of the leading seed houses which specialize in rock plants. This varies considerably, and the gray-colored type is more pleasing than the brown; it is very Japanesque in appearance, and easy to handle, but gives a less natural effect than native stone.

In addition to the stones, there will be required filling material, and also prepared rock-plant soil.

For the former, cinders, rough gravel, small stones and broken pieces, old broken brick, will do. If the garden is large enough to have a "lime" section, for such alpines and rock plants as insist on lime in their diet, old plaster rubbish is excellent. Or this may be used in individual pockets for lime-loving varieties.

The soil required for the rock plants themselves need not—in fact, should not—be rich in plant foods. Manure and other nitrogenous materials are to be avoided. Many varieties will thrive with no plant food added to the soil, but a moderate amount of raw bone meal and wood ashes or pulverized tobacco stems—say, a pint of the former, and two or three of the latter to a bushel of soil—will benefit most of them.

The soil should, however, be particularly adapted to the quick drainage of surplus water, and at the same time capable of absorbing and retaining a great amount of moisture. A dry surface, with an abundant reserve of soil moisture in cool cracks and crannies below within reach of long, penetrating roots, is the condition liked by alpines and rock plants, which in their natural habitats are provided with just these conditions. The following simple mixture will provide a soil well suited to the great majority of rock plants:

One part each of good garden loam—not clay—peat moss, or leaf mold; "sharp"—gritty—sand; and medium-sized gravel or stone chips.

Mix these thoroughly together by shoveling through a screen of about one-quarter-inch mesh, adding the fertilizers, if any are used, at the same time. For plants requiring special conditions, this basic formula may be altered somewhat. Plants requiring an acid soil, for instance, may be given an extra portion or two of peat moss or leaf mold; for dry-soil kinds use more sand or gravel; for lime lovers add raw limestone or plaster rubbish.

With the materials on hand at the chosen site, the actual construction of the rock garden challenges the builders' skill and ingenuity.

A few weeks later—early September. Rock plants set out were from three weeks' pots and illustrate the astounding growth which many of them will make in poor soil in a single season.

Make a Plan

IT IS largely because no standardized rules of procedure can be laid down that the making of a rock garden has a unique appeal to most amateurs. Here is a chance to try one's own hand at artistic expression! For this very reason, often those who could employ a professional landscape architect prefer to attempt the job themselves.

But though definite rules for the actual designing of the rock garden cannot be formulated, there are some general principles which should be followed; and there are a few very definite mistakes to avoid in the process of building.

First, a few words as to the design or plan for the rock garden.

Keeping in mind the point already emphasized—that the finished garden should possess at least the semblance of being natural—it is evident that anything approaching the formal in design is ruled out at the start. The more informal, the more like an actual bit from Nature—even if on a miniature scale—the garden can be made, the better. Irregularity in both the placing of the stones and the grouping of the plants, is the watchword.

On the other hand, this irregularity must be kept within bounds, or the effect will cease to be natural and become grotesque. For example, one does not find, in Nature, stones standing up on end, and plants growing separately, a single specimen of each kind by itself. Stones so placed that they will look as though they might have "grown" there; plants, for the most part, in small groups or clusters, to give striking masses of flowers or foliage, will produce the desired effect. Some exaggeration, as compared to Nature, is of course permissible, because after all the average rock garden is an artificial creation; but the builder must be constantly on guard to see that his artifice does not become obtrusively apparent.

If you are fortunate enough to be able to visit Nature's rock gardens in person, much can be learned by studying her methods at first hand. The whole art of rock-garden construction is to adopt the best of her methods, but to avoid exact imitation. Nature is our greatest gardener, it is true, but she is too frowzy in her results to be followed blindly. We want, rather, to bring order out of her chaos, at the same time avoiding a feeling of artificiality.

A rough plan on paper, indicating the position of the highest points and the boldest features of the garden and the location of paths, if any, will prove helpful.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In the August Journal, Anderson McCully takes you on a journey to the slopes of Mount Rainier in an interesting and valuable article, Glimpsing American Alpines. And the Journal's garden service booklet, Rock Gardens and Rock Gardening, listed elsewhere in this issue, will show you just how to build your rock garden.

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The Gay and Graceful Montbretias

(Continued from Page 15)

at intervals they may hang out their ruby and golden lanterns to lighten up the garden in the paling twilight of fall. And they may even be used, outside the garden beds, in groups for landscape effects. Their slender, pointed foliage, with the arching sprays of buds, flowers, and seed pods held just above them, makes miniature fountains of greenery interspersed with bright jets of color. Planted in groups close together, or left undisturbed for two or three seasons—in localities where they are hardy—they form fairly thick clumps which are entirely different from the lone, aspiring spikes of gladiolus.

One of the most distinctive of these new hybrids is His Majesty, growing three to four feet high, with flowers three to four inches across. The broad petals are slightly reflexed in the fully open blooms. In color it is gleaming scarlet shading toward the center to yellow gold, giving a two-tone effect almost startlingly brilliant, but not at all gaudy. The price of this splendid variety has come down to within reach of modest garden budgets, as it is now available at six dollars or so a dozen. Two other new varieties with exceptionally large flowers are Star of the East, pale orange yellow, lighter at the center, and Queen Adelaida, a deep orange, striking red on the reverse of the petals, the half-open buds contrasting with the expanded flowers. Prometheus, orange yellow, with an irregular blood crimson ring about the center, is one of the largest flowered of the older sorts.

Three of the most sparklingly brilliant of the new Earlham hybrids are James Coey, vermilion scarlet with orange sheen and contrasting crimson spotted center; Queen Charlotte, star shaped, orange scarlet, with primrose center; and Pocahontas, coppery scarlet, with orange center. Equally brilliant, but with smaller flowers, are the older—and lower-priced—Fire King, a glowing red scarlet; Star of Fire (Etoile de Feu), vermilion, with yellow center, blood-red reverse; and Westwick, orange red, with maroon band circling a yellow center.

Yellows and Gold

AMONG the yellows, some of which should be planted to afford a contrast to the more highly colored sorts, there is a fairly wide selection. Best known, perhaps, is the variety George Davison—the first named hybrid to become really widely popular. This is a deep lemon yellow, more deeply colored on the reverse, with good-sized flowers produced very freely. Hereward is almost identical in color, but differs in some details, most important of which is that its first blooms are produced several weeks later; King Edmund is deep golden yellow, with maroon throat markings, a sturdy, satisfactory grower; Lady Hamilton, with its bell-like flowers, is perhaps the most daintily graceful of the yellows for small vases or bouquets. Of the new large-flowered yellows Goldfinch, a bright clear color with very small maroon spots at the center; Sunshine, ruby, shading to golden yellow; Queen Alexandra, very tall growing, orange yellow with crimson dashes at the throat; and Lemon Queen, a pale, creamy yellow, a distinctly new shade in montbretias, are all distinctive.

The nearest approach we have to pink is to be found in Rosea—not the species, but an old garden hybrid of the same name—with small, rose-colored, bell-shaped flowers. Messidor, a creamy white, is the lightest shade so far obtained.

How to Grow

FOR the earliest flowers, plant Meteore, orange, tipped red, and Rosea; for very late-blooming, Hereward, Crœsus, a large apricot yellow, Queen Alexandra, and Aurora, a very tall, pure, deep lemon yellow.

In culture the montbretias are, if anything, even more simple than gladiolus. As with the glads, the original species come from the east coast of Africa, and have shown a wonderful proclivity for breaking into distinct new types under the hand of the hybridizer. How far they may follow the glads in this respect yet remains to be seen. Though not quite hardy, they are still considerably hardier than gladiolus, and south of Philadelphia may safely be left out-of-doors, with ordinary winter mulching. In Southern New Jersey they have proved hardy with me, with little or no winter mulching, where gladiolus—left in alongside as an experiment—were killed without exception. By very deep planting—eight to ten inches—in well-drained, sandy soil, and with heavy mulching, they have proved hardy somewhat north of New York; but where there is any question of losing them, it is best to take them up late in fall, cut off the tops and store in slightly moist sand or peat moss for the winter. One may experiment with keeping a few of the less valuable bulbs out over winter.

The corms are much smaller than those of the gladiolus, but should be planted just as deep—four to six inches. As the top growth, even of the most vigorous varieties, is much smaller than that of the average glad, they can be put closer together, three to four inches in a single row, or two to three inches in groups. In the mixed border, at least a dozen bulbs should be put in a place, to get a pleasing effect. For landscape use, several times this many, in each group, will be more satisfactory. Of course, one will use here the less expensive varieties, which may be bought for a few dollars a hundred.

The bulbs are usually planted in the spring. The earlier they can be got into the ground the better. There is little to be gained by holding some of them in reserve for later planting, as with gladiolus, because they bloom later, and continue for a longer season. Plant in deeply dug, mellow soil, preferably on the sandy side, well enriched, but free from fresh animal manures. Like gladiolus, they should be kept well cultivated during early growth, and have *plenty of water while flowering.*

American Alpines

Two Pages Photographed in Natural Color on

Mount Rainier

and described in complete detail for you who love flowers and rock gardens

By

Anderson McCully

In the AUGUST JOURNAL

On Sale July 15

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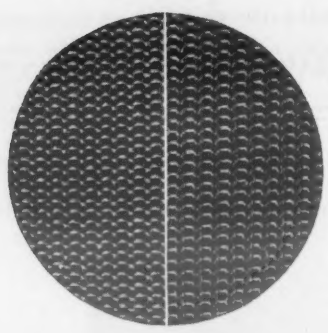

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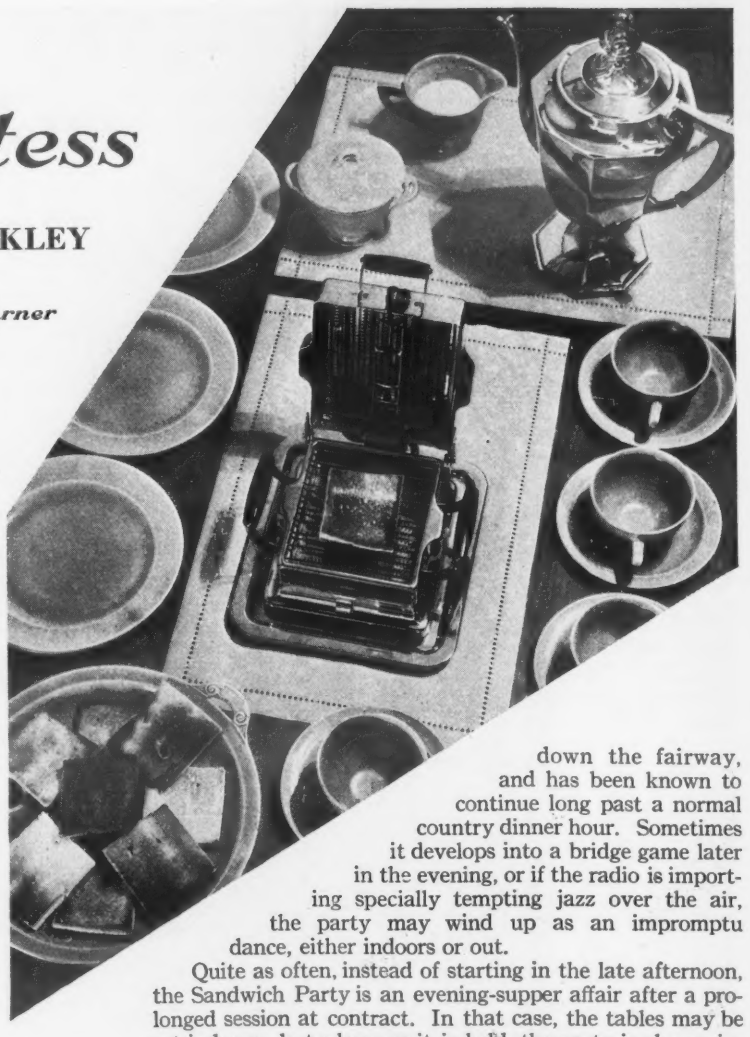
The Hostess

Conducted by NANCY OAKLEY

Photographs by Charles Garner



Green Terek cloths, courtesy Athol Manufacturing Company. Cool green pottery, courtesy The Homer Laughlin China Company. Green glasses and pitcher for iced drinks, courtesy Fostoria Glass Company. Individual dessert dish with tray; two-tiered curate's assistant for sandwiches; long-handled spoon and ice-cream fork, in the new Paris design, courtesy International Silver Company. Electric percolator and toaster, courtesy The Philadelphia Electric Company. Below—Tall vase and four matching bonbon dishes. Courtesy R. Wallace & Sons Manufacturing Company.

EVERY successful hostess, whether she entertains on a lavish scale or one suited to a modest budget, knows what may be called the Three C's of summer party-giving. Briefly, they are: Coolness, or a cunningly contrived semblance of it—the well-planned, light menu; perhaps cool-looking blue, green or pale topaz glass on the table, and a fainter tint of the same shade in the linen; awning-shaded piazzas, or tree-shaded, fragrant corners of one's garden utilized as backgrounds for producing the desired illusion.

Second, Comfort, which includes among other items the banishing of formality and the gathering together of just that right, congenial little group who all like the same people and play the same conventions in contract.

Last, but far from least, Charm—and Charm, of course, comprises so many tangible and intangible things that it's rather useless to attempt enumerating here.

However, Charm has always seemed to me to be peculiarly a property of summer parties. Winter affairs may be gorgeous, stately, formal, or what-have-you; in other words, eminently perfect in all their carefully planned appointments. But summer parties simply must have that elusive quality of friendliness, spontaneous gayety and what the French call *joie de vivre*—the sheer, unforced joy of living.

I have a most delightful as well as extremely helpful little booklet to offer you on our page this month, which confirms what I have just advanced as my opinion of informal entertaining. Only, it goes even further, and tells you all sorts of simple, practical essentials for putting that most vital ingredient, Charm, into your parties.

This is What Sort of Party Shall I Give? by Emily Post, whose widely read Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage, The Personality of a House, and many other books preclude any necessity of my introducing her further.

A copy of this booklet will be mailed, free of charge, to anyone who cares to write for it to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

There is another—and totally different—booklet that I can offer you this month too. This contains photographs and directions for making a very gay, original and useful bathhouse ensemble, and will therefore be of particular interest to hostesses who have seashore or lakeside cottages.

THE average bathhouse is a decidedly cramped affair, and the best the carpenters who build them seem able to evolve in the way of accommodations for one's clothes is a hook or two—often rusty, alas!—and a too-high shelf for miscellaneous accessories.

Haven't you often hung some specially becoming, crisply new linen frock on one of those rusty hooks, and then, on returning from your swim, how many times—in spite of your most determinedly careful endeavors—have you brushed or stumbled against its once-pristine freshness and crispness in that tiny cabin, leaving a trail of briny drops and little rivulets of sea water in your wake? Of course you have, and groaned or used forcefully descriptive language, according to your habit in time of stress.

So if you want to know how to make a smart, waterproof garment bag, with a patent fastening—with hanger for your frock and hooks for the undies inside—to hang on your bathhouse wall; a matching hat bag and a second bag for shoes as well, send a two-cent stamp to The Hostess, Service Bureau, and ask for our Bathhouse Ensemble leaflet. You'll find the directions simple to follow, and the articles when finished a real joy to you and your guests all summer.

And now, with that word guests, we are back once more, by way of Robin Hood's barn, to the subject of parties.

Perhaps the most informal, and quite certainly the jolliest, of last-minute summer evening or afternoon entertaining, are the Club Sandwich parties which a very delightful hostess of my acquaintance specializes in.

Usually she has them on the wide veranda of her home. After tennis or golf, late in the afternoon, the crowd will meet there, hot, tired, full of anticipation, for they know those Club Sandwich affairs of hers, of old.

On the table there will be sure to be iced beverages in tall, cool, colored glasses, and sandwiches of varied fillings, shapes and flavors for those who wish dainty fare. But on the other table there will be two electric toasters—her veranda is equipped with outlets for electric attachments—and at least one generous-size percolator for making coffee.

Most of her men guests like their coffee hot—big cups with plenty of the thick, country cream she never fails to provide for these occasions. But there is always a bowl of cracked ice on hand, too, so that the bubbling, fragrant coffee may be quickly metamorphosed into an iced drink in one of the tall green glasses, for those who prefer it.

This combination late-tea-and-early-supper may begin any time after the light fails for accurate volleying across a tennis net, or for following the flight of a small white ball down the fairway, and has been known to continue long past a normal country dinner hour. Sometimes it develops into a bridge game later in the evening, or if the radio is importing specially tempting jazz over the air, the party may wind up as an impromptu dance, either indoors or out.

Quite as often, instead of starting in the late afternoon, the Sandwich Party is an evening-supper affair after a prolonged session at contract. In that case, the tables may be set indoors; but wherever it is held, the party is always informal and everybody makes his, or her, own specially invented kind of club sandwich, toasting to his own degree of brownness the bread slices, which have been cut specially to order, buttering them and applying the favored filling—only often, of course, it's a combination of fillings dipped with spendthrift recklessness from several of the bowls and platters that line one side of the table.

Occasionally there is even a competition in sandwich making, and hungry judges are appointed to decide the question by the simple method of consuming the evidence.

PLATES of various fillings for sandwiches, bowls of dressing, and so forth, stand ready for the cooks to choose among. One platter contains assorted cold cuts; one has sliced pork with rings of apple, cherries or dill pickles on top, ready for clapping between two buttered, smoking-hot pieces of toast. Another bowl holds rings of hard-cooked eggs on sliced tomatoes. There is always, of course, a large bowl of crisp, washed lettuce. There is also a plate of hot, crisp bacon, a plate of sardines, a bowl of pepper relish, some olives, and several kinds of the particular salad dressings the hostess knows her guests enjoy.

The sandwiches shown in the upper left-hand illustration on this page are made as follows:

Those on the upper shelf of the curate's assistant are round pieces of white bread, buttered and spread with cream cheese. The decorations in the center are cut with a fancy cutter from thin slices of yellow cheese. Around the edge there is a decoration of curly endive. The white rolled sandwiches on the lower shelf are filled with water cress, and the dark sandwiches are very thin slices of Graham bread, buttered and spread with orange marmalade, then rolled diagonally. The result is pretty and appetizing. (Also see page 91, Sandwiches, Cold Drinks.)

After the toasting, percolating and inventing of sandwich combinations are over, and the first flurry of activity has somewhat abated, the hostess, with the help of one or two of her masculine guests, removes plates, cups and the general débris which inevitably follows in the wake of so many amateur and enthusiastic cooks, and brings out the sweets course. This is usually a big, homemade, dark cake—devil's food, spice, or perhaps a rich molasses loaf—and individual dessert dishes from the refrigerator, like the one illustrated above, each containing mousse or frozen fruit.

This course will be eaten in more leisurely fashion, there being nothing by now for the cooks to busy themselves about preparing, but usually there is a good deal of amusing discussion of their respective prowess with toasters.

Perhaps one of the best things about this particular party is that it is good for all types of guests, from the older married group, down to the most exacting subdeb and her chums. It is even highly successful with that most difficult of all hostess problems, the mixed crowd of different ages.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

A sprig of the Sapota tree, the beauty tree of ancient Mexico. Chewing gum from this tree, as brought to scientific perfection and delight in Wrigley's, helps keep lips young and pretty

the FLAVOR LASTS

OF course a garden party hat lends artistic fervor. But everybody knows that the real fascination of any charming woman centers in her possession of a pair of pretty lips. Keep lips young and you keep them pretty. And, one of the oldest and most inexpensive of Beauty Secrets for this is merely chewing gum from the Sapota tree, which is what you have in Wrigley's. Chew Wrigley's at least ten minutes a day. Note the added loveliness in texture and contour that gradually finds its alluring way to your lips. Try Double Mint—delicious peppermint flavor.

Will he kiss her?
NO!
Germs sweep into the mouth with every breath and cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—ugly yellow teeth, stain, decay and sore, spongy gums. You can't hide it from others but you can remove it—with Kolynos. It kills the germs.

TEETH WHITEN

3 Shades in 3 Days

HERE'S the quick, easy way to sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums—the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.* Use it for just 3 days...Then note the results.

Teeth look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned.

As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life.

This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.) Moreover, this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and so swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm, pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist—or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

***It Saves Teeth ...Saves Money**

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way . . . to use a dental cream full strength . . . to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. . . . Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night . . . Dental cream lasts longer . . . Teeth look cleaner and whiter . . . Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

14-Day Tube FREE

Make the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Test with

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic

DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 7-LJ-76
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos

Name .....

Street & No. .....

City. ..... State .....

The Cave

By ELIZABETH C. WHERRY

THERE'S a cave by the creek—
I can show you just where—
That belongs to a woodchuck,
Or maybe a bear.
There are tracks by the door
Where an animal's been.
It's a very nice cave.
But I'm not going in.

A Correction

IN THE recipe for Ham-and-Mushroom Custard which appeared in the April JOURNAL under the heading, We Test Our Readers' Recipes, one of the ingredients—eggs—was inadvertently omitted. For the convenience of our readers the correct recipe is reprinted below.

½ Pound of Mushrooms
3 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls of Parsley
5 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Chopped Cooked Ham
1 Cupful of Warm Milk

From Ayrshire, Scotland, is this very palatable combination with eggs. Brown the peeled, sliced mushrooms in butter ten minutes, adding the salt and parsley. Blend warm milk and ham with the well-beaten eggs.

Butter shallow baking cups, and put in each first some of the mushrooms, then pour egg mixture over them. Set cups in pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven—350° F.—until the custard is set. Serve with a crisp vegetable salad.

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Publishers also of *The Saturday Evening Post*, in the U. S. 5c the copy, $2.00 the year (52 weekly issues), 2 years for $3.50, 3 years for $5.00; in Canada 10c the copy, $3.00 the year, 2 years for $5.50, 3 years for $8.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

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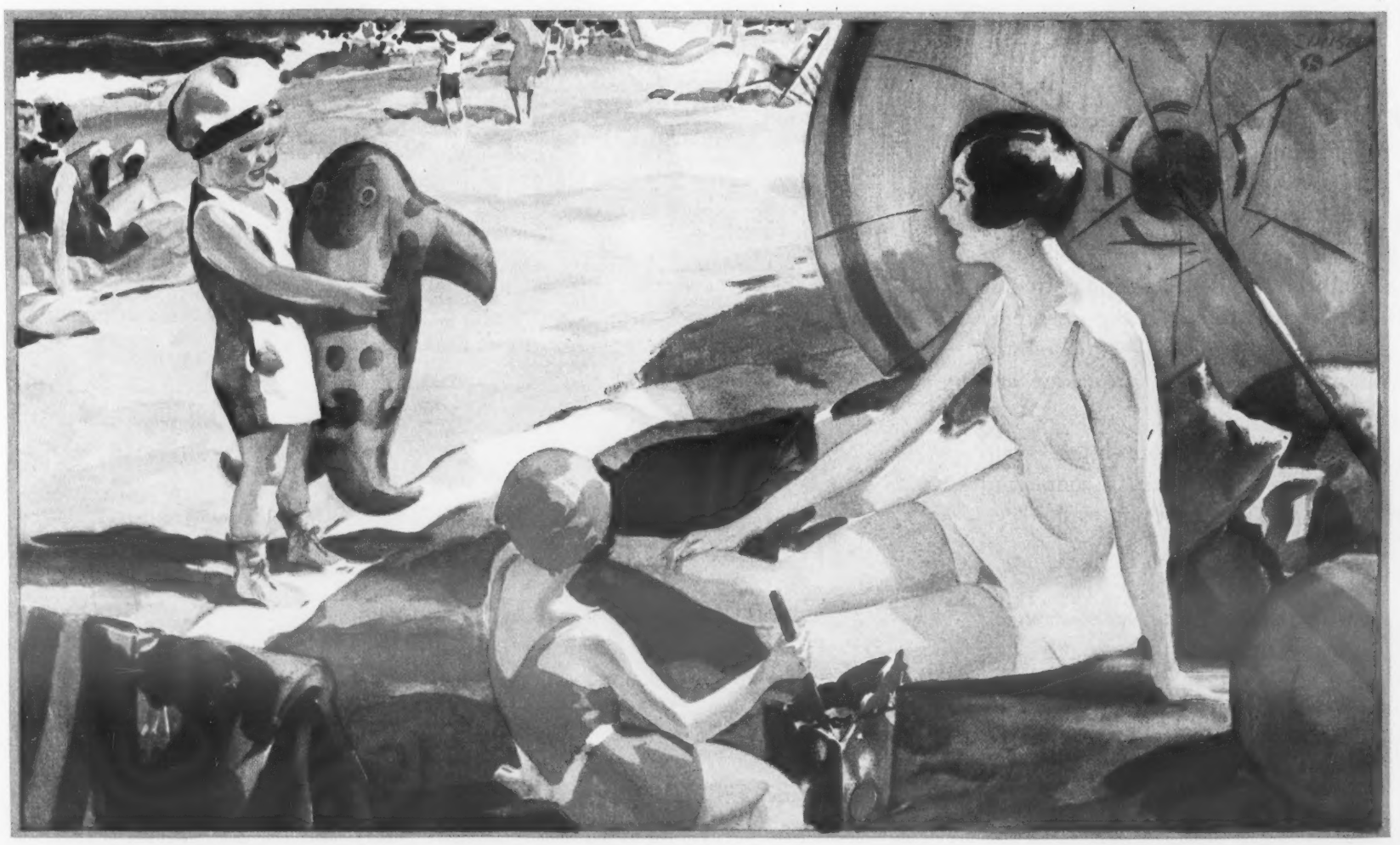
52 times a year

you may travel this path that leads to leisure



Mrs. P. J. Mulrooney,
AUTHOR OF HOME ECONOMICS ESSAY WINNING A NATIONAL AWARD IN 1928, WRITES:

"Washday at home means a full day, roughly fifteen percent of the week. In a little more than an hour a workman earns enough to pay the Laundry for the week's wash. Mother's day is worth Dad's hour."

IN every home there stands a clothes hamper, gaunt and hungry. Into it one piles hours of hard labor, backaches, frazzled nerves—the weekly washing.

But this hamper needn't hamper *you*. No longer need you struggle under the spell of wearying washday. For you there is a privilege path, a lane that leads to leisure. The modern power laundry is ready and able to serve as your sturdy burden bearer. Here millions of women have traded hours of trials and troubles for a full day of Freedom.

These modern home managers have learned that the strain of weekly washday takes a heavier toll of Youth and Beauty than the remaining days can hope to restore. No longer will they make this useless sacrifice when the way out is so simple—and so satisfactory. They know that this extra day invested in the art of making and managing a home—serving as a comrade to husband and children—will bring far greater dividends than hours wasted at a washtub. And just imagine fifty-two of these precious days each year! More than seven full weeks to spend for pleasure and profit—to do with as you will!

Just as you have made an *art* of home-making, the modern power laundry has made a *business* of washday. Served by the finest equipment, and every scientific aid, it is now a demonstrated fact that laundry-washed clothes are *clean* and *last long*.

Home managers like yourself have told the laundry just what they want and expect. The result is a variety of laundry services from which you may select one that exactly meets your needs. And because the laundry serves hundreds of other families in your community, the cost is actually *less* than a home washday! So grasp this opportunity now to take as your privilege this day of freedom from old-fashioned methods.

LET THE Laundry DO IT

"Pink tooth brush" at my age!

...not so good...not so good...not so good...

YOUR gums may be tender at twenty or firm and healthy at fifty-five. They may be soft and flabby, or firm and healthy, and their health depends directly on the care that you give them.

"Pink tooth brush" is not a serious trouble in itself. Often, it is true, it is the forerunner of worse disease, and from neglect of soft and flabby gums, gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea may follow.

But, to prevent "pink tooth brush" with massage and Ipana Tooth Paste is a simple and wise precaution, and an easy thing to do.

A tinge of "pink", however slight, upon your tooth brush is a sign that the gum structure is weak and that your gums are not getting the exercise that vigorous chewing of harder foods would give them.

The soft foods we eat today are the great enemies of healthy gums and sound teeth, but Ipana and massage afford you sure protection. Dentists recommend Ipana to thousands of patients because it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by the profession in treating gum disorders!

So bring Ipana to the aid of your gums when and while you clean your teeth! Simply brush your gums; or massage them with your fingers, lightly at first, then harder. Ipana's ziratol content speeds the blood! Wastes and poisons are swept from the tiny capillaries of the gums! Soon the gums regain their normal hardness and firmness!

And while Ipana keeps your gums in health, it cleans the teeth to sparkling, flashing whiteness! Its taste is delightfully refreshing and it gives an instant feeling of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not *luxuries*

From now on, make Ipana the tooth paste of your family and yourself! It may cost a few cents more than some dentifrices, but its ingredients are the finest and costliest—its formula is modern and scientific—its double protection is well worth the slight difference in price! Stop by at your druggist's and get the large-size tube—don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. And forget your dental cares!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-70
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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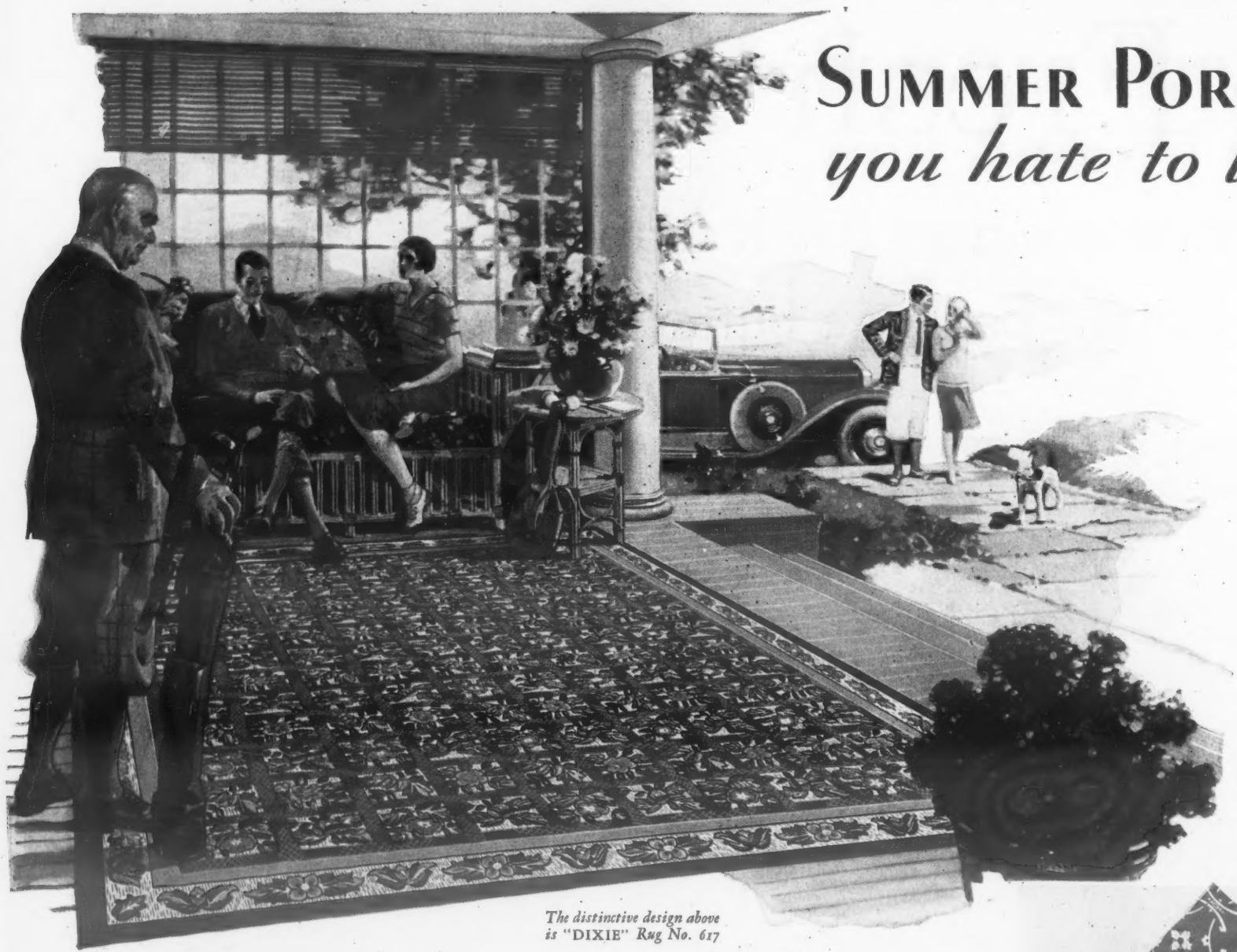

The distinctive design above is "DIXIE" *Rug No. 617*

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Write for our novel *purse-size* booklet showing all the new *Gold Seal* Congoleum designs, with interesting little "style chats" about each pattern. A handy guide when choosing rugs for any room. Address: Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

EVEN father—who would rather play golf than eat—seems unwilling to leave this cheery, comfortable spot. And as for the young people . . . . !

Why not make *your* porch, where you and your friends spend so much time, as attractive as this one? It's such a simple matter—so inexpensive—to revamp almost any porch with cozy hospitality. Cooling shades to soften the glare . . . wicker chairs to invite rest . . . and the whole delightful effect harmonized by a bright-colored, smartly styled *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug.

Be sure, however, that you get a *genuine Gold Seal* Congoleum Rug . . . made by the exclusive Multicote Process—the secret of its long wear . . . a rug of beautiful design that neither summer sun nor sudden shower nor tracked-in dirt can harm. A rug that won't ruffle in the wind—a rug that is water-proof and weather-proof.

And here's a way to have more time to enjoy your porch. Put *Gold Seal* Congoleum Rugs *inside* your home as well. Their smart designs make them suitable for even the best rooms. And they're no trouble to keep clean—a few minutes with a damp mop is all they require. Think of the time saved—time for rest and recreation!

Remember, all felt-base rugs are not Congoleum! Women who know values never fail to look for the big Gold Seal on the face of the rugs they buy. This Gold Seal identifies the *genuine—the one and only Gold Seal Congoleum.*

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